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COPING WITH COCAINE

BY JAMES LIEBER

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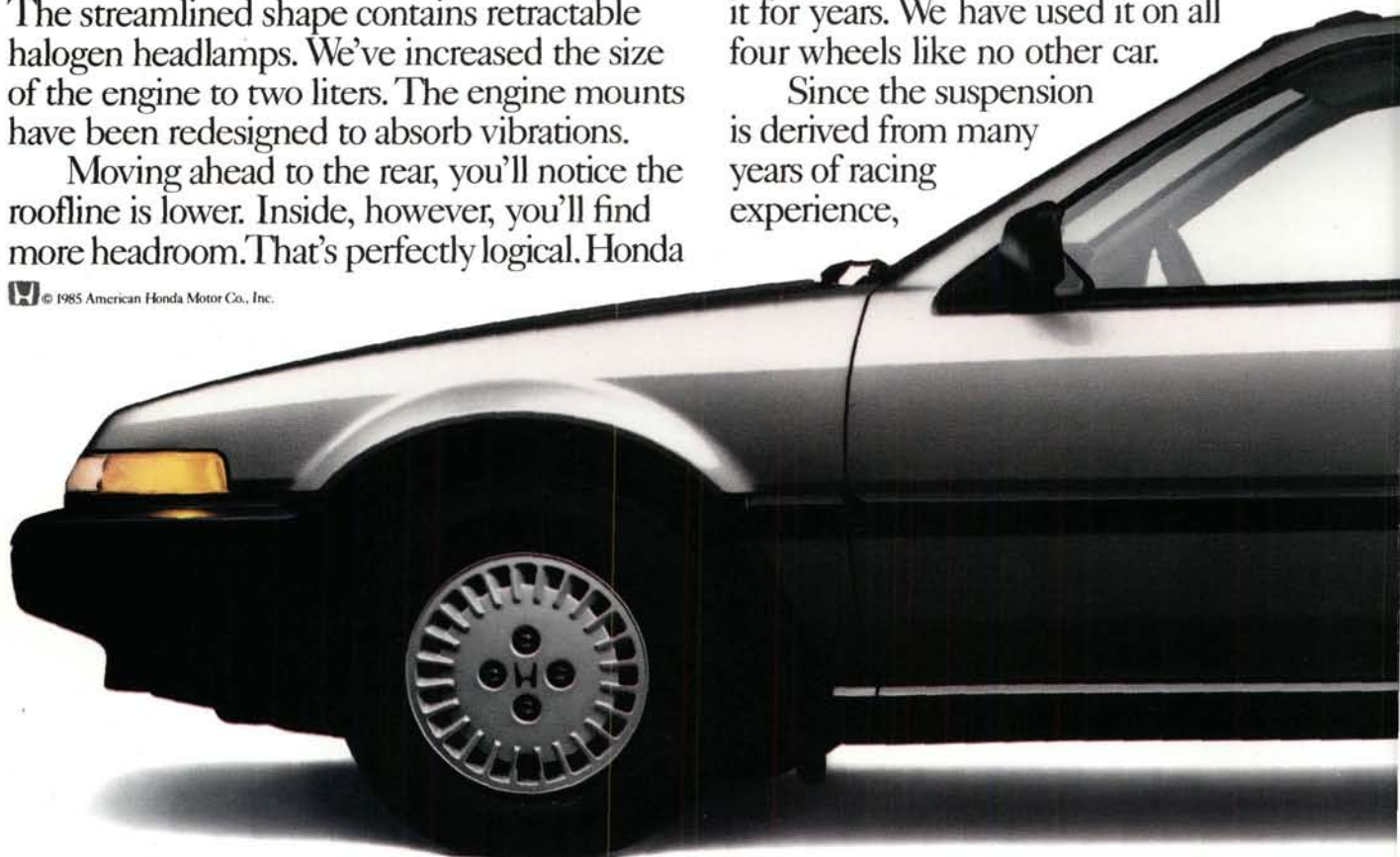
The lower front offers less wind resistance. The streamlined shape contains retractable halogen headlamps. We've increased the size of the engine to two liters. The engine mounts have been redesigned to absorb vibrations.

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you might deduce that the handling is an exhilarating experience. You would be correct.

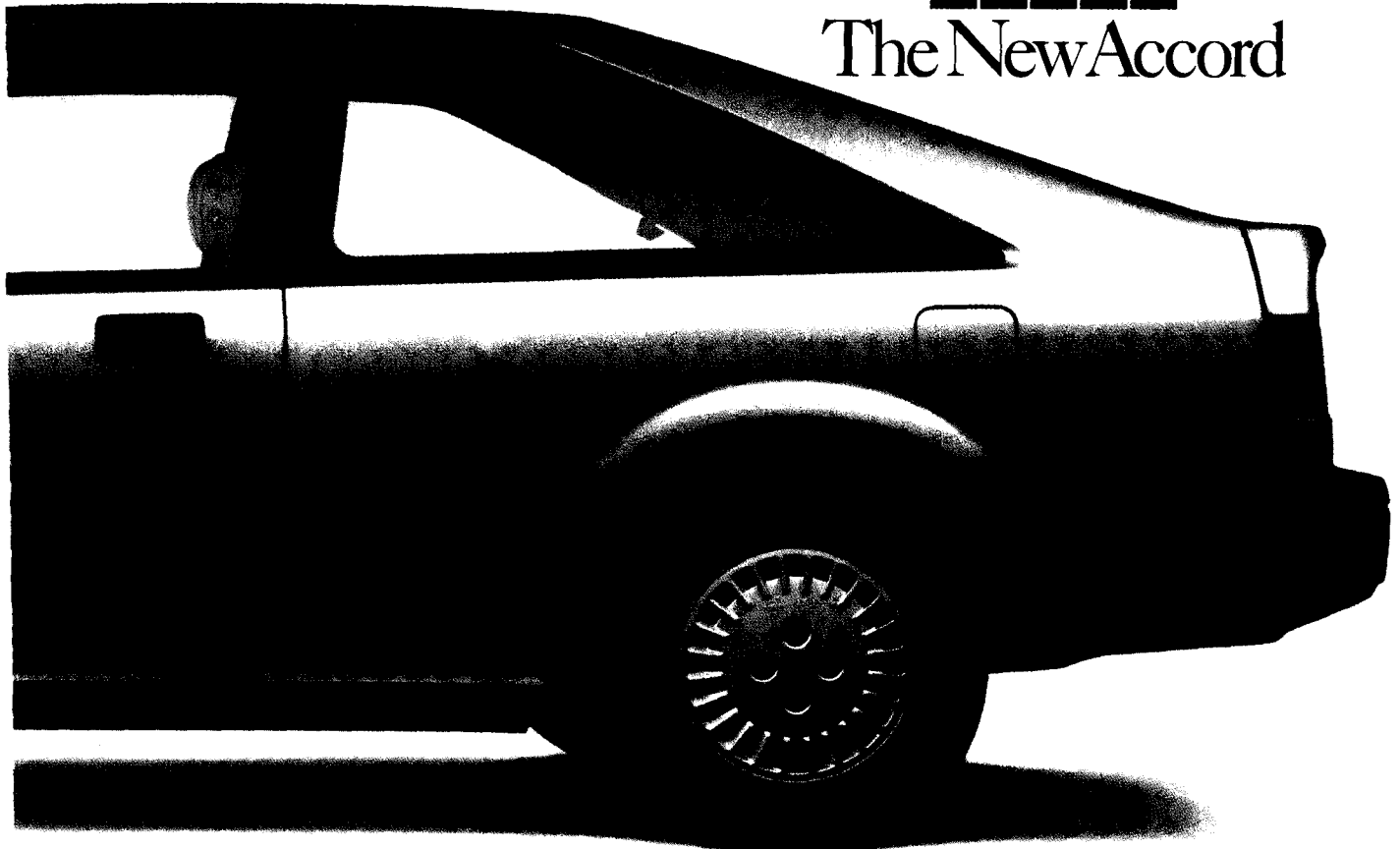
The Accord DX Hatchback shown here comes with rear seatbacks that split vertically for versatility. It has thirty-seven percent more cargo area. And there is a rigid cargo area cover. The steering wheel adjusts. Panel switches

work with a touch. And new front seats with adjustable headrests offer better support.

For your convenience, we have included a quartz digital clock. It will keep an accurate account of the good time you will have while driving the new Accord. Nothing contradictory about that.

HONDA

The New Accord



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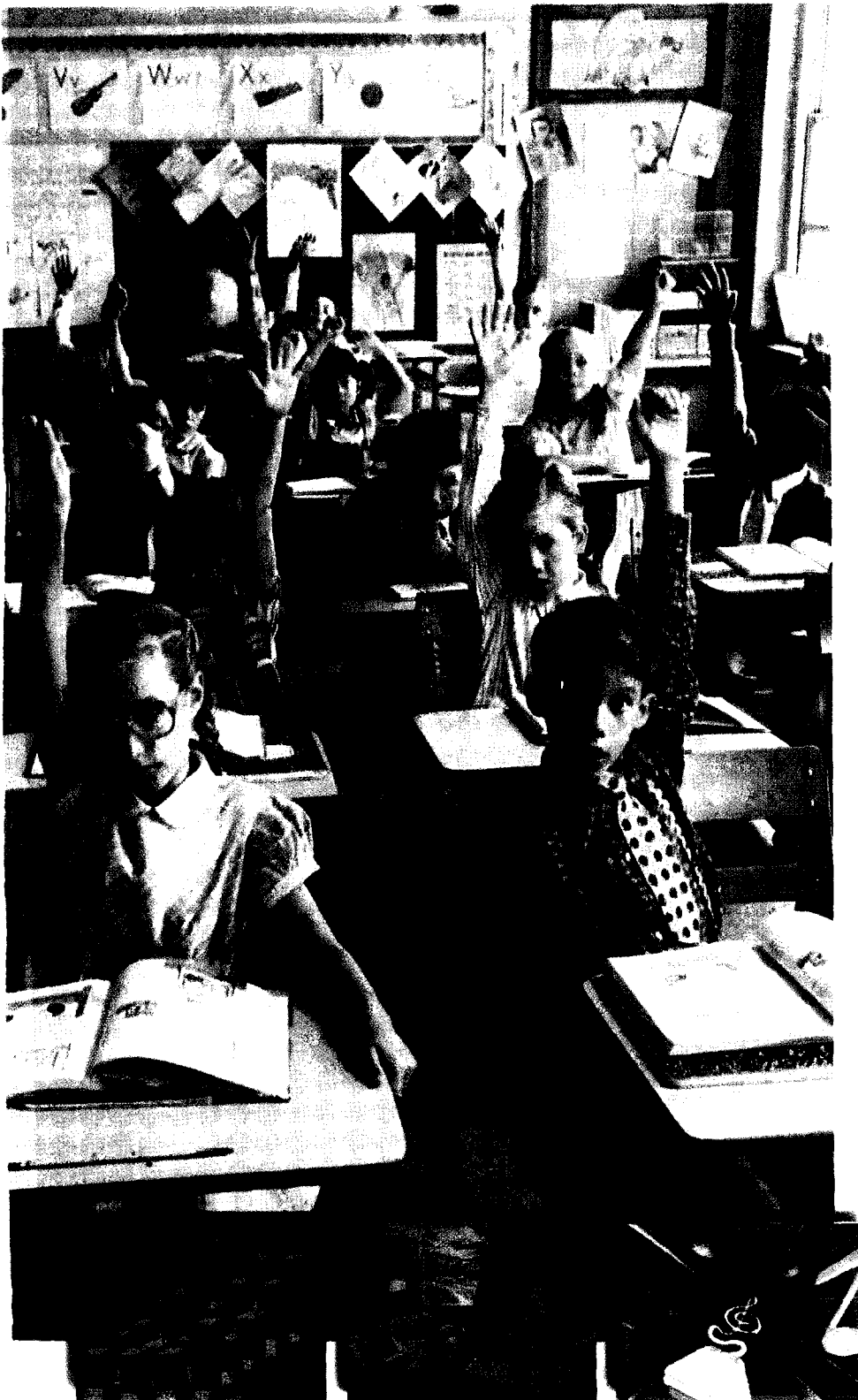
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(continued on next page)

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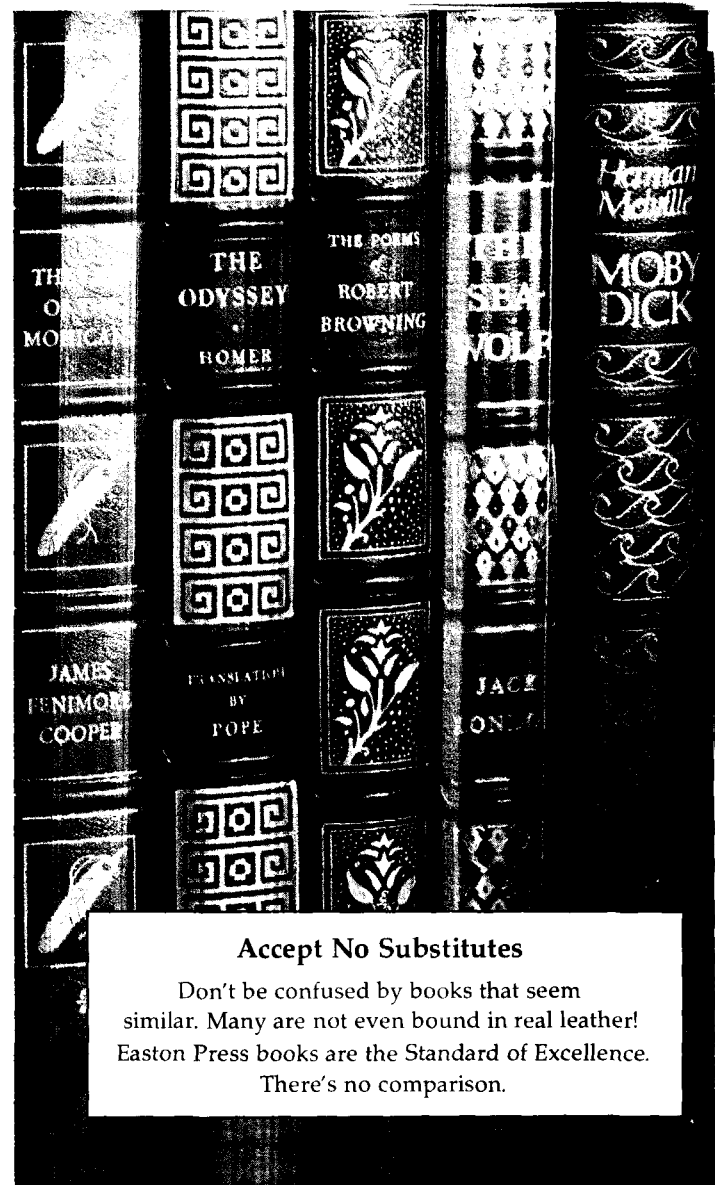
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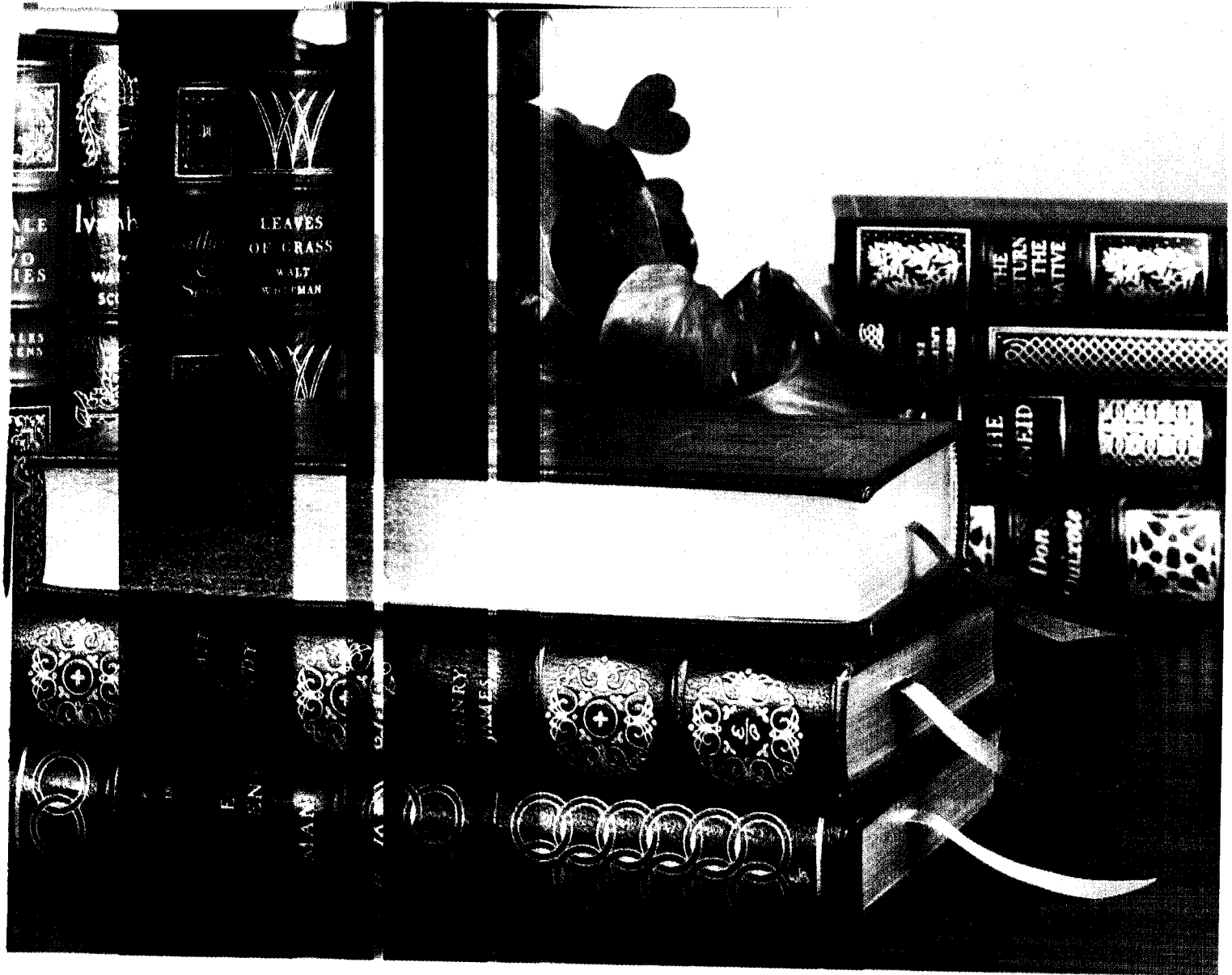
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CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES LIEBER ("Coping With Cocaine") is an attorney and an adjunct professor of law at the University of Pittsburgh. He graduated from Princeton University in 1971 with a B.A. in public and international affairs and received a J.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1975. Lieber, who specializes in constitutional law, has written about political and social issues in the United States and the Caribbean for *The New York Times Magazine*, *The Nation*, *The Village Voice*, and other publications. His article in this issue is based on several years of research in South Florida, New York City, and Washington, D.C.

THEO RUDNAK (cover artist) is a freelance illustrator based in Atlanta. He is also a writer and a television producer. Rudnak attended Baldwin-Wallace College, in Ohio, and took instruction at the Cooper School of Art there. Last year he received his fourth Certificate of Merit from the Society of Illustrators. Rudnak's work has also won recognition from the New York Art Directors Club and from *Graphis*. His paintings will be exhibited at several southeastern universities this year.

GREGG EASTERBROOK ("Ideas Move Nations") is a national correspondent for *The Atlantic* and a contributing editor of *The Washington Monthly*, where he was previously an editor. Easterbrook's first article for *The Atlantic*, "The Myth of Corporate Taxes," appeared in June of 1982. Since then he has covered a wide variety of topics for the magazine, including weapons systems (the ill-starred DIVAD anti-aircraft gun, the F-20 Tiger-shark fighter plane), national politics, labor negotiations, the farm crisis, and poverty. Easterbrook has twice (in 1980 and 1982) been the recipient of the Investigative Reporters and Editors Award.

CULLEN MURPHY ("The Right Wrong Stuff") is the managing editor of *The Atlantic*.

ALAN TONELSON ("The Hague: Hostage Aftermath") is the associate editor of *Foreign Policy* magazine. He writes frequently on foreign affairs for a variety of publications.

J. ANTHONY LUKAS ("Chicago: Bad Press") is a journalist who for ten years was a foreign and a domestic correspondent for *The New York Times*. In 1968 he won a Pulitzer Prize for local investigative reporting. Lukas is the author of several books, among them *The Barnyard Epithet: Notes on the Chicago Conspiracy Trial* (1970) and *Nightmare: The Underside of the Nixon Years* (1976). His most recent book is *Common Ground: A Turbulent Decade in the Lives of Three American Families*, which was published last fall by Knopf.

STEPHEN BUDIANSKY ("Public Health: A Measure of Failure") is a science writer based in Washington, D.C. This year he is also a congressional fellow working on a study of NATO's conventional defense capabilities. Budiansky is a former Washington editor of the British scientific journal *Nature*.

ROY BLOUNT, JR., ("Gather Round, Collegians") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*. He is the author of several books, including *What Men Don't Tell Women* (1984) and *Not Exactly What I Had in Mind* (1985).

RALPH LOMBREGLIA ("Men Under Water") is an assistant professor of English at Skidmore College. His story "Goodyear" appeared in the September, 1983, issue of *The Atlantic*.

LINDA PASTAN ("A Walk Before Breakfast") is the author of several volumes of poetry, including *Waiting for My Life* (1981), *PM/AM: New and Selected Poems* (1982), and *A Fraction of Darkness* (1985). Pastan received the Poetry Society of America's Alice Fay di Castagnola Award, for work in progress, in 1977.

YEHUDA AMICHAÏ ("God's Hand in the World" and "Ballad of the Washed Hair") is a poet, novelist, and writer of short stories. He was born in Germany in 1924 and has lived in Israel since 1936. A collection of his work, *The Selected Poetry of Yehuda Amichai*, will be published this spring. The translator, Stephen Mitchell, is the author of *Dropping Ashes on the Buddha* (1976) and has translated two volumes of poetry by Rainer Maria Rilke.

DONALD JUSTICE ("Henry James at the Pacific") is a professor of English at the University of Florida. He is the author of four volumes of poetry, including *Selected Poems*, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1980. Justice's most recent book is *Platonic Scripts* (1984), a collection of essays and interviews.

WILLIAM E. LEUCHTENBURG ("Preacher of Paradox") is the William Rand Kenan, Jr., Professor of History at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, and the president of the Organization of American Historians. He is the author of many books, including *Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal, 1932-1940* (1963). His most recent book is *In the Shadow of FDR: From Harry Truman to Ronald Reagan* (1983).

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS ("Brief Reviews") is a staff writer for *The Atlantic*.

EDWARD SOREL and NANCY CALDWELL SOREL ("First Encounters") live in Manhattan. Edward Sorel has received numerous awards for his illustrations, including a Society of Illustrators Gold Medal in 1985. Nancy Caldwell Sorel is a free-lance writer. Her book *Ever Since Eve* was published in 1984.

WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN ("More Unfinished Schubert") is an associate professor of English at Boston College. His articles on music appear frequently in *The Atlantic*.

JAMES FALLOWS ("Lovable Software") is the Washington editor of *The Atlantic*.

STEWART MCBRIDE ("Court Tennis") lives in Paris and is a former correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor*. He plays court tennis at the Société Sportive de Jeu de Paume et de Racquets, on the rue Lauriston. McBride is the author of *Boston in Color* (1977) and is at work on a book about Paris.

DOROTHY OSBORNE ("Acrostic No. 6") crafts puzzles at her home in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

EMILY COX and HENRY RATHVON ("The Puzzler") create crossword puzzles for several publications.

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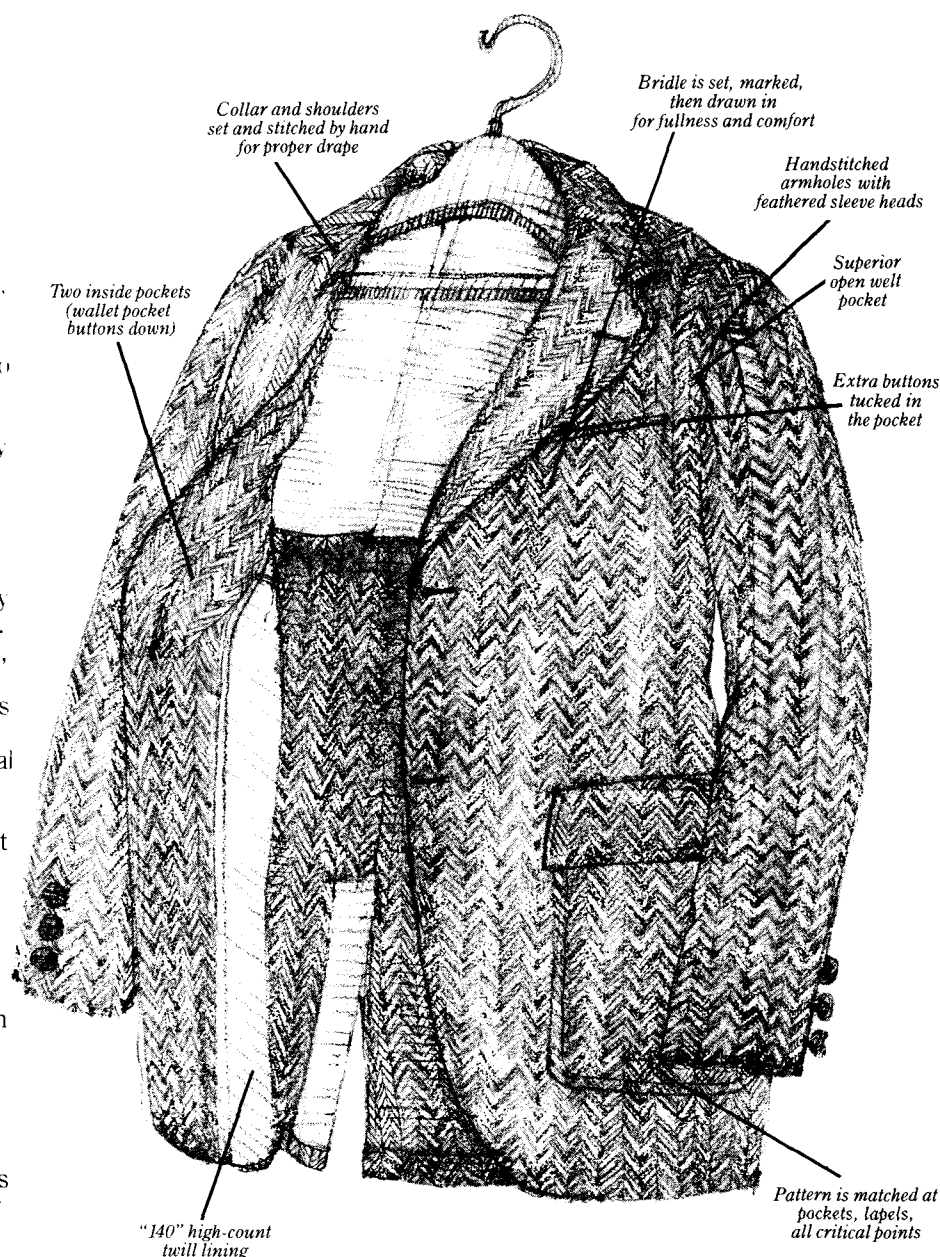
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Business Office
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PUNISHMENT VS. DISCIPLINE

As a mother, pre-school teacher, and analyzed person, I am appalled at Bruno Bettelheim's recommending separation as a form of discipline ("Punishment Versus Discipline," November *Atlantic*). He writes, "Separation anxiety is probably the earliest and most basic anxiety of man. . . . Anything that rekindles this anxiety is experienced as a terrible threat. . . . [The child] will respond to this real, implied, or imagined threat with deep feelings of anxiety." Surely Bettelheim is advocating punishment of the cruelest sort. Doesn't he think the child may repeat and repeat the offensive behavior in order to control the terror engendered by the separation? Does he also consider incarceration and exile "discipline"?

ELIZABETH POST MIREL
Washington, D.C.

Bruno Bettelheim contends that a child will grow up to be a good, moral adult if his parents provide examples for him and live by their own code of moral and disciplined behavior. I applaud this concept of parenting. However, Bettelheim asserts that when a child's behavior warrants correcting, the best course of discipline is to threaten a possible withholding of parental love. Children need the security of knowing that their parents will continue to accept and love them even when they do not measure up to their parents' expectations.

I contend that this is not discipline as Bettelheim describes it but, rather, psychological punishment. The punishment that the child is to endure as retribution for his "crime" is the fear (real or imagined) that his parent(s) may love him less because of his actions.

In order for discipline to be successful, it must be consistent. When a child becomes an adolescent and begins to struggle for independence from his parents, he will be less affected by separation anxiety than he was when he was a child. He may even act against his parents in order to gain separation from them.

Discipline that is consistent with the child's developmental process teaches the child that his parents are happy with

him as a person who has moral character but are unhappy with, or even disdainful of, certain kinds of behavior. In essence, successful discipline makes clear that Mom and Dad do not like a particular behavior but still love the child.

MARGARET A. MUELLER
St. Louis, Mo.

Bruno Bettelheim replies:

The letters of Mesdames Mirel and Mueller offer me a much desired opportunity to clarify what I had in mind when suggesting temporary withdrawal of love as a means to correct a child's behavior. One cannot withdraw what does not exist, and when love exists in a minimal amount, the withdrawal will have little or no effect. Only when love is strongly felt and much desired will its withdrawal for a short time—say half an hour or, at the most, an hour—be effective in giving the child a chance to ponder whether or not it is to his advantage to mend his ways.

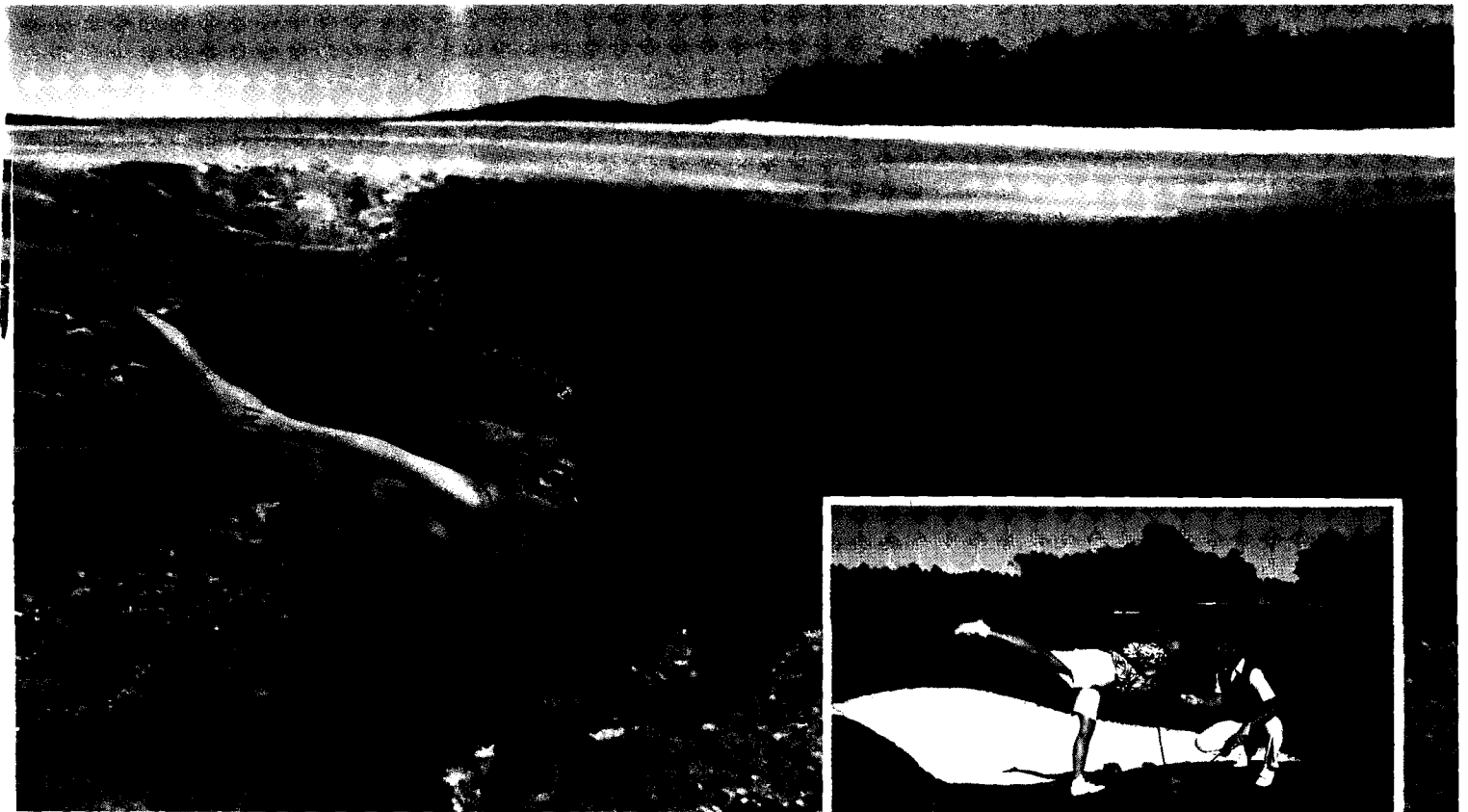
Obviously, whatever a parent does is experienced by parent and child within the framework of their relations. A child secure in knowing that his parents cherish and value him will know that the withdrawal of love is only very temporary, but will feel it strongly nevertheless. When Ms. Mueller says that such a withdrawal of love is psychological punishment, she is absolutely correct. But then, everything that happens between parent and child has psychological ramifications. A reader of my article informs me that when he was a child, his father refused to speak to him for three months, in punishment for a minor misbehavior. Such a father cannot have loved his child; hence no withdrawal of something existent took place.

If a child behaves in a way that is obnoxious or upsetting to a parent, it seems logical to me that the parent should tell his child something like, "I can't stand it any longer; we should separate for a while before your behavior makes me seriously angry and I lose my temper."

The purpose of my article was not to tell parents what to do with their children. This must follow from the relations they have with each other. But I did want to make parents think through whether the way they handle matters of

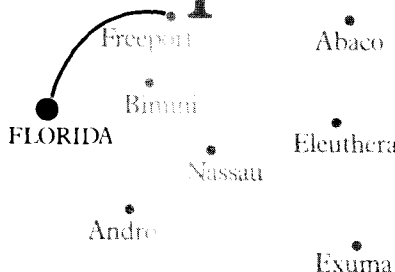
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discipline in their home is the best way to deal with such matters.

YELLOW RAIN

Peter Pringle's article "Political Science" (October *Atlantic*) strongly suggests that the "yellow rain" that fell in Southeast Asia did not contain a chemical-warfare agent, despite widely publicized U.S. government allegations that it did and that the Soviets supplied the poison.

Pringle implies that the only direct evidence supporting the government's charges are tests conducted by two analysts: Chester Mirocha, of the University of Minnesota, and Joseph Rosen, of Rutgers University. The article further suggests that either these two analysts' tests were incorrectly administered or the physical samples they tested were contaminated some time after collection. Viewed together, the following observations Pringle intersperses about his article lend strong support to this thesis:

—By the end of November, 1982, more than 350 environmental samples had been collected. All six analyzed by Mirocha and Rosen tested positive for the presence of trichothecenes, the poison identified by the government. All of the others that were tested—"an overwhelming number"—showed no trace of trichothecenes.

—Mirocha and Rosen detected trichothecenes in body tissues from a Khmer Rouge soldier who died after what was said to be a toxic-chemical attack; other scientists analyzing tissues from the same body found none, and attributed the death to a type of malaria.

—Emery Sarver, the chief of the Army's methodology research branch at Aberdeen, tested a portion of an environmental sample in which Mirocha had detected trichothecenes. Sarver's test was negative.

—An article published in *Chemical and Engineering News* in January, 1984, reported that sixty samples of blood and urine had been tested; all twenty tested by Mirocha were positive (including two "tentatives"), while all others tested negative.

—Mirocha's tests are rendered still more suspect by the possibility that blood or urine that had been collected more than forty-eight hours after an attack would contain no detectable amounts of trichothecenes. Mirocha's blood and urine samples were collected

at least a week after the alleged attacks

Pringle reports that the government, relying on Mirocha's and Rosen's tests, still maintains that the Soviets have supplied trichothecenes for military use in Southeast Asia. The test inconsistencies listed above are so acute, however, that it is remarkable Pringle does not address questions that would naturally occur to his lay readers: First, when a specimen was to be tested, how was the analyst selected? And second, why have more samples not been exchanged between Mirocha and Rosen, and other analysts? Why does the government not confront the inconsistencies directly by seeing if Mirocha would get positive results on samples that tested negative elsewhere?

URIEL WITTENBERG
*Carnegie-Mellon University
Pittsburgh, Pa.*

I am a retired foreign-service officer who was involved in negotiations on a treaty banning chemical weapons between 1977 and 1981, and who thus became caught up in the controversy over the reported use of chemical weapons in Southeast Asia and Afghanistan. In 1980 and 1981 I was the U.S. representative to the Committee on Disarmament, and in that capacity I was in charge of the U.S. delegation in the First Committee of the United Nations General Assembly when the issue of a UN investigation of the possible use of chemical weapons was first debated.

Hence this response to Peter Pringle's article. I was interviewed by Mr. Pringle when he was doing his research but I detect only a bare whiff of my views reflected in the end product. Some of my disagreements relate to specifics, and some to the article's overall thrust.

To begin with, there is the concentration on vegetation containing yellow spots as the principal physical evidence that mycotoxins were used by Vietnamese forces in Southeast Asia. The fact is that the leaf-and-stem sample on which trichothecene mycotoxins were found at the University of Minnesota contained no spots at all. "Yellow rain" is a convenient shorthand for describing chemical warfare in Southeast Asia, not a definition. Several types of agents and delivery techniques have been reported by eyewitnesses, as would be expected in this kind of military operation.

The medical evidence for toxin poisoning gets short shrift in the Pringle article. Pringle says, for example, that no Western doctor has examined, or even

seen from a distance, the body of a victim reported to have died from chemical attacks. In fact Western doctors have examined many of the victims and in several instances have performed autopsies on those who have died. They have also published the results of these autopsies. In June, 1980, a Dutch journalist, Bernd de Bruin, had firsthand experience with the effects of chemical warfare in Afghanistan. He photographed a Soviet helicopter dropping a canister that produced a cloud upon hitting the ground, causing de Bruin and a nearby group of Afghans to suffer typical symptoms of toxin poisoning, including the telltale hard blisters.

Critics of the government's case stop short of denying that people have been suffering and dying from some sort of toxic or chemical poisoning in Southeast Asia, but they have sought to attribute the symptoms to natural causes or to harassing agents or herbicides. The connection between the observed symptoms and agents other than mycotoxins has not been made, however, and there is no evidence for the natural occurrence of mycotoxins in Southeast Asia. Moreover, two Canadian researchers have published test results showing that mycotoxins are not produced by fungi in the region.

All of this is not to say that the government has pursued its case as effectively as it should have (or thinks it has). Nor is it to deny the useful contribution that Professor Meselson has made in identifying as bee feces the yellow powder that some had thought to be related to chemical warfare. But it is a long leap from discarding that bit of physical evidence to concluding that the whole episode is a hoax perpetrated by two Administrations simply to pin the tail on the Soviet donkey.

Undoubtedly, the Reagan Administration pursued the evidence that the Vietnamese and Soviets were engaging in chemical warfare with greater relish than its predecessor. Nevertheless, it was building on evidence that the Carter Administration had taken seriously enough to voice its concerns publicly and to make demarches to the governments of Laos, the Soviet Union, and Vietnam. The Carter Administration also strongly supported the idea of an impartial investigation by the United States. The team that later undertook the task was refused access to the places where the chemical attacks were alleged to have occurred, but reported that it

could not disregard the circumstantial evidence suggesting the use of "some sort of toxic chemicals in some instances."

To believe that nothing at all in the way of chemical or toxin attacks has taken place in Southeast Asia and Afghanistan, it is necessary to believe that the alleged victims have, knowingly or unknowingly, provided false information and that those who have obtained positive results from the physical evidence are incompetent or have misrepresented their findings. There are hints in the article that these may indeed be the beliefs of the critics of the government's case. But these are serious charges, and the critics have not applied the same rigorous standards of proof to support them that they have demanded of the government. Nor have they offered credible alternative explanations for the suffering and death of the many documented victims.

CHARLES C. FLOWERREE
Rectorstown, Va.

We think Peter Pringle took the bee-pollen theory of Matthew Meselson far too seriously as an explanation for

the biological-chemical warfare alleged to have occurred in Southeast Asia.

The original physical evidence cited by Alexander Haig for warfare in Southeast Asia was a few leaves and stems of leaves obtained from an attack site. However, more than trace amounts (contrary to Pringle's assertion) of trichothecenes (T-2 toxin, HT-2 toxin, and nivafenol) were on the leaves; they were present in parts-per-million amounts. Moreover, the original leaves analyzed in our laboratory did not contain the cosmetic yellow spots described by the Meselson bee-feces theorists.

Species of *Fusarium* produce all of the trichothecenes reported in the first leaf samples as well as the powder samples. However, the species that produce them vary, and the levels of production realized under ideal laboratory conditions are not those found in nature, especially those occurring on leaf surfaces. We would not expect such a concentration and mixture to occur naturally on a leaf surface.

A clarification is in order in reference to the analysis of samples by Dr. Sarver. To the best of our knowledge, Sarver

did test sixty to eighty samples of foliage with yellow spots on them. We did not expect any of these leaf samples to contain trichothecenes, as the description we had of those spots suggested that they were apian defecations. Nobody has found trichothecenes in such yellow spots, nor should they.

Why did Sarver not find trichothecenes in an aliquot of the yellow powder analyzed by our laboratory? We cannot answer this question directly, because we have no idea of the methods used in his laboratory. We do know, however, that his laboratory analyzed less than ten milligrams of the powder after storing the sample more than a year, and we don't know under what conditions it was stored. The original powder sample was not homogeneous and contained rock scrapings as well as pollen and other material. Hence aliquots of it would not yield identical results under even the best conditions.

Pringle asks whether T-2 and HT-2 can be found in human beings one or two weeks after exposure. The scientific evidence arising from the analyses in our laboratory of the blood, urine, and tis-

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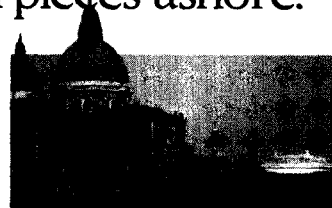
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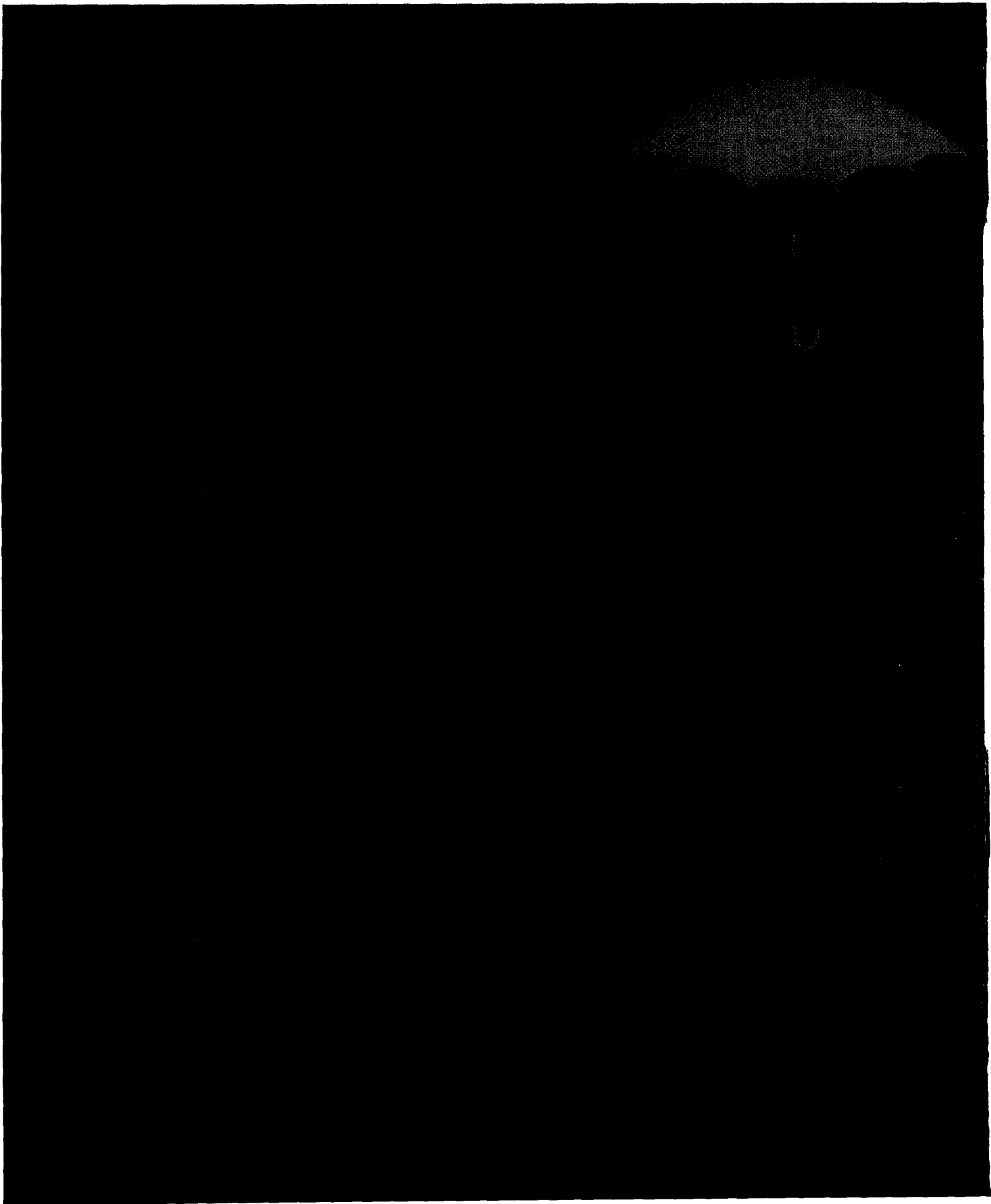
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STORMY WEATHER AHEAD FOR THE AUTOMATED OFFICE

In 1945, the U.S. Navy was putting the first digital computer through its paces. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the room-sized machine broke down. After a long search, technicians discovered the cause. Deep within the machine, crushed between the points of a relay, was a moth.

"Bugs" have bedeviled Computer Man ever since.

Until recently, things were getting better every year. Each new generation of business machines has proved more reliable than the last.

Yet, for all this progress, the business that trusts its affairs to computers may

— continued on next page —

— continued from preceding page —

be more at risk today than at any time in the last 40 years.

The rise of office-wide and company-wide systems is changing the arithmetic of risk. The number and variety of devices now being installed multiply the chances that, on any given day, *something* will fail.

More disturbing: *business machines no longer fail alone.*

The "why" of this will be familiar if you ever struggled with those old-fashioned Christmas lights: one bad bulb and the whole string went dark. In an office system, each "bulb" is likely to be a \$10,000 business machine. And the "string," a maze of cables and

fiber optics stretching (literally) all over the map.

What's to be done? Must whole companies now be hostage to the performance of machines? Below, AT&T digs into the issues and finds reason for optimism—as well as alarm.



BLOOD. Any company whose life's blood pumps through a computer is going to want some sort of backup. A count of America's business machines would turn up thousands of devices whose sole job is to sit and wait.

All this duplication does as much to enrich hardware vendors as it does to protect system users.

By contrast, the gospel according

to AT&T is "*communication, not duplication!*" In AT&T's world, information is portable. Our stock in trade are networks that can be instantly reconfigured to shift the burden of a downed computer to another device whose day-to-day chores are less immediate.

Like cast members in a Broadway show, the devices in such a system are capable of stepping into each other's roles at a moment's notice.

By no coincidence at all, the same AT&T networks that permit you to work around a problem can *prevent* most problems in the first place.

Remote sensing devices can now monitor the health of entire office systems around the clock from AT&T command posts miles away.

So sensitive are these probes that they can spotlight malfunctions in the making within individual machines—usually before the users themselves are aware of anything wrong.

These same probes also serve as *tools*. In AT&T's world, some 40% to 50% of all repairs can be made without a service call. Those are "real world" figures: AT&T now stands watch over 35,000 systems.



HITCH. The hitch in all this is that few companies live in an all-AT&T world. Few live in an all-*anything* world. More and more of today's office systems rest on a fragile ecology of devices from *many* vendors.

Vendor A may know his own stuff inside out. Ditto for Vendor B. But when your system depends on a whole alphabet of vendors, who do you call? Who's accountable?

That was precisely the question a

*For all this progress,
the business that trusts its
affairs to computers may be more
at risk today than at any time
in the last 40 years.*

“

*Vendor A may know
his own stuff inside out. Ditto
for Vendor B. But when your system
depends on a whole alphabet of
vendors, who do you call?
Who's accountable?*

”

major electronics firm put to AT&T last winter. This company had built up data and communications networks using lines and equipment from 7 vendors, including some of AT&T's chief rivals.

What the company wanted was one vendor that would stand accountable for the workings of every line and every switch they owned in 48 states.

Would AT&T take the job?

As a service company, we're moving in that direction, but there are limits to what any company can promise where others' products are involved. We are judged by the promises we *keep*.

AT&T's proposal: a trial marriage. We'd start small, get it right, and

expand from there. In this case, "starting small" meant across-the-board responsibility for systems at 50 sites in 16 states.

Today, as far as the electronics firm is concerned, it is AT&T's job to watchdog the performance of all these systems. When trouble knocks, it is now AT&T's job to pinpoint the fault, and to orchestrate the efforts of other vendors to put things right.

One AT&T-er sums up the complex logistics this way: "When a customer has one number to call — no matter when, no matter what — you'd better be ready to jump."

Free Offer: How does AT&T (or any vendor) work in harness with a com-

petitor? A recent AT&T/Hewlett-Packard white paper offers an inside look at the issues, the pitfalls, and the keys to success. For a free copy, please telephone 1 800 247-1212. Or you may write Mr. Dale Hegstrom, AT&T Information Systems, P.O. Box 1405, Morristown, NJ 07960-1405.

◇

JEANS. AT&T now serves 7 million business customers. Some wear pinstripes, some wear jeans. They are a cross section of American business.

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They see it as part of our job.

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Small or large, no two of our customers are exactly the same.

Our job is to be there. No matter who calls. No matter when. No matter what. We're AT&T.



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sues of an alleged victim indicates that they can. The alternative is that they cannot, and this would contradict our observations. Experiments with guinea pigs indicate that, depending on the method of exposure (skin penetration versus direct mainline venous injection, as done in pigs), residue may be found for up to one month. Thus Pringle's reliance upon a citation from *Chemical & Engineering News*, "it is unlikely that trichothecenes could be detected unless blood samples were obtained within 24-48 hours after an attack," seems to us unwise.

CHESTER J. MIROCHA
ROBERT J. PAWLOSKY
*University of Minnesota
St. Paul, Minn.*

Peter Pringle replies:

On the general, and fundamental, point concerning the relevance of Professor Meselson's work: let us be quite clear about the U.S. government's definition of yellow rain. The government is today, and has always been, explicitly referring to a yellow material of some kind. The latest description—from the CIA in April, 1985—was that "aerial attacks, usually by spray, dispersed yellow to yellow-brown liquid or semi-solid particles that fell and sometimes sounded like rain when striking thatched rooftops."

Let us also be quite clear that the majority of the samples of yellow rain from alleged attack sites were of yellow material—mostly spots on leaves but occasionally a yellow powder scraped from vegetation or rocks.

Whenever these spots or this powder has been examined under the microscope, pollen grains have been found. Professor Meselson and his colleagues have established, and no one now disputes, that the pollen grains came from bee feces. Thus, the majority of the samples of yellow rain handed in were in fact bee feces.

This does not explain the presence of trichothecenes found by Mirocha in his original leaf sample (which he says did not show yellow spots or, by implication, contain pollen grains—although he told me that he had never looked at the sample under the microscope). Neither does the bee theory explain the presence of trichothecenes in the samples of blood and urine. According to the government's—and the refugees'—definition, then, Mirocha has not been analyzing what is commonly known as yellow rain. Rather, Mirocha has been analyzing

something else, and whether it was put where it was found by Communists, capitalists, or nature, nobody knows.

Both Mirocha and Flowerree seem to want to believe that the trichothecene theory explains all the ghastly accounts of suffering despite the sparse evidence—only six of more than ninety environmental samples have been reported to contain trichothecenes. Mirocha himself believes that any sample that produces a trichothecene must have come from a genuine attack site. One does not need to be a scientist to see that this is hardly a suitable starting point for scientific inquiry. And, as I noted in my article, chemical warfare experts, in the United States and in allied nations, now either place no credence at all on the trichothecene theory or are backing away from it.

I also pointed out that Mirocha's environmental results were "an oddity" because the government could not duplicate them, and that the "mystery remains." But both Mirocha and Flowerree insist on implying that I offered the bee theory as a total explanation. I did not; neither, incidentally, do Meselson *et al.*, although they, too, are continually accused of doing so by people who unhelpfully insist on misreading their analysis.

On specific points raised by the two letters: Mirocha says that he found T2 toxin, HT-2 toxin, and nivalenol on the leaves. According to his 1983 scientific report, he found HT-2 not in leaves but in blood (*J. Assoc. Off. Anal. Chem.* Vol. 66, No. 6, 1983).

Flowerree disputes my assertion that "no Western doctor has examined, or even seen from a distance, a body of a victim reported to have died from chemical attacks." He says, "In fact Western doctors . . . have performed autopsies on those who have died." Doctors have examined *living* refugees in Thai camps, and they have presented widely differing reports on what they found. Some believe that the sores and other symptoms could have been caused by toxic chemicals; some offer natural explanations. And, I repeat, no Western doctor has examined the body of a person independently reported to have died from chemical-agent poisoning. One soldier who died after he said he was exposed to yellow rain was given a postmortem. This is the only postmortem whose results have been made public, and the doctors involved could not agree on the reason for his death. Ameri-

can doctors, including one from the CIA, concluded that the soldier had died from mycotoxin poisoning, but a Canadian military doctor said it appeared that he had died from blackwater fever.

ALIVE AND WELL

Nicholas Lemann ("Texas: A Choice Without a Difference," November *Atlantic*) has exaggerated greatly the demise of former Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett, who has not "ended his days" and has never been a bank teller. Rather, Barnett was a first-rate trial lawyer who practiced until about two years ago, when he retired at age eighty-five or so. He is alive and well.

A.S. POVALL, JR.
Jackson, Miss.

Nicholas Lemann replies:

That was an egregious mistake, and I apologize for it.

TESTING FOR AIDS

Katie Leishman ("San Francisco: A Crisis in Public Health," October *Atlantic*), estimates that of San Francisco's 70,000 gay men 50 percent would test antibody-positive, and that of these about 25 percent may get AIDS. Although people with this tragic disease certainly deserve sympathy, the public health of both the gay and straight communities is best served by identifying people with AIDS, to limit its spread.

Instead, Leishman disparages testing, because the advice would be the same regardless of the result: "Practice safe sex, lead a balanced life, stay healthy." Why isn't it reasonable to expect those who test antibody-positive to confine their sexual activities to others with the same result?

DAVID WEISS
Ridgewood, N.J.

Katie Leishman replies:

I did not disparage the test but stated that in many cases it is advisable. Most gay men I interviewed did not plan to take the test. They assume that they—and the fellow on the next barstool—have been infected and are potentially infectious. Several men said that they would not take the test because they feared that a result of antibody-negative would lead to false confidence. Besides, what sensible gay man who tested anti-

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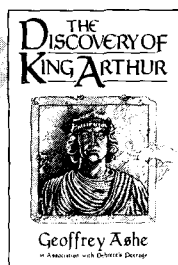
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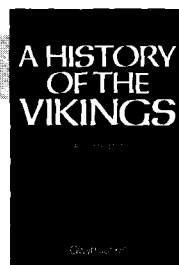
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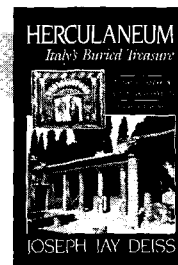
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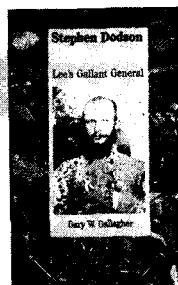
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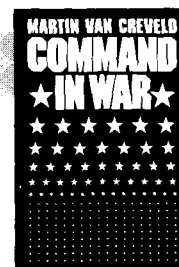
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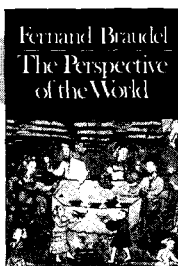
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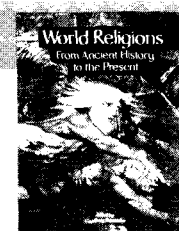
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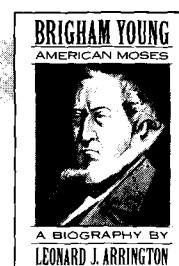
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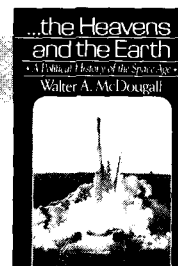
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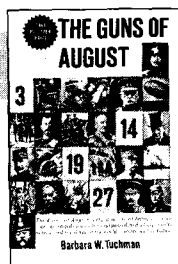
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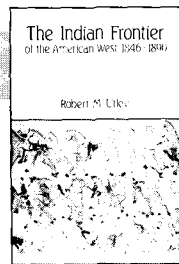
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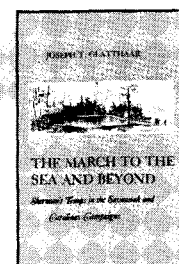
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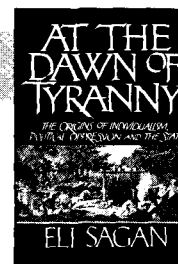
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body-negative would risk his life on an assurance from a new partner that he too had tested negative?

MORE ON SWEETENERS

Ellen Ruppel Shell ("Sweetness and Health," August *Atlantic*) characterizes G. D. Searle & Co.'s claims that aspartame's component amino acids occur naturally in many foods as "somewhat misleading." Shell alleges that aspartame "delivers these amino acids in a much more concentrated form than a person would normally consume." Aspartic acid and phenylalanine occur naturally in protein-containing foods, and the normal diet provides quantities far exceeding those derived from aspartame in aspartame-sweetened foods. In addition, many foods containing aspartame also contain protein and therefore an array of other amino acids. However, the amino acids even in products containing only those amino acids derived from aspartame are digested and metabolized, as are the same amino acids from any dietary protein source.

Shell also implies that the consumption of aspartame is not safe for people who carry the gene for phenylketonuria (PKU) or for their unborn children, and that it may lead to a mimicking of the imbalance of amino acids that leads to PKU.

PKU, a rare genetic disorder, is characterized by the absence of the enzyme that metabolizes phenylalanine. Careful consideration of scientific and clinical studies both in animals and in PKU carriers conducted prior to FDA approval of aspartame showed that the quantity of phenylalanine contributed by aspartame consumption poses no risk for PKU carriers or their unborn children. Consumption of aspartame cannot mimic the disease PKU. Further, it is impossible for normal people or PKU carriers to attain by aspartame ingestion the blood levels of phenylalanine found in patients with PKU.

JOHN P. HEYBACH
Director, Scientific Affairs
NutraSweet® Group
G. D. Searle & Co.
Skokie, Ill.

Ellen Ruppel Shell replies:

As a scientist, Dr. Heybach surely understands that concentration and quantity are two very different things. Aspartame delivers aspartic acid and phenyl-

alanine in a much more concentrated form than do normal proteins, which contain up to eighteen other amino acids to balance the load. That, some scientists say, is the problem. Diet soft drinks, which are by far the most popular sources of aspartame, contain no protein.

I did not say that aspartame is unsafe for PKU carriers. What I did say was that aspartame *might* be unsafe. Women who carry the PKU gene and therefore have a below-average ability to metabolize phenylalanine should, if they are pregnant, think carefully before consuming any product, such as aspartame, that contains a concentrated form of phenylalanine. That is because their unborn children may be exposed to excessive amounts of the unmetabolized amino acid—amounts that some scientists believe could lead to brain damage.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Regarding Hal Hinson's botched Reevaluation of Ansel Adams's art ("Photography: Nature Made Perfect," October *Atlantic*): The forced dilemma Hinson sees in Adams's lifework is entirely of Hinson's own creation.

Amusing in Hinson's analysis is his inconsistency and inadvertent irony. First we are told that a human element is lacking in Adams's landscapes. Specifically, what is lacking is Adams, the photographer as artist. Hinson means this in a figurative sense. How ironic that, although the artist lacks presence for Hinson, Hinson finds it so easy to draw psychological and aesthetic generalizations about the artist based on the photographer's oeuvre. In his lack of artistic presence Adams reveals his aesthetics to the discerning Hinson.

Then Hinson finds that "the natural settings described in Adams's pictures are indifferent to human concerns, and, looking at his work, you think that Adams, at least as an artist, was too. His landscapes are without a sense of human scale, as if he were trying to imagine an Edenic world completely outside of man's influence and uncorrupted by his touch."

So Adams's unarguable virtue is now suddenly a vice. Why? Is it a fault or a dilemma that by making nature the subject of his art, Adams achieved a rare sublimity of form?

CHARLES E. JANNUZI
Chambersburg, Pa.

For the record, I do not think that Dr. William Brydon, the only European to finish the march of the retreating British army from Kabul in 1842, would agree that he was, as John Keegan ("The Ordeal of Afghanistan," November *Atlantic*) says, "particularly well mounted."

By his own account:

I was pulled off my horse and knocked down by a blow on the head from an Afghan knife which must have killed me had I not had a portion of a Blackwood's magazine in my forage cap. As it was, a piece of bone about the size of a wafer was cut from my skull and I was nearly stunned but managed to rise on my knees and seeing that a second blow was coming I met it with the edge of my sword and I suppose cut off some of my assailant's fingers, as the knife fell to the ground; he bolted one way and I the other.

VICTORIA SCHOFIELD
New York, N.Y.

Your readers who tout their facility at racing through the *Atlantic* Puzzler should be reminded that speed isn't everything. My miniature schnauzer, Zonker, spends hours working on the Puzzler. He can't hold a pen, of course, so he yips and yowls the answers to me in Morse code, and I write them down.

The evenings spent at this shared endeavor have brought Zonker and me closer together. This month Zonker wants to tackle the Acrostic, too.

STEVEN NORTHCUTT
Tampa, Fla.

I'm distressed by the spiraling claims of your correspondents concerning their success at solving the *Atlantic* Puzzlers in ink, while blindfolded, and now even before the puzzles appear in print ("Letters to the Editor," November *Atlantic*). I anticipate soon reading letters from deceased subscribers who solve your puzzles in the total darkness of the grave. I myself solve the puzzles and then sell the red-hot answers to an appreciative clientele, mostly university professors and United States congressmen. I'm uncertain why they want these answers, but they pay well.

In short, I enjoy what is surely the ultimate success at solving Puzzlers: I make money from it. Who can possibly say more?

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

THE RIGHT WRONG STUFF

I RECALL SEEING a poster many years ago for an appearance by the guru Mahara-ji, who advertised himself as the "fifteen-year-old perfect master." On the poster a passerby had written, "When I was fifteen, I thought I was perfect too." I am not fifteen, and I have not thought of myself as perfect for years. Indeed, for quite some time perfection has not even been a personal objective. When a new year commences, I no longer resolve to terminate any of my dreary vices. Rather, I think about how, at some perpetually future date, I might upgrade the quality of my imperfections. Perhaps I am making a virtue of necessity, but it seems to me that having a flaw or two is usually preferable to having none.

There is a difference, of course, between a gross defect and an attractive blemish. For a deficiency to be winning there must exist a certain level of adequacy. The mistake supposedly woven into every Oriental rug—on the grounds that only Allah is without flaw—would serve no purpose (and have no cachet) if the carpet were defective throughout. The very finest shortcomings call attention less to themselves than to the estimable context in which they occur.

I know a woman—an American—who has become fluent in Uzbek, a Central Asian tongue; owing to the origin of her tutors, however, her Uzbek is marred by an Afghan accent. The failing compels respect. As it happens, I have a long wish list for flaws of just this kind. Were it possible without effort, I would like to speak an easy French whose text-

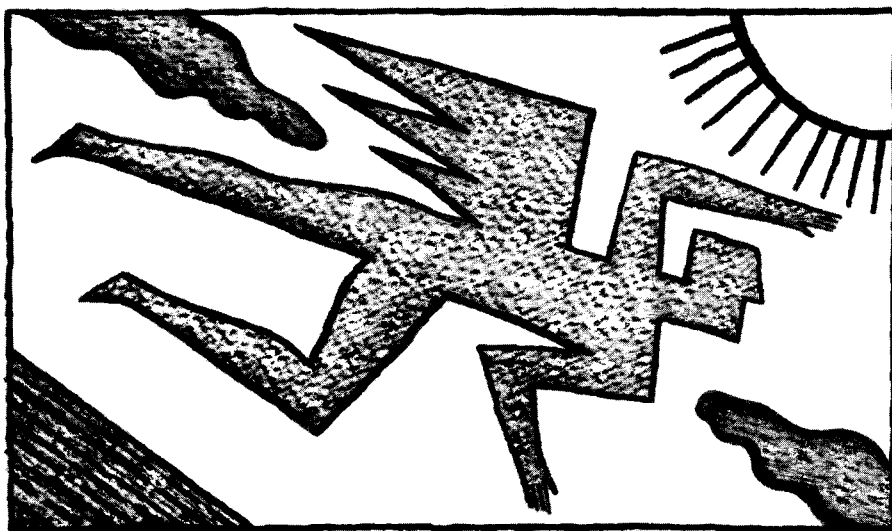
book precision was occasionally interrupted by lapses into crude Corsican patois. I would like to bring to the piano such technical virtuosity that I occasionally undermined a composer's intentions. I would like to be reproached in chess circles for a style of play "overly imitative of Capablanca." I would like to have a broken nose, badly healed, that suggested to others how unbearably handsome I would otherwise be.

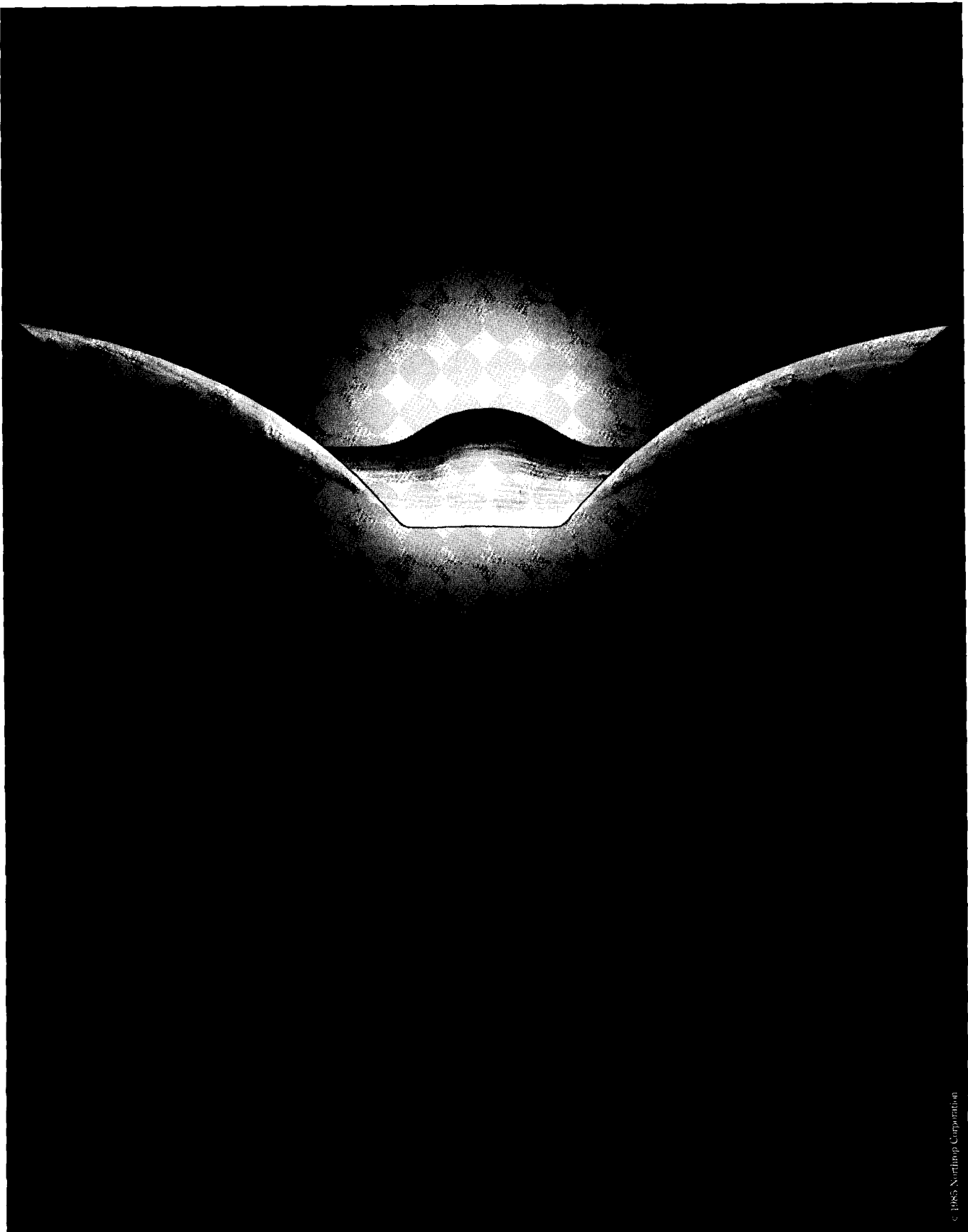
I cannot lay claim to defects so fine as these. Up to a point, however, imperfections are worth fostering even when they do not, in Goldsmith's phrase, lean toward Virtue's side. If nothing else, they confirm that what one lacks in common with the Supreme Being one holds in common with the highest of His creations. We would enjoy less solidarity as a species if Ronald Reagan could substantiate his anecdotes or fire his friends, if James Michener were laconic and Joe Theisman speechless, if Ralph Nader displayed a sense of humor and Willard Scott a quiet charm. Our race would be diminished if Tip O'Neill himself were, if Rex Harrison could

sing, if Sister Teresa had no need for a confessor. It is important, somehow, that even Homer nod, and that we all know it. Imperfections of a middling kind contribute to comity. By making tolerance necessary they also make it possible.

This is worth bearing in mind on New Year's Day, lest in our resolutions we be tempted to go too far. All of us manifest shortcomings from which others derive solace or satisfaction. A rush toward perfection on even a modest scale would be uncharitable as well as disruptive. But cultivation of the right *wrong* stuff is another story and can only be encouraged. "She did make defect perfection," Shakespeare wrote of Cleopatra. That, on a more modest scale, is my very goal. A gruff manner concealing inner warmth, a smile shaped by a hint of tragedy, an utter self-control except in the presence of fools or smoked salmon—these are some of the refinements that I hope to introduce in the twelvemonth ahead. At the very worst, the endeavor will end in noble failure.

—Cullen Murphy





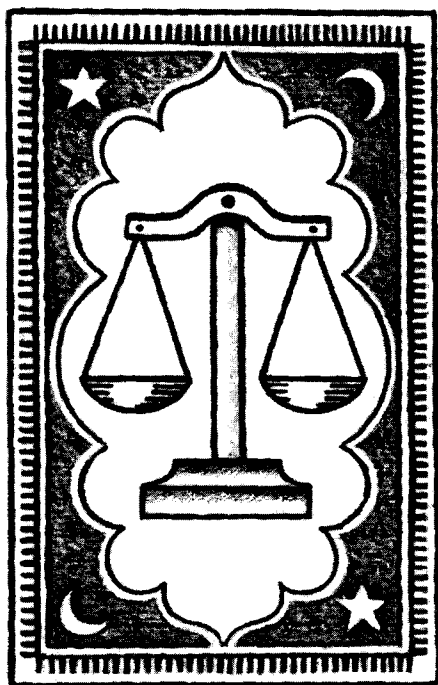
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THE HAGUE HOSTAGE AFTERMATH

*Now in its fifth year of operation,
the Iran-United States Claims Tribunal
appears to be working*

THOUGH THEIR PLIGHT transfixed the world, the fifty-two Americans seized at the U.S. Embassy in Tehran on November 4, 1979, and held for 444 days were not the only hostages taken by the Iranian revolution. To such names as Moorhead Kennedy and Bruce Laingen, still faintly familiar, can be added General Motors, Continental Grain, Boeing, Du Pont, and the name of virtually every major oil company in the United States, along with those of many smaller concerns, such as Cal-Maine Foods, Inc., of Jackson, Mississippi, the Eberle Tanning Company, of Westfield, Pennsylvania, and the Parkway General Hospital, of North Miami Beach, Florida.

When Islamic revolutionaries set out in 1978 to eradicate all traces in Iran of Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi and his American allies, more than 3,800 businesses saw their executives driven out of the country, their contracts breached, and their property confiscated. Decades of investment and billions of dollars in property and earnings seemed doomed.

It has now been five years since the

release of the fifty-two American hostages, but most of the American companies that once did business with Iran are still captives of the Iranian revolution. Their hopes for compensation (and in the case of some companies, for survival) have been pinned since early 1981 on a little-known international forum—the Iran-United States Claims Tribunal—whose creation was a key element in the agreement by which the hostages were released.

Headquartered in a renovated hotel in a quiet residential neighborhood of The Hague, the tribunal has engaged some of the highest-paid lawyers in the United States, Western Europe, and the Middle East in thousands of legal battles, many of which are likely to drag on long after the tenth anniversary of the embassy hostages' release. A number of U.S. claimants criticize the snail's pace at which the tribunal's work is being conducted. Yet one fourth of the tribunal's 521 largest cases have been resolved in one way or another. According to the State Department, as of last October the tribunal had awarded nearly \$139 million to forty-six American claimants. It had fostered a hundred and one out-of-tribunal settlements that have gleaned an additional \$235 million for U.S. businesses. Iran had received five awards, totaling \$20 million. "The story here," says David P. Stewart, the head of the State Department's office of Iranian claims, "is that this thing works." While most lawyers and U.S. officials will not speak for the record, they tend to agree with Stewart.

THE LEGAL AND financial world has never seen anything like the Iran-United States Claims Tribunal, in part because the political world has rarely seen anything like the relationship between the United States and Iran under the Shah. For three decades after the Second World War, American Presidents looked at Iran's size, population, and oil wealth and dreamed of creating in the Persian Gulf a powerful bulwark against Soviet expansionism. A blank check given to the Shah during the Nixon Administration for non-nuclear American weapons was honored well into the Carter years. U.S.-Iran military sales agreements from 1972 through 1978 exceeded \$13 billion. Meanwhile, Iran's industrial development proceeded apace. The volume of trade between the United States and Iran climbed from about \$400 million in 1970 to nearly \$3.9 billion in 1974

and to more than \$6.5 billion in 1978. Thousands of American companies sold everything from refrigerator handles and corn oil to jet fighters and computers. Tens of thousands of American businessmen poured into Iran.

But by late 1978, as strikes and riots engulfed Iran's large cities and oilfields, the Shah relinquished power. With the departure of the Shah and the return from France of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, in early 1979, American companies and employees became special targets of Iranian wrath, and the companies' troubles mounted as payments for products and services that Iran had bought all but halted.

Most American companies initially sat tight, hoping to stay on the sidelines, but the occupation of the U.S. Embassy and the round of economic warfare that followed dashed their hopes. Several days after the seizure of the hostages Iran retaliated against the initial U.S. economic sanctions by threatening to withdraw its substantial assets from U.S. banks and to repudiate all financial obligations to American concerns. On November 14, 1979, the United States froze \$12 billion worth of Iranian assets at home and abroad, creating the leverage ultimately used to free the hostages.

At this point the interests of American companies and of the Carter Administration began to diverge. The companies simply wanted their money back as fast as possible. They filed a battery of lawsuits—more than 400 of them—in U.S. courts in an effort to recover damages and to secure attachments on the frozen Iranian assets. Washington, for its part, wished to keep those assets intact as an inducement for Tehran to free the captive diplomats. Carter Administration lawyers spent much of 1980 persuading American judges to delay the lawsuits and working for a settlement that would somehow gain the hostages' release and permit U.S. companies to sue for compensation.

In the fall of 1980, squeezed by falling world oil prices and beset by a sudden war with Iraq, Iran for the first time indicated to the United States that a hostage release could be negotiated. Tehran also signaled a willingness to pay its just obligations as part of any hostage settlement that released Iranian assets. Tehran hinted that it would be open to an international arbitration process that would in some fashion involve neutral third parties. This was the crack in the

door that Washington chose to exploit, and Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher began exploring the idea through intermediaries in Algiers.

The United States's experience with international arbitration dates back to the aftermath of the Revolutionary War. The appeal of arbitration as a means of settling disputes grew hand-in-hand with America's foreign trade. Better this relatively informal, flexible process—particularly when the countries involved have widely disparate legal systems—than trying one's luck in a foreign court. In the disputes with Iran, however, a number of questions had to be answered.

How, for example, could the United States prevent the Ayatollah Khomeini's representatives from turning the arbitration process into an unending, nowhere political circus? Who would force Iran to pay off successful claimants? Could a U.S. President abrogate an American's right to sue in an American court? And how might the answers to these questions be squared with the intricate sequence of multibillion-dollar transfers that clearly would form the core of any hostage settlement?

The tribunal began to take shape in December of 1980. The terms of the final package, signed in Algiers on the day before Ronald Reagan's inauguration, required Iran to release the embassy hostages; the United States, in turn, agreed to defrost Iran's \$12 billion in assets; and Iran promised to repay all of its \$3.7 billion in outstanding syndicated bank loans. The Algiers accords also created the Iran-United States Claims Tribunal, and Iran was required to set aside a security fund of one billion dollars to ensure the initial payments to successful U.S. claimants. The accords stipulated that claims against Iran be submitted to the tribunal for binding arbitration, and they provided for the termination in U.S. courts of any case the tribunal resolved on its merits. The precedence of the tribunal over American courts was challenged by some American firms but upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court, in July of 1981. The corporate hostages would have to rely on the new claims tribunal for recompense.

The tribunal consists of nine arbitrators: three Americans and three Iranians, who together appoint three third-country judges. The nine arbitrators sit both as a full tribunal, where they consider major disputes between the U.S. and Iranian governments, and in three

smaller chambers, where most of the claims are presented, before one American, one Iranian, and one neutral judge, who serves as the chairman. Awards are approved or rejected by a simple majority vote. All of the tribunal's business is conducted in English and Farsi, and every page of every brief, claim, and affidavit must be submitted in both languages. This requirement has created a tremendous windfall for the Farsi translators in New York and Washington, who have commanded fees of up to \$400 a typed page. American participants sometimes refer to the Algiers accords as the Farsi Translators Full Employment Act of 1981.

The Iran-United States Claims Tribunal has jurisdiction over four types of cases: claims by U.S. nationals against the Iranian government and by Iranians against the U.S. government resulting from the chaos created by the Iranian revolution; disputes between the two governments over unfulfilled contracts; disputes over interpretation of the Algiers accords themselves; and claims relating to bank loans. Companies hire their own lawyers to argue claims worth more than \$250,000, but the far more numerous smaller claims are handled by State Department lawyers. Claimants had until January 19, 1982, to file with the tribunal. Winning claimants receive 100 cents on the dollar awarded, something almost unheard of in international arbitration. The United States and Iran split the operating costs of the setup in The Hague.

U.S. government lawyers managed to head off some of the tribunal's biggest potential problems. The billion dollars that Iran was required to set aside was deposited not in an Iranian bank but in a subsidiary of the Dutch central bank; Iran cannot touch the money. Tehran was also obligated to prevent the pot from falling below \$500 million. A neutral appointing authority is empowered to select neutral arbitrators if the tribunal judges cannot quickly agree on acceptable candidates. The United States is also covered in the event of an Iranian walkout: provisions exist for appointing replacement arbitrators. Enough interest has piled up in the security account to keep awards flowing for many months even if Iran declines to replenish the pot. U.S. negotiators in Algiers did not have time to consider every eventuality—"The pressure was to simplify and take chances," one member of the State Department's legal team recalls—but

enough potential loopholes were closed to inspire confidence that the claims tribunal would actually work.

In November of 1981 attorneys for American companies began trooping to the Peace Palace in The Hague, the headquarters of the International Court of Justice, where they were assigned numbers and waited in line, like bakery customers, to file claims. In January of 1982 the tribunal heard its first case. In April of that year the tribunal made its first award.

MOST OF THE hearings (which run from 9:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. on weekdays) have been undramatic. The American and Iranian legal teams sit across from each other in a rectangular room; joining the lawyers are government representatives from Washington and Tehran. The judges occupy one end of the chamber, and the translators occupy the other. During the two regularly scheduled daily coffee breaks the lawyers for the American claimants chat amiably with their opponents. The Iranian nationals present at the scene are not robed Islamic zealots. Most of the Iranian lawyers and judges have been schooled in the civil-law traditions of Western Europe. American officials and attorneys freely acknowledge that opinions and dissents, even by Iranian judges they happen to revile, are copiously documented and closely reasoned—notwithstanding a few obligatory references to "the glorious Islamic Revolution" and to the American claimants' "ill-gotten resources."

The proceedings have not been entirely sedate, however. In September of 1984 Judge Nils Mangard, an elderly Swede and the chairman of Chamber Three, was on his way to one of the hearing rooms when he was confronted by two Iranian judges, Mahmoud Kashani and Shatie Shafeiei. Mangard had acquired a reputation for handing down big awards to U.S. claimants. Kashani began screaming that Mangard was not a proper judge and had no business sitting on the tribunal. He ordered Mangard out of the building. When the Swede, who was recuperating from a hip operation, refused to budge, Kashani grabbed him and began shoving him out. With some help from Shafeiei, Kashani pushed Mangard against the front door and began twisting his tie around his neck. Eventually the Iranians and Mangard were pried apart by American and Iranian officials. Only after Tehran

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- 329094-399097. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)**—Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)
- 317685. Mahler: Symphony No. 4**—Armeling; Previn, Pittsburgh Sym. (Angel)
- 325357. Mahler: Das Lied von der Erde**—soloists, New York Philharmonic under Bruno Walter (Masterworks Portrait)

MENDELSSOHN

- 318824. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); Schumann: Symphony No. 4**—Tennstedt, Berlin Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

- 330142. Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 3**—Cho-Liang Lin; Thomas cond. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)
- 332056. Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream; etc.—Zinnman, Rochester Philharmonic (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)**

MOZART

- 294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) and No. 17**—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Or. (London)
- 328740. Mozart: Piano Concerto 26 (Coronation); *Rondos*—Murray Perahia, English Chamber Orchestra (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)**
- 337782. Mozart: Divertimento, K. 563**—Kremer; Kashkashian; Yo-Yo Ma (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)
- 321224. Mozart: Overtures**—*Don Giovanni*; *Così Fan Tutte*; *Marriage of Figaro*; etc. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin (*Digital*—Angel)
- 338723. Mozart: Requiem**—Christopher Hogwood, soloists, chorus, Orch. of Academy of Ancient Music (*Digital*—L'Oiseau Lyre)
- 314955. Mozart: Symphonies No. 40 & 41 (Jupiter)**—Szell, Cleveland Orchestra (CBS Great Performances)

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- 245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos No. 1 & 2**—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Sym. (London)
- 334540. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2; Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini**—Cecile Licad; Abbado, Chicago Symph. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)
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- 334516. Rachmaninoff: 5 Preludes; 4 Moments Musicaux**; etc.—Gavrilov, piano (*Digital*—Angel)

SCHUBERT

- 322487. Schubert: "Death and the Maiden"; "Quartet Isatz"**—Tokyo String Quartet (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)
- 321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142**—Murray Perahia, piano (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)
- 325092. Schubert: Sonata in B Flat**; etc.—Alicia de Larrocha (*Digital*—London)

TCHAIKOVSKY

- 318444. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Serenade for Strings**—Muti, Phila. Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)
- 308874. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1**—Gavrilov; Kitaenok cond. (Columbia/Melodiya)
- 329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4**—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

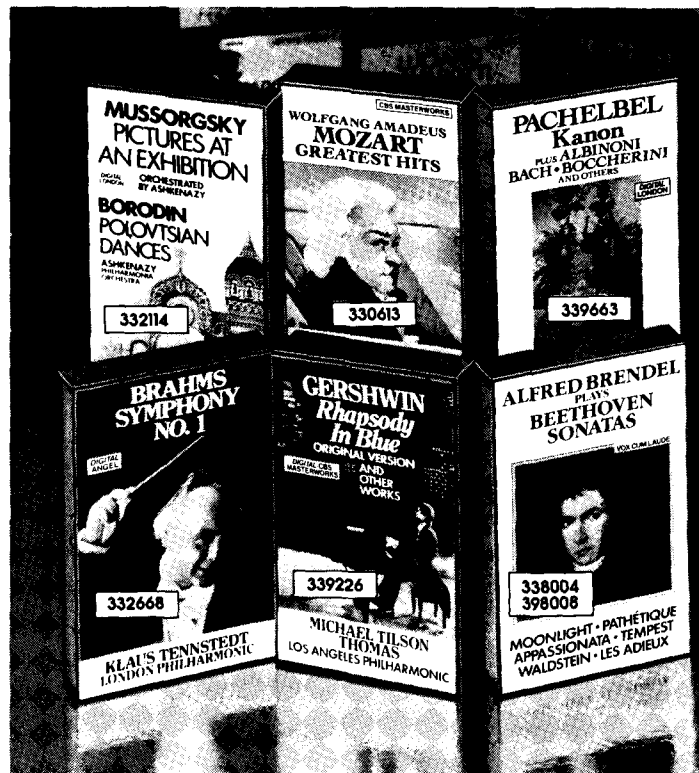
- 245399. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 (Pathétique)**—Ormandy and Phila. Orch. (Columbia)
- 304352-394353. Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker**—Davis, Toronto Sym. (Counts as 2—Columbia)
- 336461. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Serenade**—Pinchas Zukerman; Zubin Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)
- 312777. Tchaikovsky: Capriccio Italien; Rimsky-Korsakoff: Capriccio Espagnol**; etc.—Bernstein (CBS Great Performances)

- 240473. Copland: Appalachian Spring (complete)—Copland and London Symphony (Columbia)**
- 309500. Copland: "Billy The Kid" (Ballad Suite); Four Dance Episodes from "Rodeo"**—Bernstein cond. (CBS Great Performances)
- 328005. Debussy: Images (complete); *Estampes*; etc.—Ivan Moravec, pianist (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)**
- 304931. Debussy: Images for Orchestra; Prelude to An Afternoon of a Faun**—Previn, London Symph. (*Digital*—Angel)

- 333450. Shostakovich: Symphony No. 8**—Haitink, Amsterdam Concertgebouw (*Digital*—London)
- 326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi; Vienna Phil. (*Digital*—London)**

ROMANTICS

- 331595. Bizet: Carmen Suite; L'Arlésienne Suites 1, 2**—Ozawa, Orch. National (*Digital*—Angel)
- 333518. Bruckner: Symphony No. 7**—Chailly, RSO Berlin (*Digital*—London)



BAROQUE

- 323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3**—Karl Münchinger; Stuttgart Chamber Orch. (*Digital*—London)
- 329615. Handel: Water Music**—Margorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre du Roy (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)
- 324897. Vivaldi: Four Seasons**—Maazel, cond. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)
- 332544. Vivaldi: 6 Flute Concerti, Op. 10**—Rampal; Scimone, I Solisti Veneti (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)
- 324525. An Isaac Stern Vivaldi Gala: Concertos For 2 and 3 Violins**; etc. Stern, Zukerman, Perlman, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

MODERN

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- 263293. Bolling: Suite for Flute and Jazz Piano**—Jean-Pierre Rampal and Claude Bolling (Columbia)
- 326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Suite; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man**—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (*Digital*—London)
- 331439. Enesco: Violin Sonata No. 3; Dvorak: 4 Romantic Pieces, Op. 75**; etc.—Stern, violin; Zakin, piano (CBS Masterworks)
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- 318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis et Chloe (Suite No. 2)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)**
- 331447. Ravel: Ma Mere l'Oye (Mother Goose); *Le Tombeau de Couperin*; etc.—Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (*Digital*—London)**
- 324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains of Rome**—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal (*Digital*—London)
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- 331082. Saint-Saens: Symphony No. 3 (Organ)—Hurford; Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (*Digital*—London)**

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334771. Sibelius: Symphonies No. 4 and 7—Berglund, Helsinki Philharmonic Or. (Digital—Angel)

334250. Sibelius: Violin Concerto; Schumann: Violin Concerto—Kremer, Muti, Philharmonia Or. (Digital—Angel)

225888. Smetana: Moldau, Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; etc. Bernstein, NY Phil. (Columbia)

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VIRTUOSO!

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VOCAL AND ORCHESTRAL COLLECTIONS

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338756. Ghena Dimifrova—Opera Arias. Macbeth, Aida; etc. Gardelli, Munich Radio Or. (Digital—Angel)

339242. Placido Domingo—Save Your Nights For Me. Love Came For Me; Maria; etc. (CBS)

326553. Placido Domingo—Great Love Scenes. Scotta, Te Kanawa, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

331363. Arthur Fiedler's Favorite Overtures—by Shostakovich, Goldmark, Sullivan, Copland. With Boston Pops (Polydor)

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replaced the two assailants, in January of 1985, was the tribunal able fully to resume operations.

Americans on the scene viewed the scuffle as a local initiative. Some deemed it the kickoff to Kashani's bid for the presidency of Iran. (Kashani ran for office but was defeated in the elections held last August.) There have been rumors about other incidents relating to the tribunal's affairs—including threats made against third-party judges—but U.S. officials will not comment on such reports. No one denies that from time to time the Iranians have sought to bend (and even break) the rules. According to several tribunal participants, collusion between Iranian judges and Iranian lawyers has occurred; tipped off about the likelihood of an unfavorable ruling, Iranian lawyers try to cut their losses by settling a case out-of-tribunal.

During one set of hearings in the summer of 1982, U.S. attorneys pointed out that a series of arguments that the National Iranian Oil Company was making about its authority in a certain case could actually work *against* Tehran in any number of other cases. In order to confirm this suspicion, an American lawyer asked to look through Iranian claims that had been brought to a tribunal office. Shortly afterward the Iranians drove a van up to the office and carted off nearly 1,300 claims. The hearings ultimately continued, but the Iranian files were never produced.

Americans who have argued before the tribunal agree that the Iranians are under considerable pressure to perform effectively. The first U.S. agent, Arthur Rovine, now with Baker & McKenzie, the American law firm with the most experience in handling Iranian claims cases, recalls that in the early days of the tribunal several Iranians he worked with "indicated their concern." One Iranian at the tribunal "was called back to Iran for consultations, and he was clearly afraid," Rovine says. "It turned out he had nothing to worry about, but he was greeted on his return [to the Hague] with hugs and kisses from his compatriots."

The centerpiece of Iranian legal strategy is not so much subterfuge and intimidation as it is delay—"guerrilla arbitration," as American lawyers call it. Defendants in any legal dispute have a stake in dragging out the proceedings; the Iranians have turned stalling into an art form. Iranian lawyers routinely ig-

nore scheduling orders and repeatedly ask for extensions of filing deadlines for defense statements, counterclaims, and evidence. The neutral tribunal chairmen have routinely granted such extensions. Iranian lawyers make no secret of their tactics and reveal no embarrassment when their ploys are exposed. Once, the Iranians requested a delay on the grounds that one of their lawyers was stranded in Tehran, owing to developments in the Iran-Iraq war. An American at the tribunal, as it happens, had seen the lawyer on a tram in The Hague that very day. The hearing went ahead the next morning as originally scheduled, with the missing lawyer suddenly pres-



ent. By all accounts, the Iranians get away with a great deal. Not a few American firms have run out of patience or money and have settled for sums far lower than they probably would have gotten in an award.

THOUGH THE Iran-United States Claims Tribunal is a legal forum, it bears little resemblance to the courts familiar to most Americans. The hearings are surprisingly short—few last longer than a couple of days. There is no "discovery" in its cases—exhaustive examinations by one law firm of an adversary's documentation. Indeed, the tribunal's hearings are designed not to hear evidence (which is supposed to be contained in filed documents) but to permit lawyers to put the finishing touches on their cases and to uncover solutions for

factual and legal problems that remain unsolved. Moreover, the nine appointees have almost total discretion in setting evidentiary standards, and in the view of most American participants, the Iranian and third-party arbitrators have been using guidelines more appropriate to criminal cases than to civil suits, to the disadvantage of many U.S. claimants.

In particular, the Iranian and third-party judges have insisted that claimants prove that their problems resulted from deliberate actions taken by Iranian authorities or businessmen and were not simply products of revolutionary upheaval. Under the time-honored legal principle of *force majeure*, defendants cannot be held responsible for situations clearly out of anyone's control. The Iranians often argue that American-owned firms were not in fact nationalized but instead abandoned, and that claimants are free to return to Iran and to pick up the pieces whenever they wish. American lawyers refer to this tactic as the "Come and get it" defense.

Not surprisingly, with so much money at stake, an entire little world has sprung up around the claims tribunal. In early 1981 only three people in the State Department were dealing with Iranian claims; today one person out of five in the 177-man Office of the Legal Adviser works on claims-related matters. In New York a clearinghouse set up by Baker & McKenzie permits subscribing firms to pool information concerning the tribunal. Forty firms representing some 140 claims cases pay from \$500 to \$1,250 per case per year for this service. Two newsletters, the *Iranian Assets Litigation Reporter* and *Mealey's Litigation Reports—Iranian Claims*, provide coverage of tribunal affairs and reproduce key documents. Subscriptions cost \$2,000 and \$1,200 a year, respectively.

As the tribunal enters its fifth year of operation, it faces several questions. The replacement of the tribunal president, Gunnar Lagergren, who left office in October of 1984, with a German international-business-law professor, Dr. Karl-Heinz Bockstiegel, appears to have sped up the tribunal's pace, but some observers claim that the improvement is marginal. Lawrence W. Newman, of Baker & McKenzie, observes, "It's no joke to say that these proceedings could run into the next century." Moreover, the tribunal has turned down twenty-eight U.S. claims on jurisdictional grounds, angering American participants. Not all

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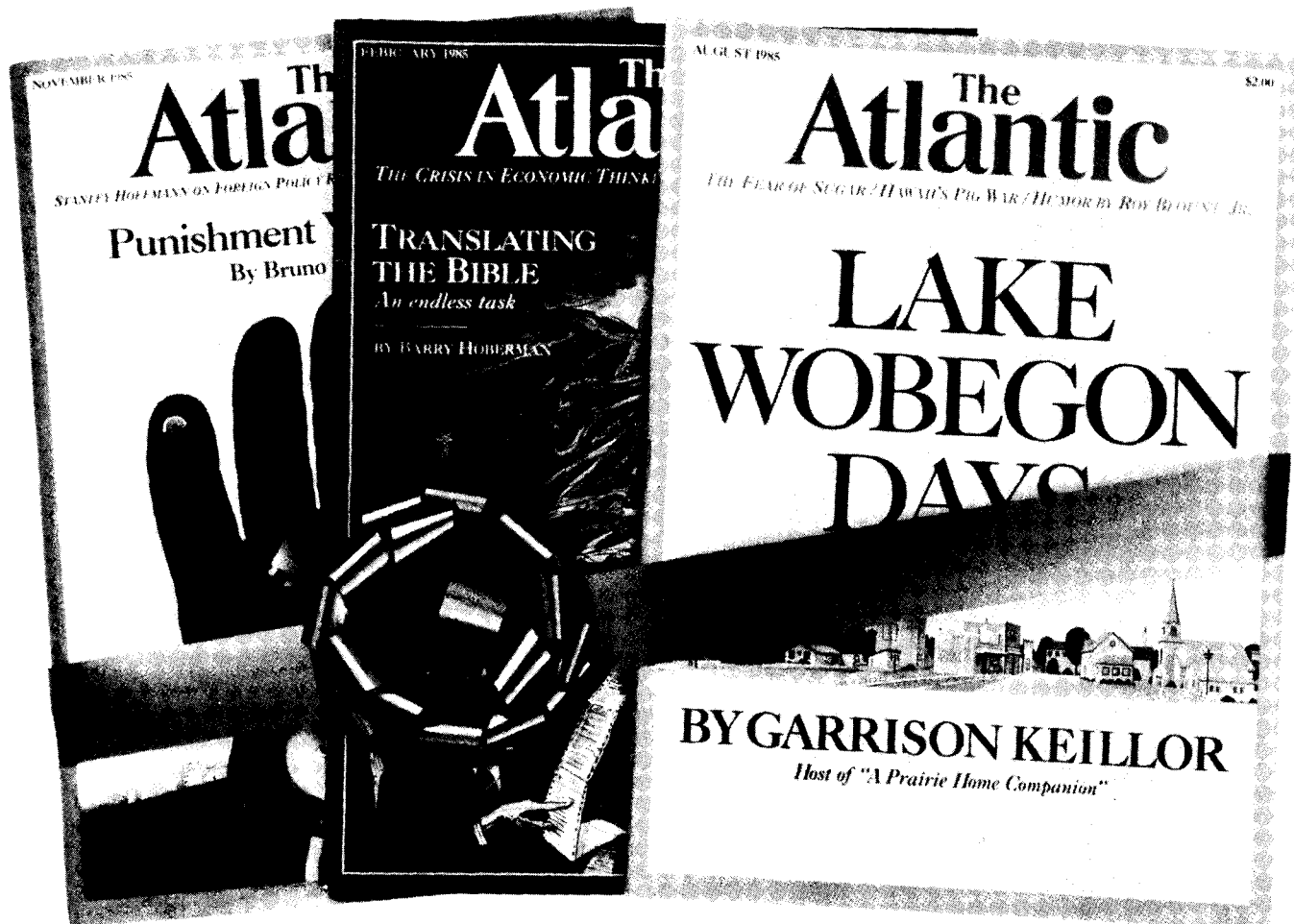
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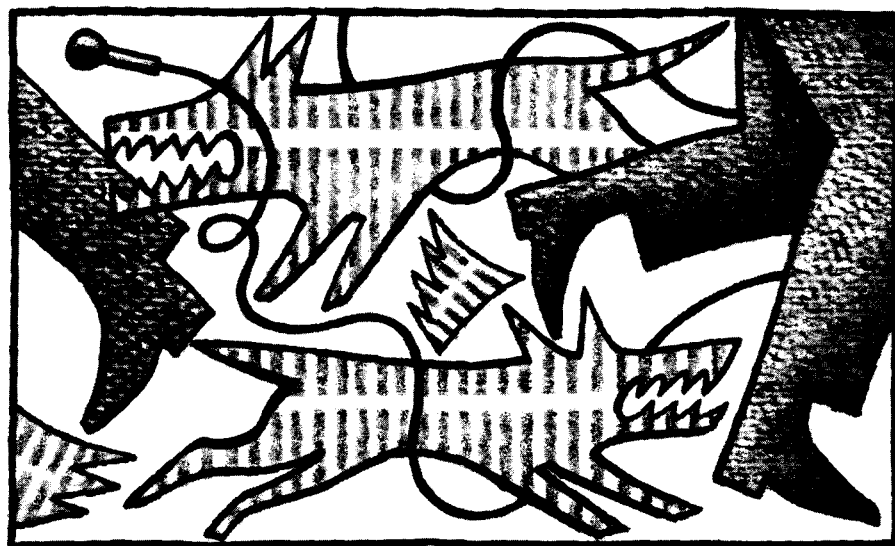


is lost for such claimants. The Algiers accords provided for the termination of only those U.S. lawsuits eventually resolved by the tribunal. Consequently, despite Iranian protests Washington has permitted to be reactivated some suits that the tribunal refused to consider, insisting that claimants deserve their day in court *somewhere*. The tribunal has not yet ruled on Tehran's protests. (Less fortunate have been U.S. firms whose contracts with Iranian concerns stipulated that all disputes be resolved exclusively by Iranian courts; the tribunal has decided not to consider their cases.) The Iranians could ultimately protest the reactivation, either by walking out of the

tribunal or by refusing to replenish the security fund.

But Newman's prediction is a far safer bet. The tribunal probably will drag on—for many of the same reasons that the United States did not “nuke Iran” after the hostages were freed and that Iran has sought to emerge from political and economic isolation. In today's world too many countries have each other over too many barrels for bitter memories alone to dictate national policies. Five years after the yellow ribbons came down, the tribunal's progress suggests that this lesson can be learned even by Mad Mullahs and Great Satans.

—Alan Tonelson



CHICAGO BAD PRESS

*How politicians use newspapers and
newspapers use politicians*

IN THE AFTERMATH of last summer's ITWA hijacking, the American press engaged in a brief frenzy of self-flagellation, deeply troubled by allegations that the television networks in particular had been “taken hostage” along with the plane's passengers and crew. The Fourth Estate can use all the scrutiny it gets, but much of this breast-beating missed the point. It assumed that such collaboration was a gross departure from the norm, in which public figures are the actors while the press simply reports the facts.

But this civics-lesson model is followed more rarely than we want to believe, and nowhere is its naiveté more manifest than in Chicago. In the city

that *The Wall Street Journal* recently dubbed “Beirut on the Lake,” the major newspapers and television stations have long been locked in a symbiotic relationship with politicians, sometimes cozy, sometimes hostile, but always rife with mutual manipulation and intrigue. Ever since two former Chicago newsmen captured the journalistic mores of their town in *The Front Page*, Chicago's press has enjoyed a reputation for uninhibited, often unscrupulous shenanigans. But nobody can recall a period of such political-journalistic pyrotechnics as that ushered in by the bitter mayoral campaign of 1983.

The contest between the black Democrat Harold Washington and the white Republican Bernard Epton produced a potent mixture of character assassination and racial innuendo. This included repeated references to Washington's jail term for failing to file tax returns, and leaflets about his alleged sexual preferences; charges that Epton had hidden ties to the insurance industry

and had made improper overtures to a federal judge; an Epton slogan, “Before it's too late,” warning white voters of the consequences of a black takeover; and Washington TV ads that interspersed scenes of Martin Luther King's and John Kennedy's assassinations with shots of his opponent's vociferous supporters.

Since the press was the medium in which much of this invective surfaced, both sides soon began boxing the messenger's ears. After Washington won a narrow victory, Epton called the press “slime.” And when attacks on Washington not only failed to abate but actually intensified, Chicago's first black mayor denounced the press over a period of months as “scurrilous,” “insidious,” “immoral,” “more interested in tearing down than building up,” and guilty of “institutional racism.”

This last charge seemed to be underlined by the May, 1984, suicide of Leanita McClain, the only black member of the *Chicago Tribune's* editorial board. Alive, McClain had stirred up a journalistic brouhaha with a piece for *The Washington Post* headlined “How Chicago Taught Me to Hate Whites,” in which she said that the reaction of her white colleagues to Harold Washington's victory had made her feel “like machine-gunning every white face on the bus.” Until more became known about McClain's troubled private life, her tragic death seemed a metaphor for the city's racial anguish and intensified the debate about bigotry in the newsroom.

MANY CHICAGO journalists see the Mayor's denunciations of the press principally as posturing for his black constituency. When Washington condemned an early *Sun-Times* column by Mike Royko as “racist,” the columnist, known for his rough-hewn populist positions, was stunned. A few days later James Hoge, then the paper's publisher, asked Washington about the charge. “Oh, Mike knows I don't mean that,” Washington said. “He has to write his column. I have to say that.”

Certainly, such attacks can only help him with the city's black population, which his aides call “the base.” It would be difficult to grow up black in Chicago without feeling some resentment toward the white press. The Mayor seems to be saying, You know the papers have never given you an even break. Well, they're not giving me one either.

The Mayor claims that white editors

and reporters cannot adequately comprehend his point of view, because they don't have any firsthand knowledge of the "black experience." There's an element of truth in that, but the notion can be carried too far, as recently suggested by the *Chicago Reader*, a liberal weekly, which invented a mayor named Jeffries who challenged his journalistic critics: "Unless you too grew up on the 1900 block of Jarvis—unless you too had to be careful to keep your football away from the Witherspoon dog—unless you and your sister had to deal with Bobby McGruder on a daily basis—how can you presume to understand the experience that shaped me?"

Indeed, the Mayor's color has probably helped him more than hurt him with the press. No journalist relishes the prospect of being denounced as a bigot. Most of the press seems to have leaned over backward to avoid any such appearance. But there is ample evidence that some elements of the Chicago media, in pursuit of fresh sensation, have eagerly cooperated with the Mayor's political opponents to embarrass—even harass—him.

THE LEADER OF that opposition is Alderman Edward Vrdolyak, the chairman of the Cook County Democratic Party. "Fast Eddie," as he is known to some, has a suspect past—he has been accused of all manner of wrongdoing, though never convicted of a crime—and nobody would deny that he is one of the shrewdest political operators in Chicago's history.

From the start Vrdolyak has seen Harold Washington as a threat. At a rally of white precinct captains before the 1983 primary he urged them to support Mayor Jane Byrne, not Cook County State's Attorney Richard Daley (the former mayor's eldest son), as the only realistic white alternative to Washington. "It's a racial thing," the *Tribune* quoted him as saying. "We're fighting to keep the city the way it is." Vrdolyak insists that when Washington won the primary, he did all he could for his party's candidate, although others have their doubts.

Vrdolyak's hostility is probably not rooted in race. He *uses* race to rally his troops—as Washington does with his—but the real issue is one of power and patronage. So when Washington sought to reorganize the City Council and remove Vrdolyak as the president pro tem and the chairman of the Buildings and Zoning Committee, Vrdolyak pulled a coup

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d'état, welding together an implacable majority of twenty-nine of the council's fifty aldermen, which gave him the power to block any of the Mayor's legislative initiatives.

The ensuing struggle—called Council Wars—has been bitter. The Mayor's first gibes at the press came over its coverage of this feud. "The City Hall reporters simply failed to give him the presumption of incumbency that they would have granted any white mayor," says Grayson Mitchell, a black who was Washington's first press secretary. "He would announce free inoculations for schoolchildren and the reporters would run right over and ask Vrdolyak about it. Washington was the black mayor and Vrdolyak was the white mayor. It drove Harold Washington up the wall."

The Mayor gave full vent to that rage during an exchange with Ed Bradley, of CBS, at the 1984 Democratic National Convention. When Bradley tried to maneuver him into a debate with Vrdolyak on the convention floor, Washington bristled at this effort to equate him with his rival, exploding at the black newsman: "You're one of the lowest possible individuals I've seen. . . . You're an insult to common sense."

But not everyone saw it that way. "Why should the press grant Washington the power he doesn't have?" asks Neil Tesser, the longtime press critic for the *Reader*. "Sure, he's mayor, but he doesn't control the council or the party. Real power in the city is up for grabs." That is a situation made to order for the Chicago press, which thrives on political contention. And here Eddie Vrdolyak had another advantage over Washington, because he was better equipped to wage the press wars.

His principal weapon is Joe Novak, a Polish-American college dropout from Chicago's northwest side. Just thirty-one, Novak has labored for an impressive roster of Illinois politicians, developing a reputation as a ruthless behind-the-scenes operator. He is particularly skilled at manipulating the press, and since he signed on with Eddie Vrdolyak, in 1983, he has planted dozens of items suggesting that Harold Washington is a duplicitous incompetent who is draining the city's resources for the exclusive benefit of his black "base." Novak knows something about reporters that isn't part of the civics textbook: some of them are lazy and don't want to be bothered digging up their own stories. So he does their work for them, drop-

ping a packaged product in their laps.

Novak is said to have done well with a former employer of his, the WBBM-TV anchorman-commentator Walter Jacobson, probably the most influential media personality in town. Jacobson built his reputation by muckraking the Daley regime and concedes that he is under pressure to come up with a "curmudgeonly commentary" every weeknight. Novak shrewdly plays to that need, delivering tidbits on which Jacobson can grind his teeth. Still talked about is a 1983 commentary in which Jacobson strongly implied—if never quite said—that Washington was using city painters to redecorate his apartment. (It turned out that the painters were touching up new equipment installed for the Mayor's security.) Washington has denounced Jacobson as "the bottom of the barrel." Jacobson concedes that sometimes he may be "unfair" to the Mayor, adding, "I'm not only a reporter, I'm a commentator, and by definition I'm unfair."

NOVAK HAS HAD his most conspicuous success with a *Tribune* gossip column called INC. INC. has had three female staffers, Michael Sneed, Cheryl Lavin, and Kathy O'Malley, but most of its political items have been contributed by the woman with the masculine name, Mike Sneed. A former press secretary to Mayor Byrne, Sneed is married to Bill Griffin, also a former Byrne aide and now a political consultant with close ties to the Vrdolyak camp. Although Sneed appropriately declines to name her sources, insiders say that the most important of them is Joe Novak.

For several years now INC. has regularly sniped at Harold Washington with items like the following: "When Washington gave himself an 'A' grade at midterm, one of his City Hall protagonists [sic] quipped: 'Now we know why the grading system at the Chicago public schools has no credibility.' Nasty. Nasty. . . . INC. hears that Mayor Harold Washington's limousine frequently is parked outside City Hall to give the impression that hizzoner is working there, even when he's actually conducting business from his Hyde Park apartment—which is often."

At times INC. is wrong. On March 14 it reported that when the Mayor of Genoa and his party arrived at O'Hare Airport on an official visit, nobody was there to meet them. The next day INC. conceded that a limousine and a police escort had been at the airport but had

missed connections because the Italians had unexpectedly rescheduled their flight. "Sorry, folks," INC. said.

Alton Miller, the Mayor's current press secretary—himself a frequent object of INC.'s ridicule—brandishes a content analysis of INC.'s columns which shows that for one eight-month period 59 percent of the items about Washington were negative, while only 18 percent of those about Vrdolyak were. Miller has started a "column" of his own, called STINC.—distributed in the City Hall press room—designed to counter INC.'s "inaccuracies, rumors, innuendos and outright fabrications." Miller promised to "follow INC.'s journalistic guidelines," by never "call[ing] the people I am writing about to check my story."

James Squires, the *Tribune's* editor, vigorously defends Mike Sneed, insisting that she is "a first-rate reporter," who infuriates politicians because she prints material they want to keep secret. Sneed herself says that if she seems to be harder on Washington than on Vrdolyak, that's only because "I get more stuff from the opposition than I do from the Mayor. City Hall is a cesspool of people who want to tattle."

But not everyone at the *Tribune* is so sanguine about the column. Some years ago a "staff review group" of *Tribune* employees examined several weeks of INC. and complained to Squires about its political bias. And Mike Royko, now with the *Tribune*, says flatly, "Gossip columns like INC. totally ignore the fundamental rule of reporting—find out whether it's true. I suspect they don't make too many calls, because if you make the calls the story has a way of vanishing."

The most renowned story ever to appear under Sneed's byline led the paper last February 20. It reported that James Burrell, one of eight persons opposing Washington's candidate for alderman, Dorothy Tillman, in a special Third District election, said that he had taped a conversation at the Mayor's apartment during which Washington had tried to persuade him to withdraw from the race.

The tape of the meeting had been given to Sneed, who now says that her source had intended only that she print an INC. item noting that Washington was privately badmouthing Tillman while praising her publicly. The Mayor would presumably deny this. Then Sneed could publish extracts from the tape to prove the Mayor a liar. But when Jim Squires heard about the tape, he commandeered the story for page one.

Although it bore Sneed's byline, it was largely composed by the political writer Phil Lentz, with ample assistance from Squires and Richard Ciccone, the managing editor. Squires refused to lead with the Tillman angle, emphasizing instead the very fact that the Mayor had been taped. And the story indicated that the tape had been provided to the *Tribune* by the Vrdolyak camp. Some *Tribune* reporters were deeply concerned about this unorthodox fingering of the paper's source—by political affiliation if not by name—but Squires insists, "The necessity of indicating the intentions of the leakers superseded my traditional concern for protecting the leakers."

Though Squires was plainly on guard against manipulation by the Vrdolyak forces, the story as printed seemed to play into their hands by suggesting that the Mayor may have been guilty of some sort of impropriety. This was partly because efforts to transcribe the two-hour tape went much more slowly than anticipated. "You can imagine a bunch of Harvard-educated whites trying to translate three black fellows on the South Side," Squires says with a rueful laugh. So Lentz had to write the story under deadline pressure without access to a full transcript. The story suggested that the Mayor not only had deprecated his own candidate but had tried to maneuver Burrell out of the race with various inducements, in a way perhaps reminiscent of the Daley era. Lentz now says that if the full transcript had been available when he wrote he might have given the story a slightly different emphasis.

Indeed, the next day the rival *Sun-Times* trumpeted a front-page "analysis," arguing that the real significance of the tape was that the Mayor had resisted Burrell's efforts to set him up, to draw him into some improper bribe or threat. The *Sun-Times* may have been motivated less by a desire to be fair to the Mayor than by a need to disparage its rival's scoop. Since it was purchased, several years ago, by Rupert Murdoch, the formerly liberal *Sun-Times* has generally been more hostile than the *Tribune* toward Washington. But that only strengthened the rejoinder's impact. Indeed, the following Sunday—after the *Tribune* had published the full transcript—its chief political writer, Steve Neal, wrote a front-page column in which he too emphasized the attractive side of Washington's taped performance. Citing the Mayor's remark "I'm not a boss," Neal said that Washington had come across as

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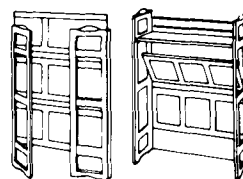
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"pragmatic, self-assured, witty, intelligent, thoughtful, self-deprecating and salty." In fact, the tape, which had been leaked to damage the Mayor, eventually turned the tide in his direction. In the months since, there has been a growing perception that the private Washington is very much like the public Washington, that he is not a boss, that he means what he says about being a reformer.

MEANWHILE, IN THE *Tribune* at least, a mood of ever greater skepticism prevails about Eddie Vrdolyak. The *Trib*'s editorial page has been thundering at "Fast Eddie" of late, accusing him of blocking vitally needed city programs in order to further his political fortunes. After Vrdolyak and his partner, the alderman Eddie Burke, finally agreed to release \$127 million in funding for social-service agencies, which they had held up for seven weeks, the two Eddies claimed to be acting in a spirit of compromise. The *Tribune* responded editorially: "Does a mugger 'compromise' if he stops beating you over the head after you give him your wallet?"

Only a few days before, the *Tribune* had run an editorial excoriating Vrdolyak and Michael Madigan, the speaker of the Illinois House, for blocking legislation that would permit the installation of lights at Wrigley Field, the stadium where the Chicago Cubs play their home games. The Cubs happen to belong to the Tribune Company.

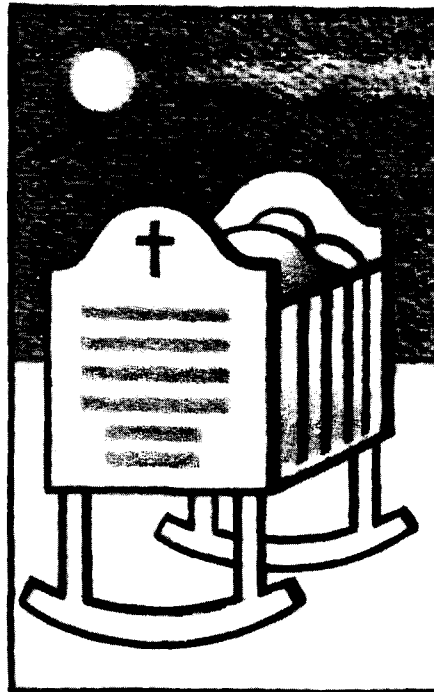
In its editorial, written by Jim Squires himself, the paper told its readers that Vrdolyak was going around town saying that "he won't do anything for the Cubs because of the *Tribune's* editorial policy toward him." Mr. Vrdolyak, the paper suggested, was interested in a deal. "Forget it," Squires wrote. "The Cubs will be playing morning games on a sandlot in Gary first."

Though few informed observers believe that the *Trib's* editorial page is down on Vrdolyak principally because of Wrigley Field lights, the editorial created the unfortunate appearance of a conflict of interest. Within hours Joe Novak was on the phone to friends in the Chicago media, telling them that the very paper to which he has been feeding anti-Washington nuggets for over two years is "no longer interested in truth and justice but only in the monetary interests of their parent company."

The *Wall Street Journal's* epithet, Beirut on the Lake, is surely hyperbolic if it

is meant to imply communal warfare in the streets. In fact, if one strolls through Chicago's Loop these days, one finds blacks and whites mingling in apparent ignorance of all the invective whistling around their ears. But if one takes the *Journal's* phrase to apply to the rather abstract world of political-journalistic calumny, then it is accurate enough. And the glee with which some elements of the Chicago press have played the urban-guerrilla game could one day turn rhetoric into reality.

—J. Anthony Lukas



PUBLIC HEALTH A MEASURE OF FAILURE

Budget cuts do not fully explain why infant mortality is falling so slowly in the United States. Access to prenatal care has never been sufficient

INFANT MORTALITY, a public-health problem that most Americans, if they had to guess, would probably rank in importance somewhere between yellow fever and beriberi, has been getting a lot of attention lately. Public-health officials, who make their living dealing with things like AIDS, Legionnaires' disease, and an astounding assortment of poisonings, have come to refer to infant mortality with words like "worrisome" and "disquieting." Congressional hearings,

governors'-association reports, and mayoral task forces have become the order of the day.

The concern began three years ago, when the pace of decline in the country's rate of infant mortality suddenly slowed. Since 1965, when the infant-mortality rate in the United States was 24.7 deaths per thousand live births, the rate had fallen quickly—by 4.4 percent a year, on average. By 1982 infant mortality stood at 11.5 deaths per thousand live births. Then, in 1983, the rate fell by only 2.6 percent, to 11.2 deaths per thousand, and it seemed to many that nearly two decades of steady progress had come to an end.

Infant mortality has long been regarded as an indicator of a nation's health overall. In the United States it has had an added significance, underscoring gross economic and racial disparities in health and access to health care. It is not surprising, then, that interpretations of the slowdown have been distinctly political. When the 1983 figures were released, the Children's Defense Fund and the Food Research and Action Center—two Washington-based organizations that had been protesting the Reagan Administration's cutbacks in funds for Medicaid and food stamps—seized on them as evidence that the Administration's policy was causing real harm. Federal officials reacted by dismissing the slowdown as temporary—a "statistical artifact"—and suggested that in any case the major remaining causes of infant mortality were smoking, drinking, and drug-taking by pregnant women.

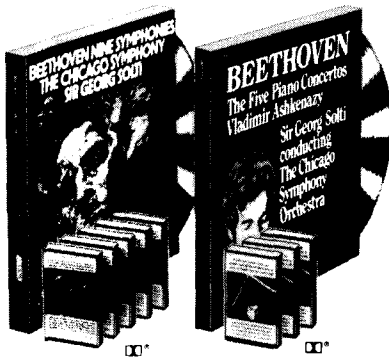
Provisional data for 1984—the most recent available—show that the slowdown had persisted: since 1983 the infant-mortality rate fell by only 2.8 percent. These days Administration officials do not try to argue that the pace of decline in infant mortality is satisfactory. But the explanations for the slowdown continue to have political implications, and the Administration continues to belittle any connection with the budget.

So far the debate has been less than illuminating. The best evidence to support a connection between infant mortality and the funding of social programs is a slight increase—immediately following the 1981–1982 cuts in the budgets of many federal health programs—in the percentage of women failing to receive timely prenatal care. Although that increase is significant inasmuch as it reversed a ten-year trend, its size is not impressive: from 1981 to 1982 the per-

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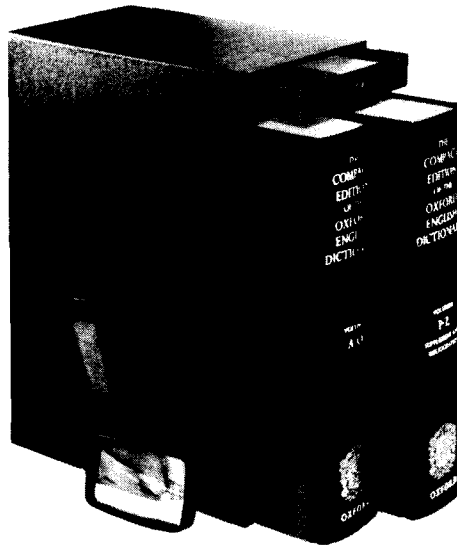
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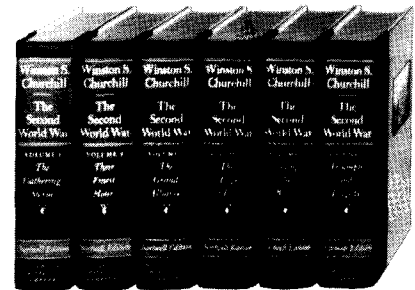
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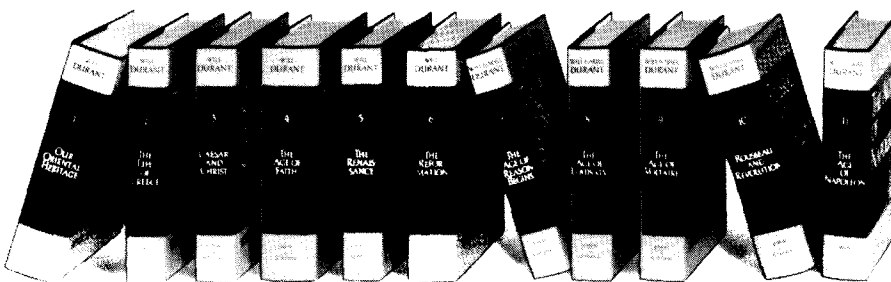
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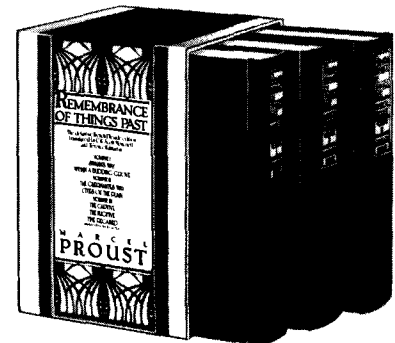


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centage of all pregnant women who either received no prenatal care or received it only in the last trimester rose from 5.2 to 5.4.

The budget-cut critics have been able to make a stronger case by marshaling data from states and localities which appear to show jumps in infant-mortality rates following cutbacks in health services. One often cited study found that the infant-mortality rate for five Boston neighborhoods nearly doubled in a single year following funding cuts for neighborhood health centers. The trouble with such data is that vital statistics always fluctuate greatly from year to year in a small population. In a neighborhood where 100 babies are born each year there should be an average of one infant death a year, given the current U.S. infant-mortality rate of 10.6 per thousand. But there might well be two infant deaths one year and none the next. Such fluctuations would cause the infant-mortality rate for the neighborhood to appear to jump to twice the national average and then fall to zero. Trends are reliably ascertained only by looking at large samples or by sampling over a long period.

BECAUSE THE DEBATE over the cause of the recent slowdown has focused on the short term, a larger message contained in the numbers has been lost. The data point to the existence of a problem that has little to do with the politics of the past few years and a lot to do with the fundamental nature of our health-care system.

To put the story in context, we really need to begin with 1900, when an infant born in America faced a one-in-ten chance of dying before its first birthday. Infectious diseases, abetted by poor sanitation and unopposed by antibiotics, took the biggest toll on infant life.

Public-health researchers divide infant deaths into two groups: those that occur within the first four weeks (the majority being the result of low birth weight) and those that occur from the age of one month to one year (generally as a result of environmental factors, such as infectious disease or accidents). In 1900 a third of infant deaths occurred in the first month, and two thirds after—a sobering reminder of the threat once posed by whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other illnesses.

By 1950 the overall infant-mortality rate had fallen by two thirds. Significantly, nearly all of the improvement

had come in the category of deaths after four weeks. Infectious disease had been conquered, but the underweight newborns were dying as readily as ever.

After a long plateau from 1955 or so to 1965, infant mortality began another sharp decline. From 1965 to 1982 it fell by half, but this time the bulk of the improvement—three quarters—came in the category of deaths within the first four weeks. The explanation is not hard to discern: beginning in the mid-sixties intensive care for underweight newborns came into its own. Incubators, monitoring devices, and respirators designed especially for infants were perfected; hospitals established regional intensive-care facilities for newborns. Infants who once would have had no chance to survive were being saved.

Meanwhile, the reason for all the new facilities—low birth weight—persisted. Today low birth weight is the single most important factor in the early deaths of infants. Newborns who weigh less than five and a half pounds are prone to such problems as hemorrhages, infections, and respiratory ailments. As a result they are forty times more likely to die in their first four weeks than are their normal-weight counterparts. The difference in American infant-mortality rates for blacks and whites—black infants are twice as likely to die—is paralleled by a difference between the two groups in the incidence of low birth weight. Despite all the progress achieved in the United States since 1900, the low-birth-weight rate has declined slowly—much more slowly than the rate of infant mortality. For example, whereas from 1965 to 1982 the overall infant-mortality rate fell by 4.4 percent per year and the rate of infant mortality in the first month by 4.8 percent per year, the low-birth-weight rate fell by only 1.2 percent per year.

The biological cause of low birth weight is simply not understood. Some people have suggested that the disappointing U.S. statistics for low birth weight and infant mortality mean that a fundamental physiological limit has been reached, and that it is unreasonable to expect much more improvement. Over and over again, however, epidemiological studies have shown that inadequate prenatal care, poor nutrition, poor education, teenage pregnancy, smoking, drinking, and drug use are risk factors. Moreover, the performance of the United States does not match that of other developed countries. For the past

twenty years the United States has never ranked higher than thirteenth on the list of countries with the lowest infant-mortality rates. Those countries whose rates are lower than ours continue to make progress in achieving further reductions; they also have less incidence of low birth weight. It has been argued that in the Scandinavian countries and Japan, where infant-mortality and low-birth-weight rates are lowest, the population is ethnically homogeneous. Yet even if one considers the infant-mortality and low-birth-weight rates for white Americans only, the Scandinavians and the Japanese are still ahead.

THE REAGAN BUDGET cuts in programs designed to improve nutrition, education, and health care may have made those services marginally less effective, but the real message in the statistics is that even when those programs were fully funded they did not go far enough. Conservative ideologists hold that the Great Society and War on Poverty programs, started in the 1960s, failed because they were poorly managed or were based on speculative social theories. But there is nothing speculative about the effects of prenatal care. A recent study by the Institute of Medicine, an affiliate of the National Academy of Sciences, concluded that providing adequate prenatal care to women who currently lack the means to receive it could reduce the national incidence of low birth weight by 15 percent—ten years' worth of progress at current rates. Medicaid, which provides free medical care to the poor, is hampered by some perverse restrictions. In twenty states a pregnant woman in a two-salary household cannot receive Medicaid coverage for prenatal care, no matter how low the household income might be. A single pregnant woman living alone must have an income far below the federal poverty level of \$437.50 a month to qualify in most states. In the worst case, Alabama, the cutoff is \$88 a month. Even before the Reagan budget cuts only about half of all women of childbearing age whose incomes fell below the federal poverty line were eligible for Medicaid.

The obvious solution is to spend more money—not a very popular idea these days. But the implicit decision, made in the 1960s, to save infants through the high technology of neonatal intensive care has proved very costly indeed—running to perhaps \$2 billion a year. A stay in an intensive-care nursery can cost

from \$15,000 to well over \$100,000. According to the Institute of Medicine study, preventing low birth weight would be cheaper. The study compared the cost of providing adequate prenatal care to one large group of women at high risk of having underweight babies—the 1.4 million women who did not finish high school, who receive some form of government assistance, and who are not now receiving adequate prenatal care—with the savings that would be realized if there were fewer underweight babies in need of hospitalization. It was calculated that the investment in prenatal care would yield a net return of from \$12 million to \$29 million a year.

Prevention may become an even more attractive investment as further innovations in high-tech intensive care yield diminishing returns. Already in geriatrics wards much life-sustaining technology is merely death-delaying: machines can keep a patient breathing while doctors stand by, helpless to alter the course of the ailment. Geriatrics technology has advanced faster than medicine. Provisional statistics from the Department of Health and Human Services for 1983 and 1984 suggest that this may also be the case with neonatal intensive care. For although the overall infant-mortality rate continues to decline slowly, as does the mortality rate for vulnerable infants under four weeks old, the rate for infants four weeks old and over actually appears to be increasing. In other words, the heroic efforts of the intensive-care nursery are keeping alive for at least a month more infants who used to die shortly after birth—but many of those infants still die before the year is out.

Our present system of health insurance ensures that society as a whole foots the bill—in the form of higher insurance premiums—for any new medical technology that makes it out of the experimental phase. Society likewise foots the bill for treating uninsured patients, because hospitals pass on the costs in the form of higher fees. Yet those same hospitals that take charity cases in an emergency generally refuse to provide free preventive care. Medicaid, similarly, winds up paying emergency intensive-care costs of “medically needy” infants whose mothers had been ineligible for prenatal-care coverage. These costs are large but hidden, and they won't be eliminated until all pregnant women are assured access to prenatal care as a matter of course.

—Stephen Budiansky

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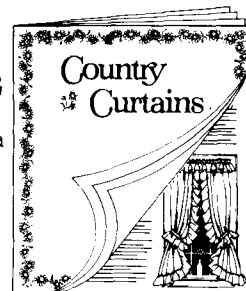
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GATHER ROUND, COLLEGIANS

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.



GENERALLY MY ADVICE to young people is, Don't listen to advice. I say that not only because it is something young people will listen to. I say it also because questionable advice ("Hey, organic chemistry will take care of itself") is always so much more appealing than sound advice ("Worry about everything").

But this year I am a sophomore parent. That is, my daughter Ennis is a sophomore at Stanford. That is, I believe she is. Since Stanford's policy is *not to send grades, comportment ratings, or even bills, as such, to parents*, her only connection with the university may be that she has a room, a mailing address, and a number of college-age-looking friends there. Of these things I have personal knowledge. (One of the friends, Chuck Gerardo, a gymnast, feels that he has invented a dance step called the Goober, which entails moving exactly counter to the beat. In point of fact I stumbled upon a subtler and rather more complex version of that step myself, quite a few years ago, and by now it has become more or less second nature—give or take a half-sh'boom—to me. You young people today aren't necessarily the first people in history to be hup. Hep.) And every so often I receive word from Ennis that she has made five more A-pluses and needs another \$47,000 for gasoline, incidentals, and felt-tip pens. (We didn't have felt-tips in my day. We improvised: Q-tips and our own blood. We parents want to spare you all that—in fact, *don't bleed.*)

So I know, as surely as I know most things, that I am a sophomore parent. And it may be that there is no one who knows more about anything, aside from a sophomore student about life outside college, than a sophomore parent about

life inside college. It may also be that I am being incredibly unassuming and gracious, as parents are, as you will realize when you are parents.

So if you would just stop darting your eyes around for one moment, please.

- Eat pizza. (See, you thought I was going to come down hard. Not at all. Parents do not come down nearly as hard as they have every right to, because parents came *up* hard, and are tired.) Chuck Noll, the head coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers, once told me that pizza contains every element of the human body. For a while this put me off pizza. But the Steelers won the Super Bowl that year, so Noll must have been right: there is no more perfect food. Even *gigot de français*, (leg of Frenchman), say, does not contain every element of the human body. I don't think. You could check me on that, with your School of Medicine. Or Romance Languages. Oh, the banquet of knowledge that is spread out before you.

- Learn a trade. Even if it is something so highly technical that of course it makes us very proud of you, but perhaps is not the most considerate field you could have gone into, since how can we tell whether you are doing it right? Every moment that you aren't learning a trade, worry about why you aren't. This is known as pure thought. Or "unadulterated" thought, so called because adults cannot afford to indulge in it. By *trade* I mean something that will support aging parents, suitably, before you know it.

- Save mailing tubes. Those cardboard tubes. I tried to buy one recently, in which to mail someone something, and I looked all over everywhere. I could have bought an expensive fancy plastic art-supply deal with caps on the

ends, suitable for shipping a Caravaggio to the Vatican, but I didn't want that. I wanted just a regular cardboard tube, the kind you receive in the mail with something non-invaluable rolled up in it. I could not buy one for love or money. I had to learn this the hard way. You don't.

- Finish up in four years. Maximum. Every extra day after four years means another three months off your parents' lives. There has been a study on this. By a university. Whose bursar suppressed the findings.

- Don't keep small, gnawing pets, such as hamsters, in your room. Hamsters get loose and eat money. This is why college costs so much. *Why does college cost so much?* Oh, you want to change the subject! You want to know how my generation has managed to run up a \$2,000,000,000,000 debt. Well, how else can we send you through college in 100 percent natural-fiber clothes? The natural-fiber money ran out! I'll tell you this: my college roommate insisted on keeping a hamster, and one night it got into my wallet and ate everything. It was a valuable lesson. There are some things we can't control. *But we can do without insidious little animals out there in the darkness, gnawing . . .*

- Cling to eternal verities. This is all recent, you know, all these post-hyphen-you-name-it-isms. Post-modernism, post-vandalism, whatever. We didn't have any of them in my day, and we didn't exactly come to town on a load of rutabagas. Mark my words: these things will blow over.

- So will everything else. Except parents. Who will just get pitiful and die. But you let us worry about that. You just worry about how bad you are going to feel—too late.

• If some fad like riding five to a motorcycle backward or watching insect-monster movies for seventy-two hours straight while wearing nothing but feelers arises, hey, you're only young once. But think what it will do to your parents. They are only going to be middle-aged once, which is all they have left, and perhaps not for long. Call your parents. Talk to them—*about something else*—until the urge passes.

• On the other hand, what makes you feel the need to take sixteen courses in accounting? We're sending you to college so you can learn everything there is to know about the bottom line? You want to know about the bottom line? Call your parents.

• *Drugs.* Young people don't need to get high. Young people are already, *qua* young people, higher than they will ever be again, even tomorrow. Wait until you are seventy. There is no one more tickled with himself or herself than a seventy-year-old college graduate who *feels* seventy but who has not developed a tolerance for killer Nepalese mushrooms.

• *Politics.* I fully realize that the point of collegiate political activity is to make all the blood drain out of your parents' faces. Fine. Fair enough. But if anything involving heavy explosives ever comes back in style, remember that you will be alumni soon. For every \$100,000 in damage done to campus property, you may count on receiving two dozen solicitations to contribute to the building fund. In demolitions, as in economics, there is no such thing as a free boom. On the other hand, before you plunge headlong into your Campus Young Arch-Reactionary Club, stop and think. Shouldn't *some* gratifications be deferred until you can no longer enjoy anything else?

• *Plagiarism.* This above all, to thine own self be true.

• *Extramarital relations.* Never marry your relatives. See? Parents can laugh about these things. As long as we are sure your heads are on straight. Once we realize that they aren't, we can never laugh again.

• Excuse me. Will you please stop doing that with your corneas when I am talking to you? Yes, your corneas. You know what I mean.

• Yes, you do.

• And don't expect to remember any of this, unless you write it all down. Right now. The older you get, the less you remember, even tomorrow.

• Any of what? □

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*Cocaine is highly addictive, highly toxic,
and increasingly abundant. We are fighting cocaine abuse the wrong way.*

COPING WITH COCAINE

BY JAMES LIEBER

EVERY DAY 5,000 AMERICANS try cocaine for the first time—a total of 22 million so far—according to estimates by the National Institute on Drug Abuse. About five million people are believed to be using the drug at least once a month, and they are administering it to themselves in increasingly destructive ways.

The damage caused by cocaine is palpable, and much of it has been done in less than a decade. The number of people with cocaine-related problems seeking admission to federally funded drug clinics climbed by 600 percent from 1976 to 1981—the most recent period for which such a figure is available. The surge in admissions to private clinics has undoubtedly been at least as great. For example, the Benjamin Rush Center, a private psychiatric hospital in Syracuse, New York, seldom admitted cocaine abusers during the 1970s; today 40 percent of the hospital's beds are set aside for them.

There are four ways to make cocaine less available to confirmed and potential users. We can “go to the source” and try to inhibit the cultivation of coca in foreign lands. We can try to prevent the importation of the drug—“interdiction.” Once it is on our shores, we can try to disrupt or destroy the dealing and money-laundering operations that make the trade profitable. And, finally, we can punish those who use cocaine, do what we can to break their habits, and try to persuade everyone else not to use it in the first place.

The Reagan Administration, early in the President's first term of office, proclaimed a war on drug trafficking,



and from the outset the war has been waged primarily at the nation's borders. It has been a war, in other words, largely of interdiction. The war effort has been substantial. In 1981 the Administration endorsed successful amendments to the Posse Comitatus Act (passed as a sop to the South after the Civil War), which prohibits soldiers from policing civilians. Military personnel and equipment may now be deployed in the fight against drugs. In the spring of 1982 the Reagan Administration launched the South Florida Task Force, under the authority of Vice-President George Bush, to coordinate the activities of nine federal crime-fighting agencies. (They are the United States Attorney's Office, the Drug Enforcement Administration [DEA], the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Customs Service, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, the Internal Revenue Service, the Coast Guard, the

Border Patrol, and the United States Marshals.) Hundreds of federal agents poured into Miami and its environs, long known to have been the entry point of choice for illegal narcotics. Local police went into high gear.

At least on the surface Washington's efforts appear to have paid a big dividend. In November of 1982, scarcely six months after the task force got under way, Ronald Reagan came to south Florida. Speaking amid tons of seized marijuana, kilos of captured cocaine, and a small armory of impounded Uzi and Mac-10 machine guns, the President proclaimed the South Florida Task Force a “brilliant example of working federalism.” During the first year of task-

force activity the United States Attorney's Office in south Florida prosecuted some 664 drug-related cases—64 percent more than in the preceding year. The task force confiscated \$19 million in cash and property from drug offenders—half again what had been confiscated in south Florida the year before—and interdicted enormous quantities of drugs. The quantities have increased in the years since.

From the first, the south Florida effort has been a source of pride to the Administration. But the statistics, which in themselves may seem impressive, in context tell a depressing story. For one thing, experts are convinced that the warehouses of captured contraband represent only a small fraction of the drugs being smuggled into the country. For another, the flow of imported drugs has been shifting, with cocaine occupying an increasingly important place. In 1983 government agents in south Florida seized some six tons of cocaine and 850 tons of marijuana (which tends to come in by the boatload). In 1985 the figures were twenty-five and 750 tons respectively. In other words, seizures of cocaine, a potentially lethal drug, have quadrupled while seizures of marijuana, a substance that looks benign in comparison, have fallen off. It is generally believed that the amounts of drugs seized reflect the amounts coming in. Thus, almost certainly, more cocaine is being imported now than ever before. More is also probably being consumed. The DEA has estimated that in 1981, before the South Florida Task Force existed, Americans used between thirty-six and sixty-six tons of cocaine. For 1984 it increased its estimate to between sixty-one and eighty-four tons. Cocaine's price history also suggests that the supply is growing. When the task force began, dealers in Florida were paying roughly \$60,000 for a kilogram of cocaine. Today they pay some 40 percent less.

Why the sudden abundance of cocaine? The government's strategy in the war on drugs may be partly to blame. The heightened risk of interdiction has prompted smugglers to favor drugs that are compact and expensive, like cocaine, over drugs that are bulky and relatively cheap, like marijuana.

During the past half decade the availability and the use of cocaine have risen sharply. The trend is disturbing—all the more so if government policies are helping to foster it. Cocaine abuse has become a public-health problem of major proportions. And, unfortunately, doctors, lawyers, and politicians disagree profoundly as to how we should attack it.

COCAINE WAS ISOLATED IN THE LABORATORY MORE than a hundred years ago. It is an alkaloid—a member of the chemical family that includes nicotine, caffeine, and morphine—extracted from the coca plant, which grows chiefly in Latin America. When the extract is heated with hydrochloric acid, cocaine hydrochloride is created. This salt (together with various adulterants) is the stock-in-trade of most dealers, because, being water soluble, it can be taken in several different ways.

Cocaine has been produced in quantity since the 1920s. Yet even now the drug's activity is only partially understood. The cocaine molecule resembles the local anesthetics procaine (Novocain) and lidocaine (Xylocaine) in structure. All three consist of an amino group with a focal nitrogen atom and a six-carbon ring that facilitates solubility in fatty tissue (such as the tissue of the brain). Although cocaine is itself a local anesthetic, it is also a stimulant of the central nervous system—possibly the most potent in nature.

The “rush”—the sense of euphoric excitement—reported by users of the drug probably comes from the activation of nerve cells in the brain that release a chemical messenger, or neurotransmitter, called dopamine, which is associated with pleasure, alertness, and motor control. According to Mark Gold, a psychiatrist, who directs drug research at Fair Oaks Hospital, in Summit, New Jersey, cocaine tricks the brain into feeling as if it had been “totally supplied with food and sex.” It is a compelling sensation. A survey conducted by 1-800-COCAINE (a national hotline for counseling and referral, set up by Gold) revealed that 70 percent of respondents had on occasion used cocaine continuously over a twenty-four-hour period. Large proportions preferred the drug to food (71 percent), sex (50 percent), family (72 percent), and friends (69 percent).

Paradoxically, chronic cocaine use eventually leads to dysphoria—a depressed, low-energy state characterized by flattened emotions, a lack of interest in sex, and physical immobility. New research by Gold and his colleague Charles Dackis suggests that after cocaine has saturated the nerve synapses and receptor neurons with dopamine, it chemically blocks the “re-uptake” sites of the original dopamine projector cells. As a result, the neurotransmitter, when its job is done, cannot return to the places where it is usually stored. Instead it is metabolized and then flushed out of the system. The dopamine stocks of heavy cocaine users are depleted more rapidly than they can be replenished. These users may be incapable of feeling pleasure without the drug.

The absence of a sense of pleasure can become all the more oppressive because cocaine hinders the brain's production of serotonin, the neurotransmitter that is chiefly responsible for sleep. In order to blunt the dysphoria, or even just to fall asleep, users of cocaine frequently resort to other drugs—alcohol, marijuana, sedatives, heroin. Or they may simply take more cocaine, hoping to regain the high. Many users conclude from the unwelcome symptoms of dopamine depletion that the cocaine is out of their systems—and that it is therefore safe to use more. Of course, this is not the case.

The physical and psychological consequences of heavy cocaine use are numerous and negative. High-dosage users can experience hallucinations and delusions, and eventually may lapse into a state that mimics schizophrenia. Many of them experience formication, the sensation that their skin is crawling with bugs. Impaired judgment and feelings of persecution are common. (One patient at the

Benjamin Rush Center once drove the New York Thruway convinced that an enemy was hiding in his trunk. He repeatedly fired a gun into it, fortunately missing the gas tank.) Many cocaine users lose considerable weight and suffer from malnutrition.

Each means of administering cocaine entails a discrete set of risks. Inhaling the drug—"snorting"—eventually will cause nasal membranes to crack and bleed, and may destroy the cartilage that separates the nostrils. Those who inject cocaine intravenously invite deterioration of arteries in the muscles, kidneys, and heart; in addition, they become candidates for blood poisoning and (if they share their needles) hepatitis and AIDS. Smoking cocaine in its relatively pure "freebase" form may be more dangerous than any other method. Freebase is the alkaloid—the chemical *base*—constituent of street cocaine. According to Richard Rawson, a clinical-research psychologist affiliated with the University of California at Los Angeles Medical School and the director of the Matrix Center, a cocaine-abuse clinic in Beverly Hills, freebase is so concentrated when it reaches the brain that it produces "an explosion at the synapse." Freebase seems to be the most toxic form of cocaine and the most conducive to convulsions. Its production, which entails the use of a highly flammable solvent, such as ether, is also hazardous. It was while freebasing that the comedian Richard Pryor suffered near-fatal burns, in 1980.

Like other local anesthetics, cocaine in toxic doses will cause convulsions; these may result in a rapid series of *grand mal* seizures and ultimately in death. Cocaine can also trigger sometimes fatal cardiac arrhythmia or respiratory paralysis. Tolerance for cocaine, like tolerance for alcohol, varies widely among individuals. The smallest lethal dose of cocaine was long held to be 1.2 grams ingested in a day, but clinicians have reported treating patients who have consumed ten times that amount and survived, and sending to the morgue others who had consumed only milligrams. Chronic users may experience "kindling," in which a small amount of cocaine triggers unexpectedly severe reactions—notably seizures or psychotic behavior. Kindling may be the result of drug-provoked alterations in the brain's physiology, such as, perhaps, the creation of new receptor sites that become fresh targets for neurotransmitters.

Cocaine is among the most "reinforcing" of drugs. In an experiment reported in the journal *Psychopharmacologia* in 1969, monkeys were allowed to self-administer intravenously a variety of chemical substances, including cocaine, caffeine, amphetamines, and nicotine. The monkeys went on binges with each of these substances, but only with cocaine did their use become so compulsive that they reached a lethal dose and died. Although there is some disagreement about whether cocaine produces psychological dependence or physical addiction, the dopamine-depletion model suggests that at least there is a physical component. And chronic users do experience withdrawal: craving, extreme irritability, fuzzy thinking, sluggishness, and heavy sleeping—symptoms lasting from days to weeks.

Richard Rawson considers cocaine to be addictive and says that the probability of getting hooked is different for different people. "If two people walk into a room with plutonium in it, only one may get cancer, because of differences in their immune systems," he says. "There is a genetic factor involved. Similarly, the propensity for cocaine addiction may involve an underlying neurophysiological vulnerability."

That vulnerability may run in families. About 80 percent of those being treated for cocaine addiction at the Benjamin Rush Center and the Matrix Center have families in which alcoholism has been a problem. Studies have long shown that children of alcoholics are far more likely than others to develop a problem with alcohol or other drugs; children of alcoholics who are raised by non-alcoholic foster parents are just as likely to become alcoholics as if they had remained with their biological parents. The evidence points persuasively to the existence of a genetic risk factor in addiction to any substance, including cocaine.

THE RISK TO THE USER OF BECOMING ADDICTED TO cocaine seems to be linked most closely with how the user administers the drug and how much of it he consumes. Smoking freebase carries the greatest risk. The least risk is posed by the method of consumption that was used exclusively for nearly 5,000 years: chewing on coca leaves. According to Ronald Siegel, a psychopharmacologist at UCLA who is a consultant to President Reagan's Commission on Organized Crime, until ways of ingesting more concentrated doses were found, "there was no cocaine problem." Siegel has studied Peruvian Indians, who chew coca for the mild stimulation it provides as well as for its appetite-suppressing effect. They do so without apparent damage to their health. A one-hundred-gram sample of coca leaves, Siegel points out, contains more than 300 calories and significant quantities of vitamins A and B₂. The Indians, who traffic in coca, know that cocaine is snorted and taken intravenously by others, and they deem these practices repulsive.

According to Siegel, cocaine did not become a health hazard until 1860, when European scientists succeeded in extracting the cocaine alkaloid from the coca leaf. The drug thus became available in a pure and puissant form, and its many useful qualities were hailed by physicians. Because it works simultaneously as a pain-killer and a vasoconstrictor, cocaine became a popular anesthetic for procedures (such as eye and throat surgery) in which clearing away blood was difficult. Because it anesthetizes the body but keeps the mind sharp, doctors prescribed it for the terminally ill. Cocaine was used in cough medicines, hemorrhoid balms, nasal sprays, and wines (one of which bore the endorsements of President William McKinley, Thomas Edison, and Pope Leo XIII). And, of course, the drug was once an ingredient in Coca-Cola.

The darker side of cocaine was exposed within decades: many people became habitual users of the drug, which

commonly they administered with a hypodermic needle, or of products that contained it; some experienced toxic reactions; a few died of overdoses. Cocaine represented a greater threat to society than either opium or morphine. By the 1880s some states had outlawed it for other than medicinal purposes. Interstate shipment of cocaine was prohibited by the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906. The Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914 imposed a nationwide ban on the use of both cocaine and heroin (except, again, for medicinal purposes). International agreements in 1925 and 1931 outlawed trade in cocaine. Because the principal sources of coca at the time, including Peru and Bolivia, lacked the capacity to refine coca leaves, and because the leaves themselves were too bulky to smuggle, the prohibition was not difficult to enforce. In the 1930s amphetamines were first used clinically and quickly captured much of the underground market for stimulants. By the onset of the Second World War cocaine was no longer a menace.

Cocaine reappeared as a significant recreational drug in the late 1960s and early 1970s. It did so at least in part because of a successful crackdown by police on amphetamine laboratories and the trafficking networks sustaining them, which created a place in the market for a new stimulant. But cocaine was given a better press than amphetamines, probably because it was far more expensive and thus kept better company.

Snorting cocaine predominated over intravenous injection when the drug made its comeback. That preference helped to keep the problems associated with cocaine to a minimum. Contrary to popular belief, the nose is not a short route to the brain. After being snorted, cocaine sustains a three- or four-minute passage through the circulatory system before arriving at the receptors. It is being diluted all the while. Two other circumstances also gave users some protection against the drug's ill effects. In 1979 Robert Byck, who with Craig Van Dyke was in the midst of a six-year study of cocaine at the Yale University School of Medicine, testified before Congress that cocaine posed a severe threat to public health but one mitigated by the

drug's "adulteration" and "exceedingly high price." When Byck spoke, an adulterated gram of cocaine could sell for \$100 or more.

The conditions identified by Byck no longer obtain. In the past five years, as more and more cocaine has entered the United States and the price has dropped, purity has increased. Much of the cocaine now sold is at least twice as pure as the cocaine sold a decade ago. Meanwhile, the price of cocaine has plummeted. Today a gram can often be had for \$50, making it less expensive than an ounce of marijuana.

Cocaine is within reach of the suburban middle class and, increasingly, the urban poor. Indeed, users can now procure cocaine in such large amounts that the tiny coke spoon—the principal item of paraphernalia in the 1970s—is an object of nostalgia.

There is some evidence that more and more people are choosing to inject a cocaine solution directly into their bloodstreams (a fifteen-second route to the brain) or to smoke freebase (a seven-second route). One source is the reports of federally funded drug-treatment programs to the National Institute of Drug Abuse (NIDA), a division of the Department of Health and Human Services. These show that 25 percent of cocaine users admitted for treatment in 1977 were shooting up or smoking freebase, whereas 41 percent were in 1984. Another source of evidence is the 1-800-COCAINE hotline. In 1983 among 500 callers surveyed at random 39 percent were shooting up or

smoking freebase. The 1985 figure is 48 percent. One might expect problem users to favor the most potent ways of taking cocaine. But these statistics are not the only indication that a change is occurring. There are also death statistics.

Alcohol contributes to as many as 200,000 deaths annually in the United States; tobacco contributes to another 350,000. There is no comparable figure on the long-term lethal effect of cocaine abuse, but some comparative data does exist on "crisis deaths." The NIDA maintains a Drug Abuse Warning Network (DAWN), which collects information on drug overdoses from emergency rooms and medical examiners in twenty-six metropolitan areas. Sketchy as the



DAWN data are, they are perhaps the best indication we have of the relative dangerousness of various drugs. In 1984 cocaine (implicated in 604 deaths) was third on the list, behind heroin and morphine (1,072 deaths) and alcohol used in combination with other drugs (1,131 deaths). More alarming than the number of cocaine-related deaths is the rate at which the number may have been increasing. In the first half of this decade the number of deaths reported to DAWN in which cocaine was implicated increased by 324 percent—considerably faster than the reported number of deaths involving alcohol or other drugs.

A poll limited to southern California, which the Matrix Center conducted last year, showed that 58 percent of callers to the center chose smoking freebase over any other method. Users in California can now buy \$10 chunks of freebase (thus avoiding the danger of preparing it themselves) at places called rock houses. This has helped to create a market for cocaine among the very poor. As Rawson explains, "A person may get a two-hundred-dollar welfare check and think he'll spend twenty dollars on freebase and use the rest for groceries. But he ends up going back to the rock house again and again until he uses up the whole two hundred. Once started into a freebase episode, people will use it until they drop. It generates a type of drug-seeking behavior previously unseen. It's more compelling than heroin." In California the rock houses seem to be controlled largely by street gangs. Law-enforcement officials worry that the rock-house phenomenon, like other trends in the drug culture, will move from West to East. According to Rawson, there have been unconfirmed reports of rock houses operating in Arizona.

THE PROBLEM OF COCAINE HAS ATTRACTED A SUBSTANTIAL amount of professional attention in recent years. There have been clinical surveys. There has been laboratory research. There have been articles in law journals, hearings on Capitol Hill, and commissions and task forces too numerous to cite. We know more today than we did a decade ago about cocaine specifically, about addiction generally, and about the baffling complexities of law enforcement. We know enough, perhaps, to agree that cocaine is a social ill that can be managed but one that cannot be easily cured. Enough evidence has accumulated to suggest where efforts to manage the problem are likely to go awry and where they may do some good.

The focus of the showpiece South Florida Task Force—interdiction—is extremely popular with legislators. Interdiction is "cleaner" than undercover work at home, and it is easier than trying to wean foreign economies from their dependence on sales of coca. Also, it makes use of alluring (albeit expensive) technology: radar aircraft, helicopters, and custom-built pursuit craft. Interdiction is highly visible, inspiring confidence that, yes, a war on drugs really is in progress. But Edward Jurith, staff counsel for the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, says, "The truth is, we're getting clobbered."

One clear consequence of interdiction has been simple diversion: smugglers alter their routes and landing spots to avoid areas that are "hot." In recent years, as security around south Florida began to tighten, much of the drug traffic shifted to the north and west. As Steven Wisotsky, a professor at the Nova Law Center, in Fort Lauderdale, puts it, "We've simply taken our garbage and dumped it in our neighbors' back yards." (The governors of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, and Texas held an emergency meeting early last year to discuss the problem.) Federal and state law-enforcement officials say that at the very least diversion disrupts established smuggling routes and distribution networks, leaving drug traffickers vulnerable. But the DEA's estimate that the quantity of cocaine finding its way into the United States has doubled since 1981 does not support that contention. Worldwide coca production is up. Brazil, Venezuela, and Ecuador have joined Peru, Colombia, and Bolivia as producers.

In order to understand interdiction's effect on the cocaine business, one should consider what has happened to the marijuana business. Before the interdiction effort marijuana typically traveled in bales aboard slow, rusting freighters, called mother ships, or on lumbering, vintage aircraft. A ton of marijuana had the same market value as a kilogram of cocaine, but one was the size of a car, the other no bigger than a two-pound bag of sugar. Marijuana presented the easier target to law-enforcement officers. As a result, domestically grown marijuana, which had been much more expensive than imports, mainly because of higher labor costs, suddenly became competitive.

Today marijuana is probably the largest cash crop in the United States after corn; according to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, growing it is a \$16.6 billion-a-year industry. Yet the market for marijuana seems to have remained stable. If, as this suggests, less marijuana is coming into the country, what has become of marijuana smugglers? In August of 1983 Frank Chellino, then a spokesman for the DEA and now the supervisor of DEA intelligence for Florida and the Caribbean, told a reporter for the *Miami Herald* that "we know that a number of individuals who were heavily involved in the growth of marijuana have severely curtailed their activities—probably because of the task force—and have now switched to cocaine." Florida has the same mandatory prison sentence for trafficking in either marijuana or cocaine. A smuggler turned DEA informant, Luis Garcia, told me recently, "If you are going to get fifteen years for doing one and fifteen years for doing the other, you're going to go for the coke. It's easier to handle, easier to fly, and easier to hide."

Interdiction has led law-enforcement officials into an unwitting symbiotic relationship with drug traffickers. The smugglers understand Washington's need to see a steadily rising number of arrests and confiscations. As a result, a smuggler sends into the country not less cocaine but more—divided among several boats, one of which the smuggler considers expendable. If the police capture the decoy, they get some cocaine, a boat, a crew, statistics, and

arrests. These may or may not lead to convictions or information, however. Most captures at sea involve not the drug trade's linchpins but its lowliest laborers, who are generally too ignorant and fearful of reprisals to be of use. In any case, the other boats get through. Both sides are reasonably content, but only the smuggler has accomplished his purpose.

Even if interdiction did keep substantially more cocaine out of the country, no great change would occur in the market for it—which is ultimately what counts. Looking into this matter, Peter Reuter, an economist at the Rand Corporation, generously credited the current interdiction effort with stopping 20 percent of the cocaine headed for U.S. shores. He then calculated how the retail price of cocaine would change if 40 percent of the incoming drug were somehow seized. He concluded that the price for a kilogram would rise by a scant 3.4 percent—hardly enough to drive down demand. The reason the increase would be so modest has to do with cocaine's price structure. In addition to the costs incurred in transportation and distribution, middlemen and dealers take a huge profit. U.S. importers pay their suppliers roughly \$50,000 for a kilogram of Colombian cocaine, which they in turn retail for upwards of \$625,000. (The street value of a shipment of cocaine is the total that would have been paid to dealers if the shipment had been sold off by the gram.) If seizures really were running at 20 percent, as Reuter assumed for his model, an importer would have to buy 125 kilos from Colombia in order to get 100 kilos into the country. If seizures ran instead at 40 percent, the importer would have to buy 167 kilos. The additional 42 kilos would cost the importer \$2.1 million, or just 3.4 percent of the retail value—not much of a difference.

Last July a spokesman for the Reagan Administration conceded that too much attention may have been focused on enforcement, at the expense of other drug-control efforts. Speaking before a Senate committee considering his nomination as head of the DEA, John C. Lawn, a former FBI agent and the DEA's acting administrator, testified that when he joined the DEA, in 1982, he believed that "with sufficient resources the drug problem could be addressed and solved with law enforcement alone." He had come to understand, however, that "the problem is greater than law enforcement is able to cope with." And Lawn regretted that Washington had focused on the supply side of the drug business. The real problem, he concluded, is demand.

DEMAND LIES AT THE HEART OF THE ARGUMENT for the decriminalization of cocaine. The most articulate reasoning in support of that argument is found in a 120-page article by Steven Wisotsky, the Nova Law Center professor: "Exposing the War on Cocaine: The Futility and Destructiveness of Prohibition." *Wisconsin Law Review* published the article in 1983. Most people with an interest in the interdiction and control of cocaine

are familiar with Wisotsky's work. His research is often praised even by those who are profoundly skeptical of the conclusions drawn from it.

The case that Wisotsky builds turns on the proposition that a "strongly inelastic demand always will support the black market." He points out that the demand for cocaine has been dominated by a core group of very heavy users. According to the National Narcotics Intelligence Consumers Commission, consisting of representatives of eleven federal agencies, as of 1981 about six percent of the nation's cocaine users were consuming about 60 percent of all of the cocaine entering the United States. These hard-core users were experiencing, on average, some 234 "abuse sessions" a year. They wanted cocaine badly, and they were willing to pay for it.

A gram of legal cocaine, pharmaceutically pure, costs less than two dollars, Wisotsky points out. Black-market cocaine, diluted with adulterants, costs as much as seventy dollars a gram. It is this markup that draws smugglers, dealers, and other criminal elements into the cocaine trade. With them comes violence, corruption, tax evasion, property inflation, and the usual ugly manifestations of widespread social decay. As long as cocaine remains a black-market commodity, and as long as demand remains inelastic, traffic in the drug will be too profitable for some to resist.

The problem, Wisotsky writes, is not merely a domestic one. He worries about how the billions in profits from cocaine are being spent and what the implications might be for national security. The cocaine business has made multimillionaires of hundreds of criminals in Latin America and the Caribbean. In league with assorted guerrilla movements, or simply by throwing money around, many of these people have become sources of instability in their own countries. Some are virtual warlords. Reportedly, the M-19 Communist insurgents in Colombia and the Maoist Sendero Luminoso guerrillas in Peru are financed in part by the cocaine trade, as is the right-wing Cuban-exile group Omega-7. The bureaucracies and even the cabinets of some small island regimes are riddled with people involved in the drug trade.

Wisotsky worries that efforts by law-enforcement agencies and the military to crack down on cocaine and cocaine dealers might contribute to an erosion of American civil liberties: a more casual approach to wiretapping, search and seizure, the exclusionary rule, and the basic rights of defendants. Although Wisotsky does not take the dangers of cocaine abuse lightly, he wonders whether our present policies might not prove ultimately to be even more pernicious. If cocaine were decriminalized, he argues, the black market in the drug, and the crime associated with it, would immediately disappear. The threats to national security and to the integrity of the Constitution would recede.

There are a number of objections to Wisotsky's position, the first of which he himself has raised: "It has no chance. Society isn't ready for it." Indeed, to mention the subject of drugs in a state legislature today is to invite a new round

of repressive legislation. Not even the legalization of marijuana has a sizable political constituency. For this reason, Wisotsky now argues, in a book to be published this year, rather than change the laws governing cocaine we should simply enforce them more selectively.

Second, there is a precedent for decriminalization, and it is discouraging. The British have since the 1920s prescribed heroin for confessed addicts. This approach worked well enough as long as the number of heroin addicts remained small, but during the 1960s, when the number of addicts increased, it not only failed to deter the growth of a black market but led to notorious abuses. Some patients with prescriptions, it was learned, were selling their legal heroin to junkies. Others were supplement-

ing their prescribed doses with heroin obtained on the black market. Today Britain has all but eliminated heroin-by-prescription.

Charles Rangel, a Democratic congressman from New York and the chairman of the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, dismisses the British experiment out of hand as "a remarkable failure." He believes that any attempt by the government to decriminalize and regulate the distribution of cocaine would raise practical questions that no one could answer. Should the drug be available to people under the age of eighteen? If not, wouldn't they perpetuate the need for a black market? In what concentration should the drug be available? And in what form? Freebase and injectable solution, as well as powder? The problem, Rangel says, is that the black market will always offer choices that the larger society will not. And besides, he adds, there is the matter of principle: "It's pathetic when a great civilization and democracy reaches the point that it makes its citizens federally subsidized zombies."

From a legal standpoint, the decriminalization of cocaine would not be easy to achieve. No individual state can decriminalize the drug, because federal prohibitions exist, and they supersede state laws. Congress, in turn, cannot decriminalize it, because the United States is a party to the United Nations Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs. This is a treaty, and treaties supersede federal law. Under the Single Convention, adopted in 1961, signatory nations must regard the non-medical use of marijuana, cocaine, and opium derivatives as illegal. In order to decriminalize cocaine, the United States would have to withdraw from a treaty that it worked hard to bring about.

The most compelling argument against decriminalization is that it would almost certainly broaden the population of cocaine users. Significantly, the most-abused psychoactive substances in America today—alcohol, tobacco, and mood-altering drugs available over the counter (sleep inducers, for example) or by prescription—are all legal, though regulated to various degrees. If cocaine became legal, the crime and violence associated with it would probably decline. But deaths from overdoses would increase, as would seizures and other forms of physical trauma, automobile accidents, family troubles, and difficulties on the job. Carlton Turner, the President's adviser on drug-related issues, estimates that as many as 60 million Americans would become cocaine users if the drug were decriminalized. If 10 to 20 percent of these users became addicts (Mark Gold estimates that one in four would), then cocaine abuse would be a national scourge on the scale that alcoholism now is.

Short of decriminalizing cocaine, we might explore ways to blunt its negative physical effects. One is to create a replacement drug. To date an alcohol substitute has been the primary goal of researchers thinking along such lines. In small doses, alcohol relieves anxiety better than any other substance, but it also is addictive and highly corrosive to the user's system. Consequently, a "safe" alcohol or

A WALK BEFORE BREAKFAST

Isn't this what life
could be: a walk
before breakfast with the sea
opening its chapters
of water and light,
flexing its silken muscle,
pulsing back and forth—
a kind of accompaniment
to breath? Along its rough edges
shells and small birds gather,
the rickrack of life
in all its stages: feather
and fish bone, those sand crabs
that we see only by their tiny
pinpricks of absence.
All summer we eat when the tug
of appetite tells us,
make love at odd moments,
the sand beneath us
as pliant as flesh.
If we refused to leave,
would our skins turn
the amber of beer glass?
Would we learn to walk always arched
into the wind, half naked
and vulnerable and tough
as seaweed, leaving behind
not footprints
but the discarded carapace
of our other life?

—Linda Pastan

alcohol-like substance—one that retains alcohol's healthful qualities but lacks its dangerous ones—would be welcome. Theoretically, it might be possible to create a safe drug that somehow matched cocaine's performance in enhancing alertness, self-esteem, and sociability, without impairing judgment. In laboratory settings cocaine users have already shown that they can be fooled under certain circumstances by the local anesthetic lidocaine. But even if the development of a replacement for cocaine were socially desirable, which is by no means clear, it is not imminent. Nor is the history of replacement drugs encouraging. In the nineteenth century cocaine itself was recommended—by Sigmund Freud and others—as a non-habit-forming substitute for morphine.

A less problematical alternative to a replacement for cocaine is a drug to ease withdrawal. Research on one such drug has been conducted by Charles Dackis, of Fair Oaks Hospital. Theorizing that a lack of dopamine causes heavy users to crave cocaine, Dackis gave forty such users a prescription drug called bromocriptine, which does the work of dopamine in the brain without imitating dopamine's euphoric effects. (The drug is commercially available as a treatment for the symptoms of Parkinson's disease.) Subjects reported that their craving decreased sharply, and that they also experienced the other usual symptoms of withdrawal less intensely. Animal studies indicate that bromocriptine is not habit-forming. Dackis expects to make a full report later this year.

ONE HOPE FOR DIMINISHING THE DEMAND FOR cocaine lies in education. Both in and out of school, drug-prevention programs aimed at young people are increasingly common across the country.

Educating children and teenagers about drugs is a well-intentioned idea, but no one really knows how workable it is. During Prohibition every state had educational programs designed to foster awareness of the dangers of alcohol. Yet alcohol remained popular. It's possible that drug education only stimulates curiosity rather than promotes self-control. Moreover, it may be difficult for teachers to commend permanent abstinence with respect to *some* psychoactive substances when their students know that society permits adults to engage in the use of others.

A report released in 1984 by the Rand Corporation suggests that anti-drug education will have the best chance of success if it employs techniques borrowed from anti-smoking campaigns for adolescents that are known to have worked. According to the report, these campaigns typically stress not the long-term health effects, which are likely to "seem uncertain and far in the future," but rather the short-term effects of smoking, "such as bad breath, discolored teeth, or increased carbon monoxide in the blood." The Rand analysts concluded, "Future efforts against adolescent drug use should give greater emphasis to prevention, and not continue to pin hopes largely on law enforcement." Their implicit conviction that adolescent ex-

perimentation with drugs cannot be stopped absolutely suggests that teachers should convey accurate information about which drugs and which methods of administration are most dangerous.

The Reagan Administration rhetorically favors drug education, but it has yet to devote much money to the effort. Indeed, the Department of Education's budget for programs to combat drug abuse has declined, from \$14 million in 1981 to a paltry \$2.9 million in 1985. Nevertheless, the Administration has managed to maintain a high profile when it comes to the perils of illegal drugs. For example, Nancy Reagan has made drug abuse her chief topic of concern; she served as the host of a television series, *Chemical People*, that was intended to help promote an anti-drug atmosphere in the schools. And a year ago the Administration announced that it would be sponsoring anti-drug seminars featuring prominent athletes in 200 American cities. "Sports people are heroes to our young people," said William H. Webster, the director of the FBI. "I can't think of anyone better to get their attention." What impact such awareness campaigns have actually had is impossible to say. But the psychiatrist Robert Byck, among other researchers, has warned that using well-known personalities as "point men," particularly where cocaine is concerned, may serve subtly to glamorize the use of drugs. The cocaine scandals that have bedeviled baseball since last summer show that holding up athletes as models can easily backfire.

Prevention is the best approach to any public-health problem. But prevention cannot help the many hundreds of thousands who are already dependent on cocaine. These people constitute the core of the cocaine market. It is they who keep the producers, smugglers, and dealers in business, and it is they who thereby do the most damage to their communities, their families, and themselves.

One aspect of the drug wars on which Steven Wisotsky, who wrote the article advocating decriminalization, and Carlton Turner, the White House's adviser on drugs, might agree is the importance of the private sector in providing treatment for those who cannot cope with cocaine. Wisotsky considers the program of screening and follow-up care proposed for professional baseball players by Commissioner Peter Ueberroth a better solution than jail. Turner praises a number of corporations, including Greyhound, General Motors, U.S. Tobacco, Union Pacific, and Alcoa, that have set up treatment programs enabling drug users to get help but also keep their jobs. It may be that when professional intervention is required, cocaine users have it slightly better than people with other drug habits. Cocaine abuse is far more a middle- and upper-class problem than heroin addiction ever was or will be. That simple fact creates a variety of financial incentives that result in superior care. "A heroin counselor is often an unlicensed, untrained ex-addict trying to help someone get a job," the psychiatrist Richard Rawson says. "Cocaine therapists typically are M.A.s or Ph.D.s who have a higher set of skills."

Rawson contends that after the initial trauma of withdrawal—usually about two weeks—85 to 90 percent of cocaine users can be treated on an outpatient basis. It often happens that patients, after passing through withdrawal, experience a “honeymoon” period of relief at being free of the drug. Afterward, however, they hit what Rawson calls a “wall of anhedonia.” Still, those who continue with treatment through this stage generally manage to remain abstinent. Their chances improve if after detoxification they shun not only the drug but the life-style and acquaintances associated with it. Cocaine Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous, therapeutic groups patterned after Alcoholics Anonymous, now have active chapters throughout the country.

Even when treatment does not succeed in keeping a patient permanently clean, it has an overall beneficial effect. “We have a definite indication that treatment does reduce cocaine use,” Rawson says, “although we can’t be sure yet whether the reduction is permanent.” The majority of people with cocaine problems, unfortunately, never seek treatment. Many do not want to (and cannot be forced to). Many others do not know that treatment may be available. And many who want help can’t find it. Federal subsidies for treatment programs, though never the prime source of funding for local drug-rehabilitation efforts, have been cut back in recent years; the cutbacks have taken their toll. The cocaine users who exist beyond the reach of therapy are to be found disproportionately among the ranks of the poor. Not everyone can afford a private clinic. Not everyone works for Alcoa or, for that matter, even has a job.

Public opinion seems to be united on the question of how society should deal with the vast army of the untreated and the untreatable. People are fed up with the crime and the urban squalor bred by drugs. They want users and dealers off the streets. “We have to start focusing on the users and make them pay the price, and we ought to have the death penalty for drug dealers,” Carlton Turner told me recently. Last spring an editorial in *The New Republic* asserted that society had to choose between adopting “se-

vere” mandatory penalties for drug possession and legalizing what are now controlled substances. In reality, the American public lacks the will, and their government the resources, to catch, try, and lock up any more than a tiny fraction of drug users.

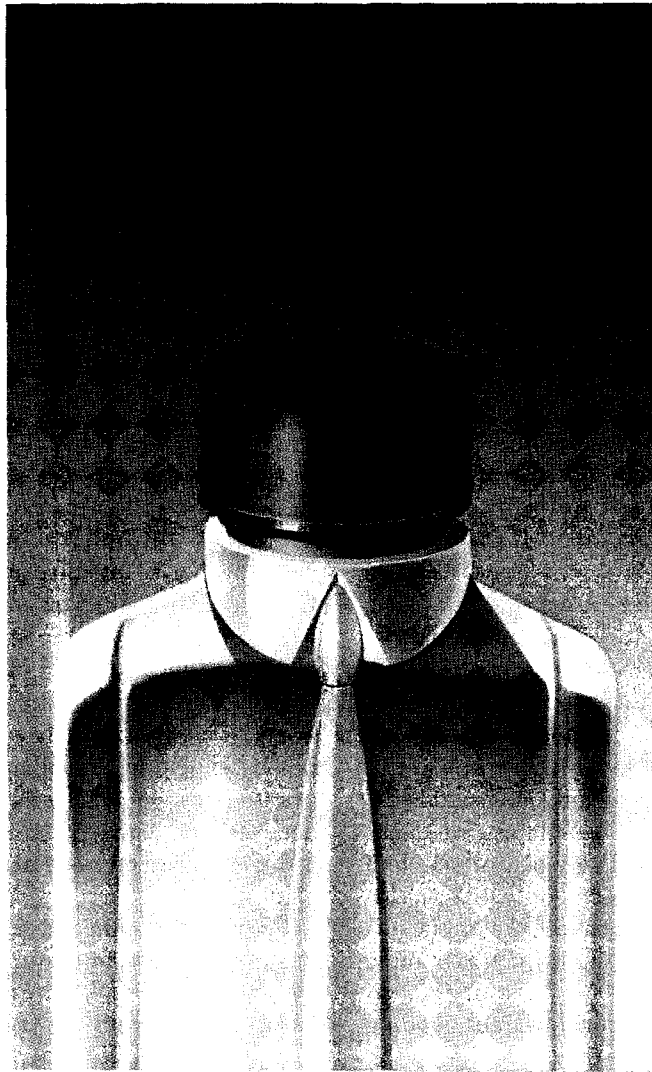
One alternative to jail that has been proposed by various specialists in drug abuse, including Mark Gold, is the involuntary civil commitment of addicts to treatment facilities. All states make some provision for the involuntary commitment of people who exhibit psychotic behavior and

who pose an immediate life-threatening danger to themselves or others. The third edition of the American Psychiatric Association’s *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*, whose taxonomy of psychiatric afflictions is used almost universally in commitment proceedings, makes reference to a number of drug-related disorders. Nevertheless, involuntary commitment on the grounds of drug dependency is rare. Many families and law-enforcement officials are unaware that this remedy exists. And as the laws are currently written, it could be prescribed unfairly.

Yet involuntary commitment does seem to work for one group of substance abusers—alcoholics. Over the past two decades, as the concept of alcoholism as a disease has gained acceptance, the national trend has been away from jailing alcoholics for an offense like public drunkenness. Most states now provide for the involuntary commitment of alcoholics, if only for the purpose of detoxification.

There is evidence to suggest that treatment even against a patient’s will can be effective in the fight against alcoholism. The same seems to hold true for cocaine abuse.

In a landmark 1962 decision, *Robinson v. California*, the Supreme Court ruled that a person’s status as a drug addict could not in itself be defined as a crime under the Constitution. However, the court upheld compulsory treatment for drug addicts on the grounds that treatment programs would advance legitimate state interests. A handful of states have enacted statutes that provide specifically for the involuntary commitment of addicts. Massachusetts had such a law until 1969, when it quietly expired. Califor-



nia has an addict-commitment law, but it is used strictly as a means of diverting people charged with or convicted of crimes out of the clogged criminal-justice system. Connecticut has a law allowing for the commitment of drug-dependent people who have not been charged with crimes. Poorly drafted, it has essentially gone unused.

Until recently Texas had a little-used law similar to the one in Connecticut. Last year, however, the state tightened up its statute. The principal architect of the new bill was Judge Patrick W. Ferchill, of Fort Worth. The motivation for the revision came not from cocaine, though more and more of it is being seen in Texas, but from legal substances called inhalants.

ABOUT A DECADE AGO THERE WAS A FLURRY OF NATIONAL concern over juvenile glue-sniffing. In the Southwest the practice has never died out. Rather, it expanded to include spray paint, cleaning solvents, motor-fuel products, and a variety of other highly toxic substances. Thousands of youngsters, primarily poor Hispanics, have become addicted to inhalants. "Many of these people are married to their spray cans," Judge Ferchill says. "It's a hideous problem. The brain damage often is massive and permanent. They lose control of their speech, muscles, and kidneys. Some have to be diapered."

The amended law was passed last spring by the Texas legislature and took effect in September. It provides for the involuntary commitment of persons dependent on drugs or inhalants. Before a person can be committed, he must be given a jury trial (unless he waives this right); two psychiatrists must testify that his dependency requires treatment for his own welfare or the safety of others. The addict is given the benefit of legal counsel at every stage of the proceedings. "We don't want lay-down lawyers in this system," Ferchill says. "We want a fair, vigorous defense." If a person is committed, his term of involuntary treatment may not exceed six months. The judge or jury may find that treatment can be undertaken on an outpatient basis. If a person is hospitalized, it may be in either a public or a private institution, and the goal is to make the transition to outpatient care as quick as possible. The Texas statute applies only to those who have no criminal charges pending against them.

Two things make this approach appealing as a way of handling cocaine abusers. First, safeguards are built into the system to protect the rights both of the individual (to due process) and of society (to public safety). Second, the commitment option provides an alternative to involving the police. Mark Gold says, "We get a lot of calls at 1-800-

COCAINE from people who say their son or husband weighs a hundred pounds, has lost his job, and is having seizures and automobile accidents. They don't know what to do." People are generally reluctant to initiate criminal proceedings against a relative, a friend, or a co-worker. They might be more willing to testify at civil commitment hearings—provided that the treatment itself is genuine, the term of treatment no longer than necessary, and the place of treatment humane. It is essential, too, that laws sanctioning involuntary commitment be painstakingly crafted.

To Steven Wisotsky, involuntary commitment smacks of "the Soviet asylum approach." He invokes the psychiatrist Thomas Szasz, who has objected to involuntary commitment for any reason on civil-liberties grounds. But a cocaine habit is not freedom; and when it has a destructive impact on the family, community, or workplace, attempting to cure it is in the spirit of civil liberties. John Stuart Mill, whose philosophy has helped to give that spirit definition, wrote, "The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others." Surely the control of drug addiction is such a purpose.

Americans do not expect law-enforcement agencies to eradicate crime but merely hope that they will limit it as much as possible. No public official would ever promise to end rape, robbery, theft, or homicide. Yet politicians routinely vow to stop drugs cold, to sweep them from the streets and keep them from our children. In reality, law enforcement per se may have less control over drug trafficking than it has over other forms of crime. This is especially true in the case of cocaine trafficking. The drug is produced in remote regions of foreign countries where even local governments have little influence. It then enters the United States, in whose free society it is consumed more often than not by otherwise law-abiding people.

Because the traffic in cocaine is one of the most corrupting and corrosive forces in American society, Washington has an obligation to fight it. The Reagan Administration has tried to, mainly by jawboning the public and by attempting to intercept the drug before it hits the beach or the landing strip. But meanwhile, the government has virtually ignored the demand side of the cocaine traffic—the side that is somewhat more susceptible to government influence. It has invested a great deal of money in supply-side enforcement, and that, unfortunately, may very well have made the problem worse. □



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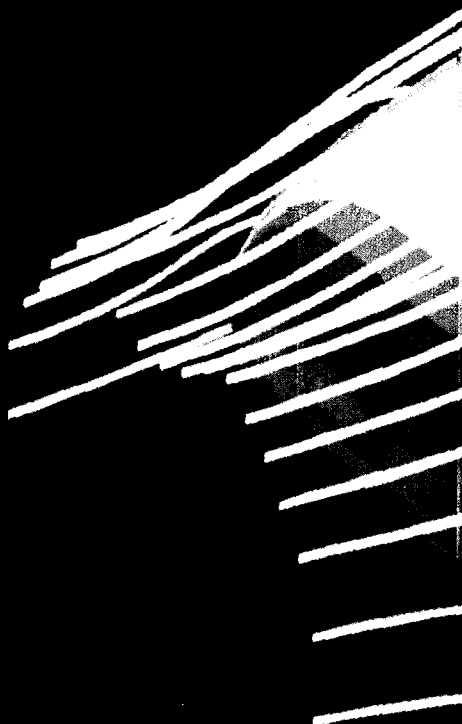
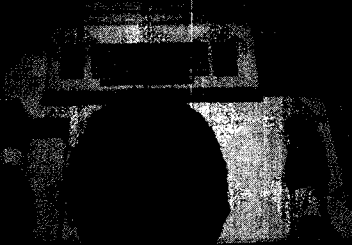
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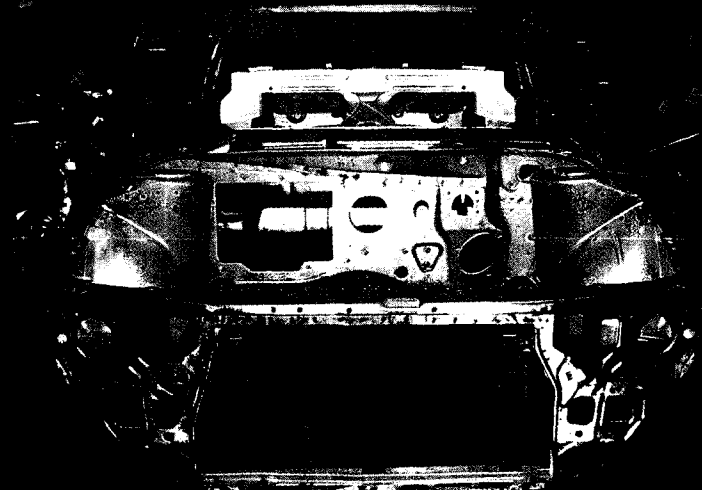
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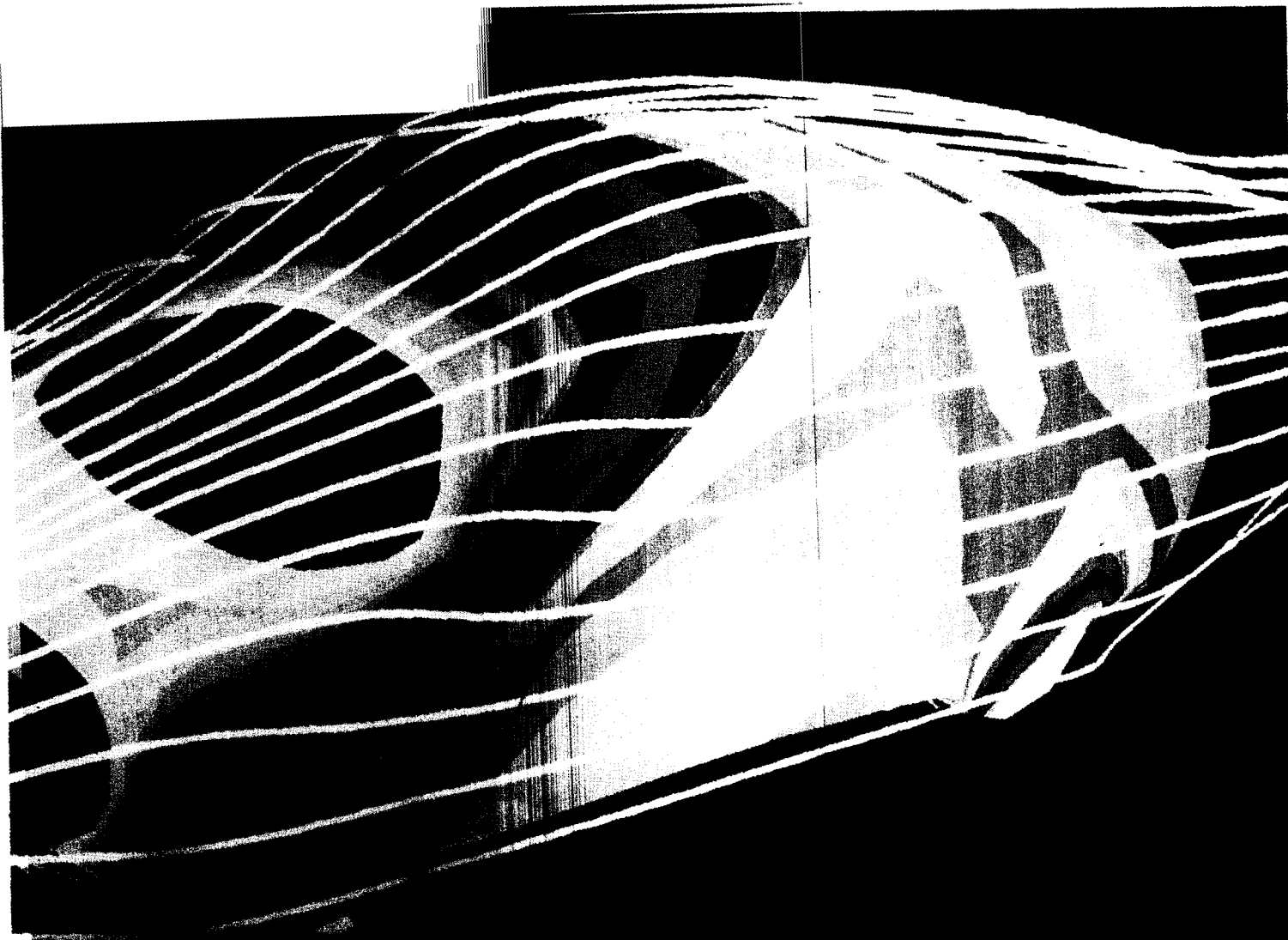


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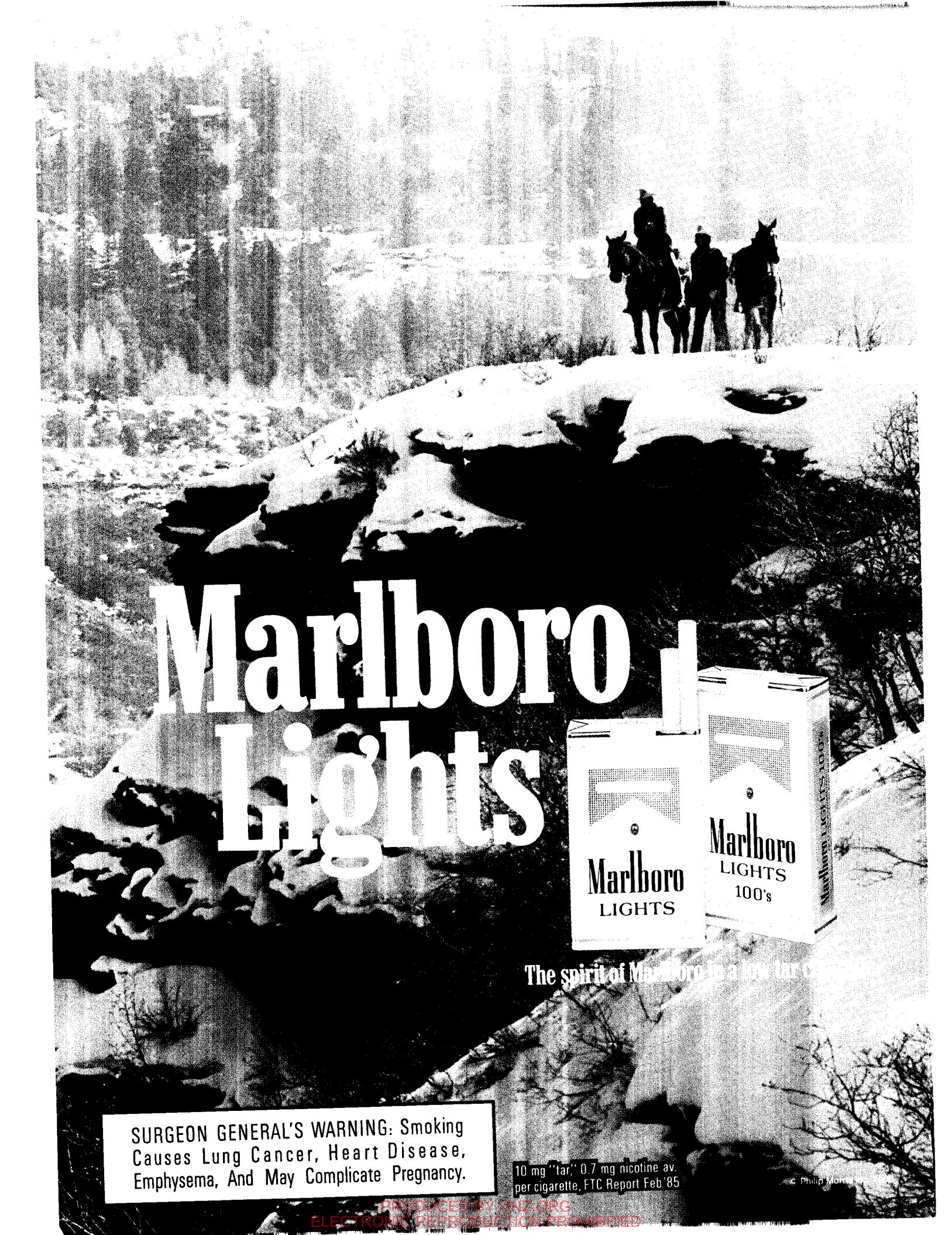
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A Short Story



MEN UNDER WATER

BY RALPH LOMBREGLIA



THE PETER PAN DINER, 10:30 A.M. BREAKFAST WITH Gunther.

"You're depressed again," Gunther says to me. "I can tell." He has the catsup bottle in one fist like a chisel or a caulking gun, and with the heel of his other hand he's hammering catsup over his hashbrowns and scrambled eggs. He's getting some on the bacon and toast, too.

"I'm not depressed," I say.

"You're not eating."

"Gunther, I eat at home, remember? At breakfast time. I never eat here."

He slips into his pouting voice. "You used to," he says.

This is a bad sign. It means that Gunther is especially needy and delusional today. I haven't ordered anything but coffee in the Peter Pan since the first week I worked for him, more than six months ago.

I look at him, busying himself with breakfast on the other side of the booth. Lately I've spent more time with Gunther than I've spent with my wife, and still there are times—this moment is one of them—when I see him as I saw him the day we met, times when I cannot get beyond the amazing epidermal surface of the man. Gunther is one of the largest people I've ever known, but it's more than

that, more than his general enormousness, the smooth expanse of his completely bald head, the perfect beardlessness of his broad face. Gunther has no eyebrows, no body hair whatsoever as far as I know; even the large nostrils of his great, wide nose are pink, hairless tunnels running up into his skull. His velour pullover is open to his sternum, and the exposed chest is precisely the complexion of all the rest of him—the shrimplike color of new Play-Doh, the substance from which Gunther sometimes seems to be made. Under the movie lights he likes to muck around with, his skin goes translucent and you can watch the blood vessels keeping him alive.

"If you're not depressed," he says around a mouthful of catsup and eggs, "what are you?"

"Subdued," I say.

"Oh," he says. "Well, would you mind knocking off being subdued? You're not putting out any energy. I can't do it all by myself."

"Do what?"

"Write this goddamn screenplay," he says.

"Oh. Which screenplay is this?"

"You know perfectly well which screenplay. The sci-fi one with the giant radioactive crayfish and the girl scientist

who understands them, and who's also the love interest for the guy scientist. The one we've been working on all week."

"Oh, that one," I say. "I forgot. I thought maybe you meant the Kung Fu screenplay. I guess that was last week."

"You want to work on that one? Hey, we could even do a hybrid of the two. Say these huge, radioactive crayfish attack mankind with a sort of lobster version of Kung Fu, bopping people with their big claws. The guy scientist also happens to be a martial-arts master. In the end he conquers the lobsters by building robots programmed to hit them in their pressure points. But before that there's a scene where the lobsters grab the girl and he has to take a couple of them down with his bare hands."

"No, Gunther." I sip my coffee and stare out the window above the personal jukebox mounted on the wall of our booth. The jukebox is playing Roy Orbison's "Pretty Woman," Gunther's favorite song. He put it on to cheer me up.

Outside, a light gray ash is falling from the sky like rain. Cleveland has a lot of smokestack industry, and the Peter Pan is one of the venerable old smokestack-area diners. That's why we come here to eat. Not because we work in the plants ourselves—our work, like God, is everywhere and nowhere—but because this is where reality is, the life and labor of the folk, the source of all art. Someday, after he's made the two or three commercial pictures that will establish him as one of the major film forces of our time, Gunther wants to celebrate his native city in a cinematic tone-poem about the ballet of heavy manufacture, the romance of rubber and steel.

I show him my wristwatch. "What about the Puerto Rican couple on Liberty Place? With the gas leak in their stove? Or the nursing students on Meadow with no hot water. You told them today for sure. And your answering service. I'll bet you didn't call your answering service. You'll call it at three this afternoon, and then we'll have to work until nine tonight."

Gunther throws his fork onto his plate. People at the counter turn on their stools to look at us. "This is your whole problem," he says. He clangs his coffee cup with his spoon to get the attention of our waitress. It's Alice today, a good woman. If Gunther gets too abusive, she'll pour coffee in his lap. She's done it before. She comes over now and fills our cups.

"I try to foster a creative spirit," Gunther says to me. Alice flashes him a look, the coffee pot poised in the air. He stops talking and stares at the table until she's gone on her way. "I try to pay you for your imagination," he says, "not just for dumb monkey work I could get anybody to do. I try to treat you like an artist. And all you want to do is fix toilets." He picks up the cream and sugar and pours a long stream of each into his cup. Then he starts the singsongy voice. "Yes, for a certain number of hours each week we have to do some essentially non-creative work, things that are not really what artists like us should be doing—paint-

ing apartments, replacing water heaters, fixing toilets. But it keeps us humble, I say. I try to be philosophical about it. I don't go into a mood just because I can't work on my movies every minute of every day."

"I left my house three hours ago, Gunther."

"Here we go again," he says.

He doesn't start paying my hourly wages until we leave the diner. But if I don't go over to Gunther's house each morning and wake him up and, while he takes a shower, watch parts of movies he's videotaped, and then listen to him rant about screenplays over breakfast at the Peter Pan, we won't go to work at all, and I won't be paid anything.

He turns to the jukebox and speaks to Roy Orbison. "Roy," he says, "what am I going to do with this guy? Sensitive and gifted, yes, but he has real limitations. He actually wants to work for wages." He turns back to me. "You're not being flexible," he says. "That's a major character flaw, you should watch that. How many times have I explained this to you? You're working for—and will soon be the partner of—an important motion-picture producer who happens at the moment to be trapped inside a landlord's body."

"That's not how it was advertised," I say. "It was advertised: 'Handyman and general helper, no experience necessary.' That's the ad I responded to. You changed it to scriptwriter after I was hired."

"After I discovered the talent I can't let you throw away, even if you want to. A good part of each week is ours to be talented together, you and me. We toss some ideas back and forth"—he slaps my shoulder—"and in a couple of weeks we have a screenplay. I round up some investors, we start shooting the movie, we're on our way. We could have made some progress on this movie right here at breakfast, but no, you're subdued. You think that just because we have to go fix a toilet today, that's all we are, two guys who have to fix a toilet, and you let it get you down."

"What toilet?" I say. "You're keeping something from me."

"Weren't you the one who wanted me to call my answering service?"

He stands up and tosses his wadded napkin onto his plate, smiling and bobbing his head from side to side like Hardy to Laurel. He leans toward me over the table as if to confide a great truth, a truth that will be true long after everything else is dust. "Rock band," he says, and strides away from the booth. Then he comes back, doing his wicked leer. "The horror, the horror," he adds.

We pay our bill and stroll out of the Peter Pan into the sunlight and ashes, me in my paint-spattered carpenter's pants and sweatshirt, Gunther swaggering in his red-and-yellow-striped velour pullover and racing shades. It's 11:30 A.M., almost time for lunch. The rest of the world has already accomplished much since waking, and laid down foundations for the accomplishment of much more. We have accomplished nothing. But neither have we yet lost everything, I remind myself. We still have much of what we had when the day began. I have my job with Gunther—twenty dollars an hour under the table, starting

now—and Gunther has his small real-estate empire, his Ford Bronco, the ability to pay me twenty dollars for each hour I ride around in it with him, and an unflagging, magical belief in the rightness of his life and methods despite all evidence to the contrary.

And he has me. We have each other.

TINA, MY WIFE, CANNOT BELIEVE I CONTINUE TO hold this job. We need the money, but Tina has had enough. She can't take any more stories about Gunther. She can't take what working for Gunther is doing to me. I'm no longer the man she married, Tina says. My inability to leave Gunther has raised serious questions about the deep structure of my personality, and now Tina wants us both to go in for counseling. She says she's become a kind of co-alcoholic, living through my experiences with this man. She's had to go through it all with me, even though it's not her life, and now in some perverse way she feels that she works for Gunther too.

Every night when I get home I must drink for one full hour and rail to Tina about Gunther. I tell her what Gunther has done to me that day, what he's done to his tenants, the lies he's made me tell the tenants about those things, the movie-script ideas he's forced me to invent. After an hour or so I'm able to take a shower and have dinner. But it's growing longer now, up to two hours sometimes. At first it was exotic and Tina enjoyed it. Every night I would bring home amazing new stories. Tina would listen and shake her head in wonder, marveling over the character of Gunther, the shamelessness of the business world, the length and breadth of the illusions men can entertain about themselves.

But then, late last winter, I came home one night with the Pakistani-baby story. Tina teaches in a day-care center, and the Pakistani-baby story pushed her over the edge. I'd been shoveling snow at Gunther's garden-apartment buildings when a Pakistani woman came out into the parking lot in her flowing ocher robes, weeping and screaming because she had no heat and her baby was freezing. I went inside to have a look, something I'm not supposed to do on my own. I'm supposed to refer tenants to Gunther's answering service, nothing more. In the apartment I could see my breath more clearly than I could outside. The woman's baby was swaddled in many blankets; only its nose and lips were sticking out, and they were blue. Sitting at the dinette table in his overcoat was the woman's husband, a little brown man with mournful eyes, eating a bowl of curry and shivering. Something big snapped inside me when I saw their lives. I showed them how to call the tenants'-rights division of Legal Aid, and then I gave them Gunther's unlisted home number, the most forbidden thing there is. Gunther and I had our biggest fight over the Pakistani family. When I got home, Tina spent the whole evening trying to calm me down. I quit for two entire weeks that time, finally going back for three dollars more an hour.

But now I must quit this job forever, Tina says—really quit, not just quit the way I do every week.

Every Friday, when Gunther pays me what I'm owed, I put the cash in my pocket and say Sayonara. After a full week of Gunther I can't envision one more day. He shakes his head, looks at the ground, asks me what he's done wrong. Nothing, Gunther, I always say, not a thing, you're a prince. I just can't take the real-estate life anymore.

You lack vision, he always says. You're turning your back on a brilliant future. The real estate is only a stop along the way, Reggie. Next stop, Hollywood!

No can do, Gunther, I say. We shake hands and go our separate ways forever. Sunday morning I buy the paper and read the ads. Again each week, in return for two thirds of a person's waking life, the free market offers enough money to rent a shed and eat a can of beans every day. "I'm currently holding the best job in Cleveland," I tell Tina. She puts her hands over her ears. Then Sunday afternoon Gunther calls to offer me an hourly increase of fifty cents over what I made the previous week. I accept his new offer. I started at four dollars an hour. I'm up to twenty now. In his big house on a hill above town, Gunther has shown me where he hides his gun. When I reach fifty dollars an hour, he wants me to kill him.

GUNTHER'S REAL-ESTATE HOLDINGS CONSIST OF two three-story brick garden-apartment buildings down near the projects, eight or nine rambling wooden Victorians scattered all over the rest of town, and miscellaneous. Miscellaneous includes some garages Gunther rents to people for their cars, and a couple of apartments he has the nerve to rent over the garages. Of the enormous Victorians, three are divided vertically into two-families, and another five or six—the ones in the better areas—have been partitioned into warrens of small studios and one-bedrooms for which Gunther charges outrageous rents. A massage parlor is in one of those; when Gunther's feeling uninspired, we go there and pretend we have to check on things. Only one of the Victorians—the biggest one, in the worst neighborhood—has its original structure and gets rented as one place, to one party.

Acid Rain, the rock band, lives there.

Now Gunther hits the gravel of Acid Rain's horseshoe drive going fast, and then jumps on the brake so that we slide sideways the last thirty feet to the house. Three old Chevy vans are parked around the drive, all painted with the band's name and logo—a thundercloud with a skull and crossbones in it—along with seven huge Harley-Davidsons. In the back yard is a big Doberman and an even bigger shepherd, both on frail-looking chains. They start howling at us. The washing machine and dryer are still out there, their doors torn off, birds and squirrels living in them, and enough old hibachi grills to make a rusty bridge to BarbecueLand. Here and there stray concrete blocks and bricks are making dead rectangular voids in the two-foot-high crabgrass.

Gunther loads my arms with equipment from the back of the Bronco—coils of pipe, rolls of solder, garnet paper, a plumber's snake, a portable light, extension cords, a large toolbox. He leads the way with the propane torch, me following him to the house like a pack mule. Luke, the leader of Acid Rain, greets us.

"Why the fuck don't you call your answering service?" Luke says.

"Now, Luke," Gunther says, "I don't think you should be the one to start casting stones. I could say hurtful things to you too. I could say, for instance, Why don't you stop trying to flush each other down the toilets? It clogs them up."

"Ha, ha," Luke says. Then he doesn't say anything else, because he doesn't know where Gunther's breaking point is. Luke is not dumb, but you can see in his face that he can't figure Gunther out. He understands that Gunther didn't go from being a poor, snot-nosed son of a drunked-up electrician to owning a small real-estate empire by taking unlimited abuse from people like him. But then sometimes Gunther seems a jolly fellow who doesn't always act in his own best interest. It's confusing for Luke. I sympathize.

And then there's the way Gunther looks, the massive pink presence of him.

Luke reports that all three of the toilets in the house are broken. I look at Gunther and narrow my eyes. He looks away, sheepish. On the ride over here, Gunther let slip that Acid Rain first called about their toilet a week ago. It was just the first-floor toilet then.

We make our way through the house. Acid Rain's place was an opulent Cleveland mansion once, and great cut-glass chandeliers still hang in the downstairs rooms above the drums and amplifiers and dismantled motorcycles. The glass pendants are gray blobs now, coated with greasy dust. The residents have decorated the chandeliers with pantyhose, pictures from motorcycle magazines, tennis balls, guitar strings. We head upstairs to begin with the topmost toilet. The law of gravity. Various tattooed men are wandering around with women in black leather. Catastrophic metal music is playing in all the rooms on the second floor.

I'd like to mention here that I'm a great lover of music, and so is Tina. We believe that music transcends all the differences between people, and we like to get out when we can to hear a band and dance and have fun. Even after all the things I had witnessed here, we still had perfectly open minds the night we went to see Acid Rain play at The Glo-Worm, over on the other side of the beltway. That's all I can say. When Tina finds out I was here again today, she'll go crazy. Maybe I won't even go home tonight.

Otis, the keyboard player, appears in a doorway. Otis is completely blind, and two of Acid Rain's roadies—all the roadies and many other people live in the house with the band—are blind in one eye apiece. People can be blind for many reasons, and you don't ordinarily think of blindness

as caused by the blind person, the result of something he did to himself. But with Acid Rain the thought leaps to mind. Over the months I've watched to see if other ones become blind too—from drinking rubbing alcohol, say, or fighting among themselves over food or females, the way squirrels do. So far, it's only the same three.

"Is that my landlord?" Otis says. "Do I hear my landlord's voice?"

"My man Otis," Gunther says. "How you doing, Otis?"

"How am I doing? I'm going to the bathroom in the back yard, motherfucker. That's how I'm doing."

"It's under control now, Otis," Gunther says, stepping quietly around him and motioning for me to follow. But I'm draped with the coils of pipe, the extension cords, the plumber's snake, and I clank when I move.

Otis grabs me. "The dude who mows the lawn, right?" he says. "The landlord's sidekick?"

"I just work for the guy, Otis," I say. "You think it's a picnic? You think he doesn't do the same to me? Every day's a nightmare with this bozo, Otis."

Otis smiles and holds out his palm. "Hey," he says.

I slap his hand. "Renters of the world unite. Death to landlords."

"Right on!" Otis says, slapping me back. "Let's do it now!"

"No, Otis," I say. "Let him fix the toilets first."

"Good point," Otis says. "Okay. I'll be waiting right here."

We head up the last flight of stairs. "You overdid it a little," Gunther says, "but I was still impressed. You were convincing, and I liked the way you improvised under pressure. I thought you were just a writer. Now I find out you have natural acting ability. I'm giving you a screen test when we get back home."

On the third floor Gunther sees the toilet from the hallway. His face becomes an image of the human capacity for sadness. "I think I just got a blown mind-gasket," he says. He lights up the propane torch and shoots little bursts of blue flame into the bathroom. "Firing retro rockets," he says. "Leaving doomed planet."

"Two words, Gunther," I say. "Just two little words."

"I know," he says. "You quit."

"No," I say. "Roto-Rooter."

"That's one word," he says. We back away from the bathroom. Gunther grips the banister and looks down into the spacious stairwell as though he might plunge himself into it. Then his head snaps up and he slaps me in the belly. "I just had an incredible idea," he says.

"No, Gunther," I say. "Whatever it is. Please, no."

"Everything just fell together for me," he says. "Oh, man, this is good."

Back down on the landing Otis is waiting. "Otis," Gunther says. "It's bigger than we thought. We have to call Roto-Rooter."

"You lie," Otis says, producing a length of chain from his leather vest.

"No, Otis," I say. "He's telling the truth this one time."



“Do I look like a mother to you?”

She does if you look at the statistics.

The United States is the only industrialized nation where the teenage pregnancy rate is going up. Forty percent of all girls who are now fourteen will get pregnant before they're twenty. One million each year.

The social consequences are enormous. Because most teenage mothers are single mothers, trapped in a cycle of poverty that costs billions extra each year. In malnutrition. Disease. Unemployment. Child abuse.

But the tragic effects of motherhood on each individual teenager can't be measured in dollars and cents. And it isn't reflected in the statistics. She's robbed of her childhood and her hope.

While we must do everything we can to help *prevent* unwanted pregnancy, we must also preserve the option of safe, legal abortion.

A teenage girl shouldn't be forced to become a mother if she's not ready.

But there's an increasingly vocal and violent minority that disagrees. They want to outlaw abortions for all women, regardless of circumstances. Even if her life or health is endangered by a pregnancy. Even if she is a victim of rape or incest. And even if she is too young to be a mother.

They're pressuring lawmakers to make abortions illegal. And that's not all. They also oppose birth control and sex education—ways of *preventing* abortion. They've already tried to slash federal funding for these and other family planning programs. And to get their way, they've resorted to threats, physical intimidation and violence.

Speak out now. Or they just might succeed. Use the coupon.

The decision is yours.

☐ I've written my representatives in Congress to tell them I support: government programs that reduce the need for abortion by preventing unwanted pregnancy; and keeping safe and legal abortion a choice for all women.

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It was my idea to call Roto-Rooter. There's no way this clown can fix these toilets."

"Okay," Otis says. "I believe you, brother. But if you lie, I kill you too."

"Don't worry, Otis," I say.

We head downstairs. In the kitchen we find Luke and some of the women swigging on bottles of Colt 45.

"Luke," Gunther says. "My man. I want to ask you a question. You like movies, Luke?"

"I like going to the bathroom," Luke says, slamming his bottle on the table.

"We're calling Roto-Rooter on that, Luke. Okay? Roto-Rooter, like on TV? The guys in the big yellow truck with the little sissy uniforms? You'll be able to make poo-poo right here tonight. Now sit down. I want you to answer my question. You like movies?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Okay. When was the last time you saw a really great movie about an American rock-and-roll band? I mean a movie that had it all—bar scenes, motorcycle scenes, dressing-room scenes, rehearsal scenes, groupie love scenes, and the monster victory-concert scene at the end when the band comes back to its home town after making it big. A movie that captured all the suffering and the glory, the whole incredible life of a great, semi-famous cult rock band in a medium-sized American city. Luke, when was the last time you saw a movie like that?"

"I never saw no such movie," Luke says.

"That's right!" Gunther says.

THE PETER PAN DINER, 2:00 P.M. ALICE COMES OVER with the menus. "You guys really making a big day of it, huh?" she says.

"We're celebrating, Alice," Gunther says. "Two meat-loaf specials, one for me and one for my lucky charm here. Gravy on everything. That's the password today, Alice. Gravy."

Alice flashes me a look—can I handle him by myself? I nod and she takes the menus away.

Gunther is on an inspirational roll. "This is it!" he says, gripping my shoulder. "My movie! Plot, characters, myth, fantasy! Commercial potential! It was right under my nose! But that's the way it always is in the art game, eh, Roscoe?" He pulls a legal pad out of his briefcase. "So what do you think? I say we start with the Luke character—let's call him Luke—we start with him as an inner-city kid, you know, getting his first guitar, getting beat up on by his alcoholic father because he practices guitar instead of getting a job. Plays good pool and B-ball, but he's better on guitar. Everybody's against him. His fellow gang members think guitar is for queers. And we need the bad father, right? We've got to give Luke something big to rebel against. I mean, he can't *like* his father."

"Cliché, Gunther. Cliché, cliché, cliché."

"You always say that. Well I say life's a cliché! I'm not letting that stop me!"

"Scratch the childhood," I say. "It begins with music, the band rehearsing in this tenement while the titles roll up the screen. Helicopter shot of the building, close in on the window of their apartment, music getting louder and louder until we're right in there with them. Then the landlord bursts in, demanding the rent. They don't have any money, so they beat the landlord to death with their guitars."

"Sounds like a cliché to me!" Gunther says, chortling and writing it all down. "But it's not bad! We might be able to use that! Okay, no childhood. Maybe we can put it back later. Or maybe—how about this?—Luke can go back and see his old dad in the hospital after he's famous. The old dad has the big C in his liver now, but together they watch Luke in concert on the tube in his hospital room. Just before he dies, he recognizes how wrong he always was."

"And he apologizes for the way things were. And it straightens Luke's head out about his life."

"Right!"

"Perfect."

"And the record biz, hey? We need a big scene with these parasitic record-producer types who want to tell Luke how to play, what kinds of clothes to wear. They want to make Luke like everybody else so they can use him to get all this money to put up their own noses. But Luke has a dream. He tells everybody to screw themselves. In the end they all want to kiss his ass."

"That's good," I say. "That's original." The meat-loaf specials arrive. We dive into gravy. "Gunther," I say after a few bites, "it takes millions of dollars to make a real movie. You realize that, right? Millions."

"I have a little surprise for you," he says in the nursery-rhyme voice.

"No, Gunther, please, whatever it is, no."

"We're going to my place after lunch," he says. "Hollywood's paying your salary for the rest of the day. Before, I was going to leave you with the toilets and do the heavy business on my own. And I was worried, I admit it, because I didn't have the killer idea to show the big boys. But it came to me when I needed it. We're partners now, Riccardo. I always said you wouldn't be sorry if you stuck with me."

"Big boys?" I say. "What big boys?"

AT GUNTHER'S HOUSE A SILVER MERCEDES WITH VANITY plates is parked at the top of the drive. Gunther downshifts the Bronco and creeps toward the silver car as though he can't believe it's actually there. "This is really happening," he says.

For a year now he's been running an ad in the paper to attract investors to his film-production company. Every month a few cranks respond; that's all, nobody with money. But yesterday when he called his answering service he found a message from these guys. They've invested in movies before. He told me about it on the way over here.

He parks the Bronco and gets out. The two men getting

out of the Mercedes look like they want to get back in when they see him. The driver is a thin young guy with a spiky haircut, blue-green iridescent jacket, Hawaiian shirt, black jeans, red shoes. The passenger is a small man in his early sixties, salt-and-pepper hair brushed back, business suit. Gunther introduces himself and shakes hands. He motions for me to come over. "Gentlemen," he says, "this is my associate, Flip. Flip is the co-author of my new screenplay."

I shake hands too. The driver's name is Willie. He's into the whole sullen James Dean thing. The passenger is Joseph, kindly and softspoken, with an Eastern European accent. His voice makes me see scenes for a movie version of our horrible century—bombings and occupations, pogroms, refugee camps, a boy in shabby knickers calling out the prices of fruit on the streets of the New World.

Both men are looking at my clothes. I brush the front of myself, but none of the paint spatters come off. "We like to be comfortable," I say.

Willie licks his lips, dubious, but Joseph smiles and nods. We go inside. Willie and Joseph look around. Gunther's place looks good. It's a big old house that didn't look so good when I first saw it, but often, while his tenants suffer, Gunther has me work around here. I've painted every room, sanded and finished the floors. One week in the winter we tore out the whole kitchen and put in a new one. Sometimes Gunther even has me clean the bathrooms for MaryLou, his wife, while he sits on a hassock in the hall telling me about screenplay ideas.

"You're prospering, Gunther," Joseph says.

"I guess I'm doing all right," Gunther says. He's more nervous than I thought. He tries to wink at me but botches it and looks like he's just been poked in the eye. "Flip, would you show Joseph and Willie into the living room? Gin and tonics, gentlemen?"

"Very good," Joseph says.

"Flip? Or would you prefer one of those good English ales?"

"Gin and tonic is fine, Gunther," I say. I take the men into the living room. The furnishings are trim and tasteful, vaguely Scandinavian. They were chosen by MaryLou. Gunther would have chosen a lot of chrome bars and Nautahyde. The living room makes me realize in a sudden, sweet way just how completely MaryLou holds Gunther's life together for him, what an impossible piece of luck or inspiration it was that he married her. If she ever left him he'd have to die, but she never will. She's a loving soul, from people even poorer than his, her head not easily turned from grateful devotion. Gunther put her through college while he worked, and never made it to college himself. She teaches grammar school now and thinks his carryings-on are what you put up with when you're married to a genius.

We sit down. French doors open from the living room into the dining room, now the office of the production company, where the big, useless 16mm Movieola is poised like an old burro grazing among the bundles of screenplay

drafts stacked everywhere. I've written whole scenes of them while Gunther's tenants acted out their martyrdom. Joseph and Willie are peering in there from the sofa. They don't know what to make of it all. I hear Gunther clinking glassware in the distant kitchen.

In a voice as soft as Joseph's I say, "Gunther is an unusual person." It's hardly an outlandish statement. They nod, meaning that they've noticed, and wait for me to go on. "He's actually rather amazing. Four, five years ago he had nothing. Now he owns properties all over town. Everything he has he built up for himself, with no help from anyone. His drive to succeed is unstoppable. All his life he's dreamed of making movies. He works on screenplays in his sleep." I lean forward and lower my voice even further. "His father was an electrician who drank himself to death, beat the kids, and smashed up the house all the time when Gunther was growing up. Now Gunther supports his old mother, bought a nice little house for her to live in across town. He put his wife through college. You'll see him come in here with a Coke for himself. He never touches a drink, straight as an arrow. You understand what I'm saying. I'm talking about character, what motivates a man."

Everything I'm telling Willie and Joseph is true. Yes, I'm casting it in a certain light, even perceiving it as I say it, but I'm not telling a single lie.

"A lot of people have had it tough," Willie says.

But Joseph waves his hand. "I appreciate what you say," he says.

Gunther comes in with the drinks on a tray, three gin and tonics, and a Coke for himself. He sits down in a big chair. "Well," he says. Then he's about to say something else, but nothing comes out. We sip our drinks, waiting.

"So, Gunther," Joseph says, "you want to make a movie."

Gunther nods without expression. To the untrained eye he looks as enigmatic as Buddha, full of secret knowledge. But I've learned to read the fantastic face. He wants to speak, but his body has locked up on him. He never really believed that a man like Joseph would come to his house someday. His stage fright is as immense and immovable as he is.

"Joseph," I say. "Willie. Have you ever noticed that beyond the basic animal requirements there are very few things that all human beings must have, and that these few things are not physical but rather metaphysical, things of the spirit? Faith of some kind is the obvious example. Can you think of another?"

Willie looks at Joseph. "This is kind of a weird thing to be talking about," Willie says. But Joseph thinks it over and says, "Love, of course."

"Oh, good," I say. "Right. The big one. And how about learning, some systematic acquisition of knowledge?"

"Yes," Joseph says, nodding his head.

"Now I'm thinking of one more," I say. "One more non-physical thing that all people must have, a thing that is always present whenever human beings gather together in grief or in joy."

Willie looks at his watch. Part of his job is to protect Joseph's precious time. "This is kind of like Twenty Questions," he says. "This might be fun at a party."

"Party is a clue," I say.

Joseph straightens up on the sofa. "Music!" he says.

I nod my head and smile. "Yes, Joseph, music."

"The non-physical part fooled me," Willie says.

"Now, friends," I say, "the movie we're going to make is about music. Joseph, I'll bet there's a tape machine in your car out there. I'm going to guess what's on it at this very moment. Mozart."

"Wrong!" Joseph says, clapping his hands. "Mozart is in the glove compartment, I'll grant you that! But on the machine is Prokofiev. We listened to it on the way over here." He wags his finger at me. "You were wrong, smart boy!"

"Ha, ha!" I say. "But still I've made my point. You take your favorite music with you wherever you go. *And*," I say, "the second part of my point—it's music that Willie doesn't like."

"Right!" Joseph says. "He complains every day. But

that part was easy, smart boy. Look at Willie's clothes, look at his hair."

"Sure," I say. "But look further, Joseph. Look at Willie and see the American moviegoer. We practically have Mister Entertainment, sitting right here. And that, Joseph, is why—for the crucial question—we must now defer to Willie."

I sip my drink. "Willie," I say. "I have a question for you. When was the last time you saw a really great movie about an American rock-and-roll band? I mean a movie that had it all—bar scenes, motorcycle scenes, dressing-room scenes, rehearsal scenes, groupie love scenes, and the monster victory-concert scene at the end when the band comes back to its home town after making it big. A movie that captured all the suffering and the glory, the whole incredible life of a great, semi-famous cult rock band in a medium-sized American city. Willie, when was the last time you saw a movie like that?"

"I never saw any such movie," Willie says.

"That's right," I say.

TWO POEMS

BY YEHUDA AMICHAÏ

GOD'S HAND IN THE WORLD

1

God's hand is in the world
like my mother's hand in the guts of the slaughtered chicken
on Sabbath eve.

What does God see through the window
while his hands reach into the world?
What does my mother see?

2

My pain is already a grandfather:
it has begotten two generations
of pains that look like it.
My hopes have erected white housing projects
far away from the crowds inside me.
My girlfriend forgot her love on the sidewalk
like a bicycle. All night outside, in the dew.

Children mark the eras of my life
and the eras of Jerusalem
with moon chalk on the street.
God's hand in the world.

BALLAD OF THE WASHED HAIR

The stones on the mountain are always
awake and white.

In the dark town, angels on duty
are changing shifts.

A girl who has washed her hair
asks the hard world, as if it were Samson,
where is it weak, what is its secret.

A girl who has washed her hair
puts new clouds on her head.

The scent of her drying hair is
prophesying in the streets and among stars.

The nervous air between the night trees
starts to relax.

The thick telephone book of world history
closes.

—translations by Stephen Mitchell

GUNTHER'S KITCHEN, 5.00 P.M. GUNTHER ON THE floor on his hands and knees.

"Gunther, get up," I say, looking in the refrigerator for those good English ales he was talking about. "Stop doing that. Show some self-respect. Where are those ales, you charlatan, you complete fraud? What if I'd decided to have one?"

"There wouldn't have been any left," he says, continuing to do what he's been doing—crawling on all fours, nudging MaryLou's silver serving tray around the floor with his nose the way a dog nudges its bowl. Periodically he howls like a dog too, and when he does, tears spring from his eyes which he takes care not to let drip upon the small slip of blue paper resting on the silver tray.

"I'm making a movie!" he keeps bawling between howls.

The slip of blue paper is the check Joseph wrote to Gunther before driving away in the silver Mercedes ten minutes ago. It's for an amount so large I can't bring myself to say it. When he wrote it, Joseph called it good-faith money. He has more, and he knows other investors.

I finish making another gin and tonic. "Gunther," I say. "I have to tell you something, and I want you to brace yourself. I'm not doing this movie with you."

He clambers up from the floor, Joseph's check in his hand. "Flip," he says. "Don't even joke about things like that, Flip."

"I'm not joking. Where did you get 'Flip,' by the way?"

"It just came to me. But I like it. That's you from now on. Flip, my man Flip."

"It's not bad," I say. "But you'll have to find somebody else."

"There is nobody else! Nobody like you! Nobody with your talent! Hey! A third of this money's yours! Half of it's yours! It's all yours, Flip!"

"I already have to go to a marriage counselor on account of you," I say. "If I throw in on this movie, Tina divorces me."

"She won't!" Gunther says. "Not when she hears about the money! I'll talk to her. Call her right now, I'll talk to her. No! We'll bring her in! Can she write? Can she act? Can she sing?"

"No, Gunther. She can't do anything. She's a vegetable now. The only thing she can do is say the word *quit*, over and over. If you ask me again, I'm leaving, and I still have most of a drink here." I raise my glass. "Congratulations, pal."

"Thanks, Flip. Flip! We have to celebrate somehow! We have to do something fun together!"

"I can't think of anything, Gunther."

"It's hot out. It's muggy. Flip! You've never been in my pool!"

"I didn't bring my suit today."

"You can use one of my suits."

"Really, Gunther."

He pounds upstairs. When he comes back down, he's in his trunks, a total embodiment of what it is to be flesh. He

tosses me an extra pair. They're like a hot-air balloon or a parachute. I put them on in the bathroom and come out holding a yard of excess suit behind me. Gunther has the stapler from his desk. He staples the trunks until they stay up by themselves.

We go out the back door and into the yard. Gunther's pool is a big one, with all the fixtures—three ladders, two diving boards, ropes with colorful floats. The blue water sparkles with points of early-evening light. "Just a quick dip in the low end here, Gunther," I say. "I have to get home for dinner."

"Flip," he says. "Did I tell you I started taking real scuba-diving lessons? From a registered diving teacher at the Y? He's been showing the class all this neat stuff, special things you have to do in case of emergencies. I have to show you a couple of these things. I can teach you the basics of diving in about two minutes."

"Gunther, no, really. I've always had a slight fear of the water, to tell you the truth. I was swept out into the ocean once when I was a kid, and lifeguards had to save me with a motorboat."

"You never told me that," he says. "That would make a great scene. You should be a little more forthcoming with your experiences. It would help you rise above them." He starts getting the scuba stuff out of the equipment shed. "Now, look, these are what we call weight belts. They keep you from floating to the top." He hands me one and starts putting one on himself.

I drop it on the grass. "See you, Gunther. It's been, you know, nice."

He grabs my shoulder. "MaryLou goes diving with me, Flip, and she can't even drive a stick shift. Are you telling me you're afraid to do this? I know, you have to go home. Hey, it's been a special day. I'm asking you to take a little dive with me to celebrate. Ten lousy minutes for a little fun, and then you can go home."

I pick up the weight belt and put it on. Gunther is tying a heavy rope around his waist. About twenty feet of rope is left when he's finished, and he proceeds to tie the other end around me. "Like mountain climbers," he says.

"Divers don't do that, Gunther. No diver ties himself to another diver."

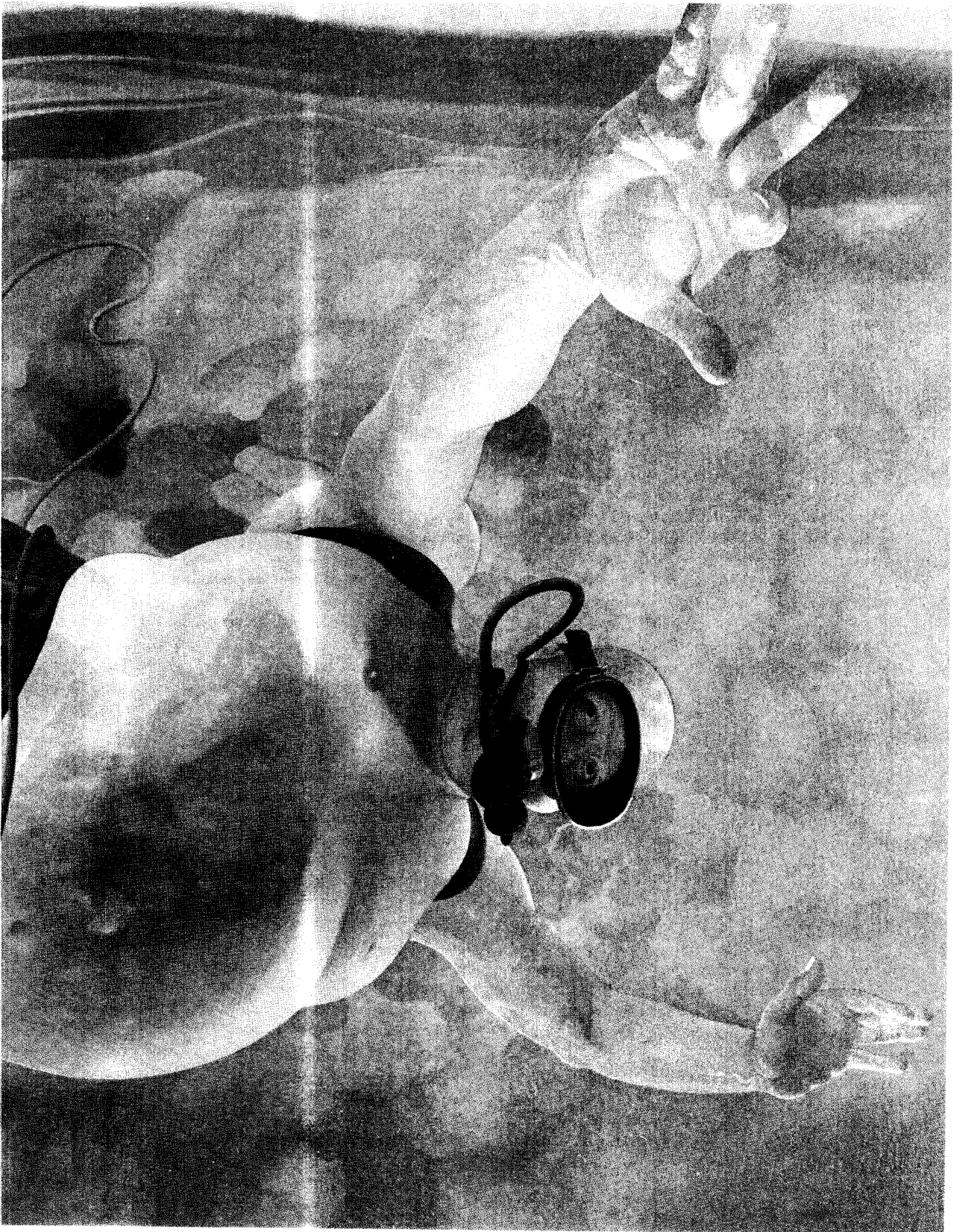
"Yes, they do, Flip. In certain kinds of salvage operations they do. It's a special knot that comes undone when you pull on it." He pulls on the knot and the rope drops off my waist onto the grass. "Okay?" He reties the rope for me. "I have this neat maneuver I want to show you—what divers do when one diver for some reason loses his tank or runs out of air. We have to do this particular maneuver if we want to have some fun here today, because I have only one tank with air in it."

"Oh, Christ."

"Put on your flippers, Flip," he says, putting on the only tank with air in it.

I put on the flippers and we slap across the lawn to the concrete apron along the edge of the pool. Gunther explains that we're going to fall into the deep end on our





backs, get ourselves oriented under water, and then start sharing the one mouthpiece. I'm going to love it, he says. It'll be much more interesting than simply having my own tank. He shows me how to put the mouthpiece in and take it out without swallowing water. "Granted, it's a little different up here on land," he says. "Ready? Lower your mask."

I lower my mask. Then, without even giving me a signal, Gunther topples backward like a bomb leaving a plane. The splash he makes comes right over my head, and then the rope runs out and snaps me into the vortex behind him.

Under water it's white and opaque, with millions of tiny bubbles, and I can't see anything. Then I make out Gunther, his legs and arms wafting gently like seaweed fronds. I watch him swim for a few seconds, fascinated by how graceful he is under water, the way whales are said to be. I can see him smiling around the mouthpiece. He waves good-bye to me as I sink. The weight belt is doing much more to me than to Gunther; soon I'm directly beneath him and panicking. I try to swim upward, but I don't know how to use the flippers and can't kick with them on. I pull on the special knot, but it doesn't work now that it's wet. I try to undo the weight belt, but it's jammed by the rope. I'm about to start crying, despite the unexpected thought that crying under water would be absurd.

Then I feel myself rising toward the surface. Arm over arm, Gunther is hauling me up by the umbilical rope. When he gets me to his level, he pushes the mouthpiece into my face. I'm afraid to breathe through it. *Breathe!* he says with his hands. I breathe. The air from the tank is the most wonderful thing I've ever known, physical ecstasy and my life to do over again. After a few breaths I'm all calmed down.

Gunther points to me and moves his arms and legs. *You're supposed to hold yourself up*, he's saying. I point to myself and make some gestures: *I can't*. He gestures, *Try*, takes the mouthpiece away, and lets go of the rope. I try again and sink stupidly, all the way down. He hauls me back up, collects the excess rope, and ties it all into one big bow between us, so that I can't sink too far away.

We fall into a rhythm with the tank, two breaths each time, passing the hose back and forth peace-pipe fashion. Peace is what it is, an amazing, liquid peace. Each sharing of the air is the deepest cooperation between comrades, something solid and good that would never be withheld. We hear nothing but the gurgling of the tank and somewhere, very distant, the persistent *OM* of the pool filter. Random thoughts and memories bubble through me like Aqualung air, one notion after another in bubbly succession, each considered for a globular instant and then allowed to bubble away forever. I've never envied anything Gunther has, but maybe I've misunderstood it all, because I envy this. If I had a lot of money, a swimming pool and a

scuba tank would be the first things I'd buy, so that I could leave the earth this way for an hour or two every evening.

A small kick or motion of the arm sends us orbiting slowly around each other in the water like space walkers. Behind Gunther's face mask his eyes are closed. He might almost be sleeping. I see that this is the essential Gunther—who he really is and who he'd be on land, too, if he didn't have to do what he does up there because of what his father did to him.

He opens his eyes and sees me staring at him. He smiles and gestures at the blueness around him as if to say, *Aren't you glad you stayed to check this out?* I nod and give him the okay sign. He points to the surface of the water, shrugs his shoulders, and flops his arms. He actually laughs, and a bubble floats out of his mouth with the message, *You really saved me up there*.

I tap my chest, meaning, *I know I did, you huge oaf*.

But the rock-and-roll movie was my idea! he says, slapping his own chest defiantly. *And I'm not a bad man!* he says, kicking his feet. *Not as bad as you make out, that's for sure. You're such a judgmental person. My tenants don't need to talk to me about every goddamn leaky faucet.*

What about that Pakistani baby? I signal, imitating the mother's flowing robes and jutting out my chin self-righteously.

Okay, he nods, *that was wrong. I admit it*.

I make a signal to my heart, meaning, *That really upset my wife. You almost destroyed my marriage*.

He shakes his head with great irritation. He lashes his pink fists through the blue water. *Me destroy your marriage! Did you ever think that maybe you shouldn't complain to your wife so much? I'll bet she doesn't bring home every single stupid thing that happens to her every day and inflict it on you. You're such a baby!*

I nod sadly. *Okay, you have a point*.

He rolls onto his back and starts paddling both of us around the depths of the pool. I let myself be towed along, staring up at the silvery surface of the water, taking my turns on the scuba tank. The water's surface reminds me of the silver screen of a movie theater, and as a game I try to see a movie in it. At first I don't see anything, and then after a while I begin to see the rock-and-roll movie. I see precisely how it ought to go, what scenes it ought to have, all the things about life that you could make people understand while you had their attention with the music. I see that the world really needs this great, honest, full-of-heart movie about an American band, and that if I don't do it with Gunther he'll screw it up and it won't be the movie I'm seeing. Or Joseph will bring in somebody else to take my place. Somebody else will get to give the world all the pleasure and instruction of the great rock-and-roll movie, and then the world will give that person the swimming pool and scuba tank in return. Why shouldn't it be me? □

PARA

by R. S. H. ABRAMS



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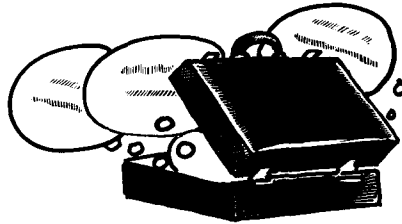
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How conservative think tanks have helped to transform the terms of political debate

"IDEAS MOVE NATIONS"

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK



AS RECENTLY AS 1950 LIONEL TRILLING COULD PROCLAIM, as if it were incontestable, that American conservatives had no ideas, only "irritable mental gestures." Today, though many conservatives remain irritable, ideas they possess in abundance. Conservative thinking has not only claimed the presidency; it has spread throughout our political and intellectual life and stands poised to become the dominant strain in American public policy. While the political ascent of conservatism has taken place in full public view, the intellectual transformation has for the most part occurred behind the scenes, in a network of think tanks whose efforts have been influential to an extent that only now, five years after President Reagan's election, begins to be clear.

Conservative think tanks and similar organizations have flourished since the mid-1970s. The American Enterprise Institute (AEI) had twelve resident thinkers when Jimmy Carter was elected; today it has forty-five, and a total staff of nearly 150. The Heritage Foundation has sprung from nothing to command an annual budget of \$11 million. The budget of the Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS) has grown from \$975,000 ten years ago to \$8.6 million today. Over a somewhat longer period the endowment of the Hoover Institution has increased from \$2 million to \$70 million.

At least twenty-five other noteworthy public-policy groups have been formed or dramatically expanded through the decade; nearly all are anti-liberal. They include the Cato, Manhattan, Lehrman, Hudson, Shavano, Pacific, Sequoia, and Competitive Enterprise institutes; the committees on the Present Danger, for the Survival of a Free Congress, and for the Free World; the institutes for Foreign Policy Analysis, for Contemporary Studies, and for Humane Studies; the centers for Study of Public Choice, for the Study of American Business, and for Judicial Studies; the Political Economy Research Center; the Reason Foundation; the Washington, American, Capital, and Mountain States legal foundations; the Ethics and Public Policy Center; the National Center for Policy Analysis; the

National Institute for Public Policy; and the Washington Institute for Values in Public Policy.

Today conservative commentators have their liberal counterparts outgunned by a wide margin. Conservative thinking has liberal thinking outgunned as well. In vigor, freshness, and appeal, market-oriented theories have surpassed government-oriented theories at nearly every turn. This feat has been accomplished in the main by circumventing the expected source of intellectual developments—the universities. Conservative thinkers have taken their case directly to Congress, the media, and the public—to the marketplace of ideas.

The New New Class

THINK TANKS ARE AN AMERICAN PHENOMENON. NO other country accords such significance to private institutions designed to influence public decisions. Brookings, the progenitor of think tanks, began in the 1920s with money from the industrialist Robert S. Brookings, a Renaissance man who aspired to bring the new discipline of economics to backwater Washington. During the New Deal the Brookings Institution was market-oriented—for example, it opposed Roosevelt's central planning agency, the National Resources Planning Board. Only much later did the institution acquire a reputation as the fountainhead of liberalism.

Through the 1950s and 1960s, as Americans enjoyed steady increases in their standard of living and U.S. industry reigned over world commerce, institutional Washington came to consider the economy a dead issue. Social justice and Vietnam dominated the agenda: Brookings concentrated on those fields, emerging as a chief source of arguments in favor of the Great Society and opposed to U.S. involvement in Vietnam. In the Washington swirl, where few people have the time actually to read the reports they debate, respectability is often proportional to tonnage. The more studies someone tosses on the table, the more likely he is to win his point. For years Brookings held a mo-



nopoly on tonnage. Its papers supporting liberal positions went unchallenged by serious conservative rebuttals.

Though the force of liberal ideas grew during the Great Society, few liberal think tanks were founded. During this period young men and women on the make in Washington formed consulting companies. Federal consulting was a growth industry, because by hiring consultants agencies could evade Civil Service ceilings and expand even as their official size remained the same. The first big consulting boom was in poverty-fighting. When the environment became the hot issue, many poverty consultants switched to that field. Energy was the next bankable issue, with a related boomlet in Arab studies.

But consultants with liberal backgrounds were ill equipped for a transition to the hot issue of the late 1970s, the economy. And as the conceptual emphasis changed, so did the money flow. Poverty, the environment, and energy were fields in which consultants generally argued for increased government authority: the bureaucracy was happy to fund such thinking. Most economic research, however, called for reduced government involvement. Funding for that would have to come from somewhere else.

Together with Washington commentators and regulators, liberal consultants were condemned during the 1970s by conservative intellectuals as representing a "new class" of overeducated spongers who performed no productive la-

bor but merely issued edicts regarding the labor of others, while living comfortably off the surplus. With each passing year, warnings about the new class went, the proportion of talkers to do-ers would increase, and the prestige of talking rather than doing would grow, until U.S. society became so top heavy that paralysis set in.

As the 1970s progressed, a core of politically active conservative intellectuals, most prominently Irving Kristol, began to argue in publications like *The Public Interest* and *The Wall Street Journal* that if business wanted market logic to regain the initiative, it would have to create a new class of its own—scholars whose career prospects depended on private enterprise, not government or the universities. You get what you pay for, Kristol in effect argued, and if businessmen wanted intellectual horsepower, they would have to open their pocketbooks.

Traditionally, corporate philanthropy had been directed either toward charity or toward independent organizations like the Ford, Rockefeller, and Carnegie foundations. Pressured by the media and by academics to make gestures of broadmindedness, businessmen seemed to feel that they could gain social approval only by sharing their proceeds with credentialed intermediaries who would use the money to fund attacks on capitalism. Paying to have oneself attacked was a kind of corporate ablution.

The rise of Nader's Raiders and similar public-interest

groups—which achieved remarkable results, considering how badly outgunned *they* were—brought a change in business thinking about money and public affairs. So did the frustration felt by oil companies, which were being fattened by rising prices but dreamed of being fatter still if federal regulations were abolished. They were willing to invest a sliver of their riches in changing Washington's mood.

In 1977 Henry Ford II angrily resigned from the board of the Ford Foundation, saying that he was fed up with its anti-capitalist output. Many companies started political-action committees and created "corporate foundations" whose giving habits were tightly controlled by management. And a handful of wealthy right-wing foundations representing Richard Mellon Scaife, Joseph Coors, and the Olin Chemical and Smith Richardson pharmaceutical fortunes began to dedicate themselves to influencing politics. Just as liberal analysts had once discovered that they could do well billing the government to advocate government expansion, so conservative thinkers now saw an attractive opportunity to take business funds to advocate government contraction.

In 1973 two young congressional aides, Edwin Feulner and Paul Weyrich, quit their jobs to start the Heritage Foundation. Three years later a longtime Brookings fellow, Ernest Lefever, started the Ethics and Public Policy Center. In 1977 a group of libertarians started the Cato Institute. The Committee on the Present Danger was founded nine days after Carter's election. The Center for Strategic and International Studies, which had existed quietly since its creation in 1962 by David Abshire, a retired Army officer (now ambassador to NATO), sensed its moment. Liberal consultancies had found their causes in poverty, energy, and the environment; the new think tanks would find bankable issues in the windfall-profits tax, the SALT II treaty, the nuclear freeze, Star Wars, industrial policy, and comparable worth.

When plum positions started going to them, conservatives discovered that the new class wasn't so bad after all. Norman Ture, one of the original supply-siders, supported himself through the late 1970s by taking donations for his Institute for Research on the Economics of Taxation. While Ronald Reagan was composing his first cabinet, Ture wrote a paper for the Heritage Foundation advocating—in the best new-class style—the creation of a new government post, that of Treasury Department undersecretary for tax policy, and, after some assiduous circulating of the paper with résumé attached, landed the job for himself. Following the change of administrations in 1980 some conservatives found think tanks useful vehicles for advancing their ideas and their careers. Colin Gray, a nuclear hard-liner known for a *Foreign Policy* article titled "Victory Is Possible," failed to land a top position at Defense or the National Security Council, so he started the National Institute for Public Policy, which produces studies on beam weapons and other Star Wars components. Meanwhile, the major conservative think tanks hardly had to chase money: it was brought to them eagerly.

Warming the Ideas

"HISTORICALLY, CONSERVATIVES IN THE UNITED States have come across as racists and know-nothings," Michael Horowitz, who did work for AEI and Heritage in the late 1970s and held a high position in the Office of Management and Budget before being nominated to a federal judgeship, told me. "It was essential to create a moral and intellectual basis for conservative beliefs which had its own vision and wasn't just a reaction against liberalism."

To a point this image problem was inevitable. The slogans of capitalism (Every man for himself, and Don't expect any favors) sound horrible, while the usual effects (prosperity and freedom) are terrific. The slogans of socialism (Everybody is equal, and We'll look after you) sound stirring, while the usual effects (stagnation and statism) leave something to be desired. For conservatism to capture the intellectual market it would have to sound like more than the nay-saying of wealthy old white men. It would have to speak, as liberalism did, of a better future.

A turning point for the movement's world view was George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty*, funded through the new think-tank network and published just as Reagan won in 1980. In the book Gilder argued for tax cuts, a long-standing conservative cause. But rather than employ the traditional negative line (which boils down to "Get your hands out of my pockets"), Gilder stood the argument on its head. Adam Smith, he said, had it wrong. Capitalism isn't a voodoo through which many selfish acts inexplicably advance the whole. It's a magnanimous organism in which everybody wants the best for everybody else—since, after all, one person cannot prosper selling his product unless many others are prosperous enough to buy. Big tax cuts, Gilder said, will trigger an outburst of altruism.

Gilder may or may not have been right, but he had found a whole new vocabulary for market thinking, one that was progressive and kind-hearted rather than dour. In the late 1970s Jeane Kirkpatrick had written, "Sometimes Republican speakers communicate a warmer concern for fiscal abstractions than for any other subject and sometimes Republican audiences respond like a group of accountants who can conceive no greater good than a balanced budget." How quickly and how completely the priorities would be reversed! Conservative theorists would lose all interest in mere fiscal abstraction, such as the federal debt (Heritage's *Mandate for Leadership*, Volume II, wouldn't use the word *deficit* until page 219), while learning to frame their ideas in terms of the "greater good." By 1985 the Ethics and Public Policy Center would hold a conference on the underclass at which the speeches would be focused entirely on market mechanisms to help the poor. Not once were welfare queens or ghetto Cadillacs, the sort of small-minded crotchets that would have dominated a similar conservative conference a decade ago, even mentioned. Conservatism, by acquiring a positive vision, had become warmer.

Housing the Converts

ALL MOVEMENTS TREASURE CONVERTS, AND THE growing conservative think tanks became instruments for the care, feeding, and display of theirs. AEI was home to Kirkpatrick, Michael Novak, Ben Wattenberg, and others who wasted no opportunity to point out that they had switched sides. Ernest Lefever, of the Ethics and Public Policy Center, and Max Kampelman, the general counsel to the Committee on the Present Danger (now a special arms negotiator), had been conscientious objectors during the Second World War. Charles Murray, whose *Losing Ground*, a critique of social spending, was written for the Manhattan Institute, is a former Peace Corps volunteer and the child of a factory worker. Thomas Sowell, Glenn Loury, and Walter Williams, all rising conservative theorists, are black, which qualifies them as converts regardless of when they began thinking in market terms.

The more spectacular the conversion the better. Michael Horowitz began an article about his: "I am Jewish, was student body president at City College of New York, taught civil rights law in Mississippi during the sixties, now grieve at the loss of Al Lowenstein, the remarkable friend who most taught me to care about the political process. The best man at my wedding was a Democratic Congressman with a 100 percent ADA rating." Just as a former drunkard who beat his wife and stole from the collection plate will be the star of any revival meeting, so reformed liberals became the headliners at many conservative get-togethers. Conservatives wanted to win not just elections but hearts and minds.

For public-policy impact, intellectuals and journalists make prime converts, because there is nothing (at least nothing obvious) in it for them. All manner of lobbyists, some even lapsed Democrats, were running around Washington preaching capital formation and market magic, but who believed them? They were fabulously paid to read their lines. Public-interest advocates and liberal academics often had more standing on Capitol Hill than corporate vice-presidents, precisely because they made relatively little money and did not gain personally from the outcome of political decisions. By establishing think tanks, conservatism could acquire the same sheen of detachment. The beauty of it all was that thinkers come cheaper than lobbyists.

AEI, Heritage, and CSIS became exceptionally press conscious. Any time the elite media mentioned a Heritage or Cato study, the movement would score points in heaven. Think-tank managers who swore oaths in private about the liberal biases of the big media nevertheless found themselves longing for their stamp of approval.

Understanding that many reporters hunger to feel important, the new think tanks courted and flattered reporters in a way Brookings never had, inviting them to conferences not as observers but as participants. Catering to the journalists' convenience, they sent reams of information

free (Brookings, the old profiteer, actually charged for its work) and provided messenger service for reporters on deadline. Having an impressive AEI study hand-delivered to a reporter while its Brookings counterpart was lost in the mail was often half the battle for a mention in a news column. Also, it helped that most conservative think tanks prefer writing that makes for pleasant reading and vivid quotation to dense academic prose. Someone snowbound in a mountain cabin would far rather find back copies of AEI's *Regulation* (with headlines like "Curse of the Mummy's Tomb") or Heritage's *Policy Review* than the soporiferous *Brookings Review*.

As the new think tanks have grown and the quality of their work has improved, members of the Washington press corps have become more dependent on them, more likely to quote AEI than puzzle out a topic on their own—which, of course, fits the plan quite well. Once journalists began paying attention, they served as an important cross-check of developing theory. To play in *Newsweek* or on CBS, an idea had to be phrased in the new good-for-society terms. In turn, a favorable mention in the media was taken as proof that a conservative proposal had so much power that even liberals were forced to acknowledge it.

Star Attractions

JEANE KIRKPATRICK BECAME THE GREATEST THINK-tank discovery. Only Reagan himself was received with more enthusiasm at the 1984 Republican Convention. A former professor at Georgetown University, a board member of the Committee on the Present Danger, and (to the everlasting embarrassment of CSIS, which is affiliated with Georgetown) a fellow at AEI, she wrote a much discussed article for *Commentary* magazine, "Dictatorships and Double Standards," in 1979. Kirkpatrick ridiculed Carter's decision not to reinforce the Shah and Somoza in their waning hours. We shouldn't be so choosy about our allies, she declared. This one article propelled Kirkpatrick to national prominence—the academic's most deeply cherished fantasy. Since then there has been a scramble among the new think tanks to link their names to Kirkpatrick's. She has been featured at forums sponsored by Heritage, CSIS, the Ethics and Public Policy Center, Hoover, and others, all of which display her photograph prominently in promotional literature. When Kirkpatrick returned to AEI last year, the institute's *Foreign Policy and Defense Review* devoted its back cover to a full-page announcement.

There have been many discoveries besides Kirkpatrick. Christopher DeMuth, Reagan's first-term "deregulation czar," won his post on the strength of a series of articles in *Regulation* on cost-benefit analysis for federal safety rules. Lawrence Korb, formerly an assistant secretary of defense, was an AEI fellow who wrote a paper that Frank Shakespeare—an influential, behind-the-scenes conservative who would later become the chairman of Heritage—showed to former National Security Advisor Richard Allen, who in turn gave it to Reagan. In 1980 *Regulation's* edi-

tors were Murray Weidenbaum and Antonin Scalia. Weidenbaum became the first Reagan chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, and Scalia was named a federal appeals judge.

Martin Anderson, Reagan's domestic-policy adviser until 1982, came from Hoover. James C. Miller III, Reagan's first Federal Trade Commission chairman and now the administrator of the Office of Management and Budget, came from AEI. James Watt, the former secretary of the interior; William Bennett, the secretary of education; John Svahn and Marshall Breger, presidential assistants; William Niskanen, a former member of the Council of Economic Advisers (now the chairman of the Cato Institute); Chester Crocker, an assistant secretary of state; Kenneth Adelman, the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency—this is a far from complete list of think-tank alumni who took prominent roles in the Administration.

What follows is a discussion of four of the leading conservative think tanks: the American Enterprise Institute, the most nearly centrist of the new tanks; the Heritage Foundation, the one with the most influence in the Reagan Administration; the Center for Strategic and International Studies, the toniest; and the Cato Institute, which takes market thinking further than any of the others—to that point on the continuum of opinion where right becomes left.

AEI

“**W**ITHOUT AEI, REAGAN NEVER WOULD HAVE been elected,” an informed White House official says. “AEI made conservatism intellectually respectable.” This is perhaps true—and is also a sore point with the New Right, the name usually given to the extremist side of Reagan's political support. Because the American Enterprise Institute pre-dates the New Right and has become, through its success, part of permanent Washington, New Right conservatives hold it in suspicion. When *The Washington Times*, the movement's *Pravda*, ran a wall-poster-style chart of major conservative organizations, AEI was not included.

AEI was founded in 1943 by Lewis Brown, an industrialist who hoped to match the influence of Robert S. Brookings. In its early years the institute was transparently a mouthpiece for big business. Serious work at AEI did not begin until a man named William Baroody took charge, in 1954. Baroody restructured AEI to resemble Brookings, with fellows given wide latitude and expected in return to produce the sort of work usually described as “major.” AEI as a result is more scholastic in tone than the newer think tanks, more concerned with propriety and dignified behavior. “We aim to be in the mainstream,” says William Baroody, Jr., who has run the institute since his father died, in 1977. In addition to Kirkpatrick, Novak, and Wattenberg, AEI lays claim to Gerald Ford, Arthur F. Burns, Philip Habib, the Congress specialist Norman J. Ornstein,

the legal expert Bruce Fein, the Harvard scholar James Q. Wilson, and the economist Herbert Stein.

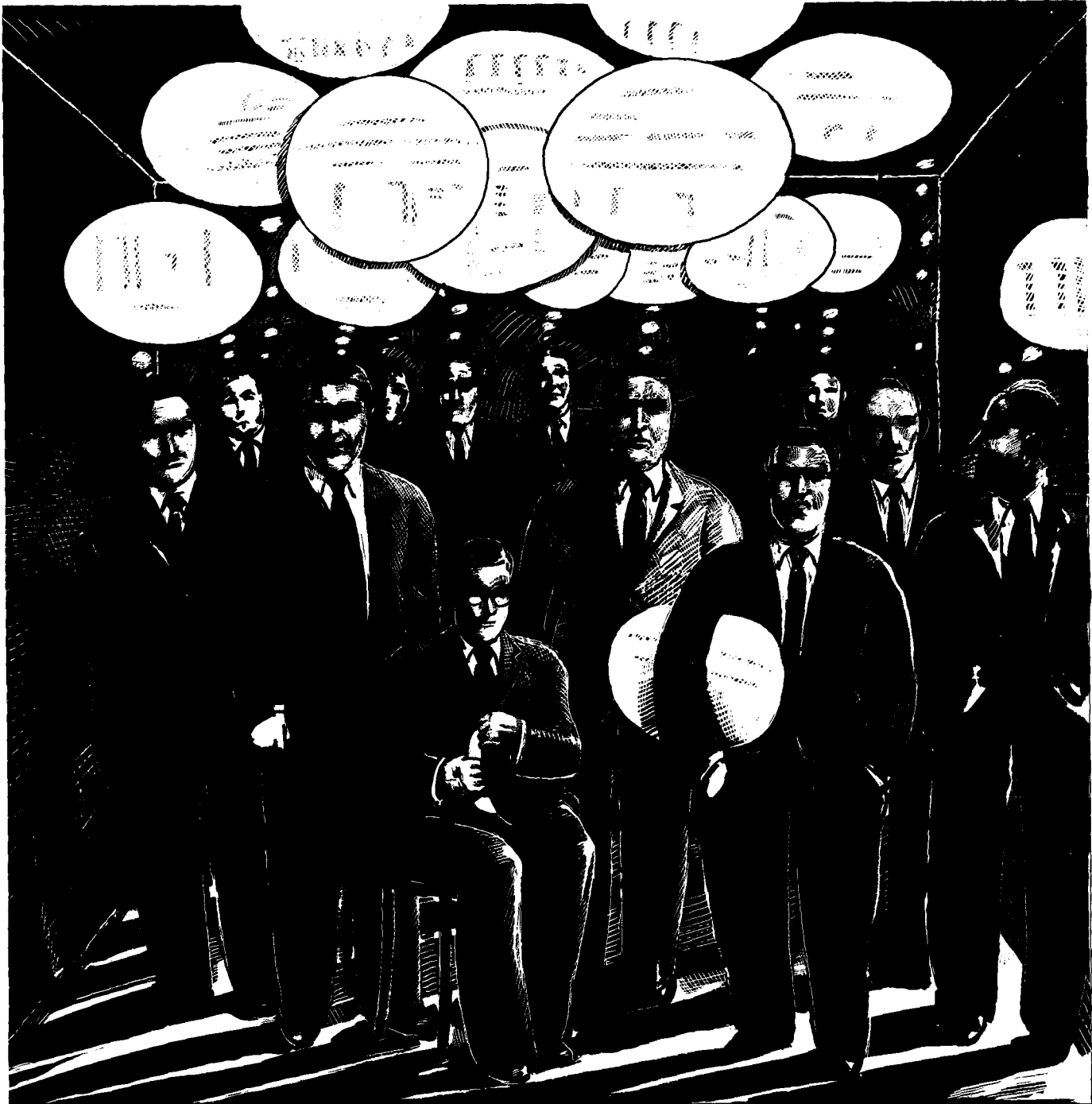
Most of AEI was rooting for George Bush in 1980, and though alliances gracefully shifted as the primaries progressed, AEI doesn't subscribe to “the movement,” as, say, Heritage does. AEI has been critical of the MX missile, and attacks on the Reagan deficit that Rudolph Penner made as a fellow seem to have helped him win his current post as the head of the Congressional Budget Office, traditionally a Democratic enclave.

AEI was the first think tank to discover the power of taking ideas directly to the public, bypassing the formal big-university filtering system. In 1975, when AEI was still small, it began to distribute op-ed articles written by its adjunct scholars. Then it started to send free taped commentaries to radio stations—now a practice of many think tanks—and later packaged a television show.

Around the time of the Carter-Ford election, when conservative money was beginning to flow, AEI sharply increased its roster of resident scholars—thinkers physically located in the Washington office, as opposed to adjunct scholars, whose main jobs are elsewhere—and gave them impressive, academic-sounding titles, such as the George Frederick Jewett Scholar in Public Policy Research (this is Michael Novak's position). “My father always said we would need to achieve a critical mass of people in the city”—people available to meet with congressmen and reporters, and press home conservative views—Baroody, Jr., told me. Such a mass would also make a pool of ready candidates for appointment to Administration positions.

A primary objective of all think tanks, regardless of ideology, is to be employment agencies for Presidents, in order both to influence policy and to crown the organization with prestige. Getting a high-level job “is what you live for in a think tank,” says Lawrence Korb, formerly of the Defense Department and now an executive of Raytheon Corporation. “Talk centers on it obsessively.” Korb notes that think-tank personnel make good appointees partly because they are eagerly available. “All you have to do to move from AEI to the Administration is walk across the street,” he says. “You don't have to move your family to D.C., because you're already there. You don't have to give up a good job you might not get back, because the think tank will always take you back. You don't have to put your assets into some kind of complicated trust, because if your background is academics, you don't have any assets. And a businessman or lawyer coming into government usually has to make a financial sacrifice. To someone from academia, on the other hand, \$60,000 [the typical pay for high-level appointees] is a raise.”

Essential to all think tanks are events at which donors rub shoulders with Washington personages. The less such events seem like fund-raisers, and the more like *Meet the Press*, the better. Each summer AEI stages a World Forum, hosted by Gerald Ford, in Vail, Colorado, for chief executives of corporations that make contributions. In December it holds a Public Policy Week, during which the insti-



tute's offices are converted into a sort of intellectual theme park. In 1984 the week was topped off by a "gala Public Policy Dinner" at which Reagan addressed 1,200 guests in evening clothes. Lesser luncheons and breakfasts are held almost continually: conservatives seem to think best while eating. Even the Ethics and Public Policy Center, with a staff of just sixteen, in 1984 held one "major" conference and two medium ones, a black-tie dinner, a reception in the Capitol building, eight "dinner seminars," many luncheons, and a breakfast at which Representative Jack Kemp and National Security Advisor Robert McFarlane spoke.

Like most think tanks, AEI raises money each year;

only Brookings and Hoover have substantial endowments. AEI drew 51 percent of its \$12 million budget for 1985 (up from \$4 million a decade ago) from corporate donations, the highest corporate-support percentage of the major think tanks. The institute has twenty-seven trustees, most of them executives of corporations that are donors. Fourteen of the twenty-seven are from defense contractors, drug companies, or banks—businesses with a special interest in government decisions. An advocate of relaxed anti-trust laws, AEI notes in its current annual report that "the wave of corporate mergers led to a reduction of more than \$100,000" in its support last year, because several friendly companies were gobbled out of existence.

AEI has a new headquarters building (about half of which it plans to lease) under construction on Pennsylvania Avenue, halfway between the White House and the Hill. "The historic Pennsylvania Avenue location, Washington's corridor of power, will enable our scholars and fellows to interact more readily with key policy makers," an AEI publication reads. Aside from suggesting a picture of scholars poised on the roof, arms outstretched like antennae to receive emanations from Congress and the executive, this invocation of a large new building, and the commitment to the future that it represents, shows that AEI does not expect government to wither away. "Very little of our output involves calls for the abolition of government agencies," says Walter Olson, an AEI fellow.

Heritage

"WE'RE NOT HERE TO BE SOME KIND OF PH.D. committee giving equal time," says Burton Pines, a vice-president of Heritage. "Our role is to provide conservative public-policy makers with arguments to bolster our side. We're not troubled over this. There are plenty of think tanks on the other side."

Although Heritage officially calls itself "nonpartisan" (tax laws require this charade), in practice it is actively aligned with the Administration. Just after the 1980 elections Heritage published a thousand-page book called *Mandate for Leadership*, which contained an elaborate series of policy recommendations for nearly every federal agency. When Reagan was re-elected, Heritage issued a successor volume; the pair are popularly known as *Mandate I* and *Mandate II*.

Probably no other documents have been as widely circulated in Washington during the past five years as *Mandate I* and *Mandate II*, and by any standard they are impressive. Each reflects a detailed understanding of how the federal government actually works (as opposed to how it officially works) and addresses the sort of questions that are short on media appeal but critical in Washington: how to motivate the bureaucracy, how to get bills through committee, and so on. Recommendations range from the hard-to-dispute (greater competition in health care) to the intriguing (private management of wilderness areas, and "transportation enterprise zones") to the suspiciously pro-regulatory (a requirement that U.S. attorneys file "victims impact statements") to calls for that Washington perennial the presidential commission. There are discussions of government offshoots as obscure as the Federal Financing Bank Advisory Board and the Interagency Coordinating Council.

Heritage also produces a blizzard of lesser materials: more than 200 books, monographs, and legislative analyses in 1984, and numerous "executive memos," many labeled "RUSH!" Just how much of Heritage's advice is actually taken by the Administration is hard to judge. Heritage likes to assert that 60 percent of the policy recommendations in *Mandate I* were adopted, but it's impossible to say how many of the developments for which it claims credit

would have happened anyway. For instance, Heritage associates itself with the idea for Star Wars, because the book *High Frontier*, by the retired general Daniel Graham, was released under its auspices in 1982; but pressure for a space defense program had been building quietly in many Washington quarters for several years. In other cases Reagan's action went beyond what Heritage advised. *Mandate I* said that the mission of the Community Services Administration should be "redefined." In his first budget David Stockman abolished the CSA altogether (one of the few government-program terminations that Reagan has actually carried out).

At one time Heritage had an image as a warren of loonies. But by 1985 even *The Washington Post* was treating it with respect. One reason for this grudging acceptance is that the warming trend in conservative theory has reached Heritage, too. Since Reagan's election Heritage publications have rarely employed New Right rhetoric and have been surprisingly quiet on "social agenda" questions. *Mandate II* contained only a single paragraph on school prayer—making the nebulous recommendation that Reagan publicize the efforts of the states to restore public praying—but offered eighteen pages on the Department of Commerce. Paul Weyrich, a founder of Heritage, resigned from it in 1975 in order to start the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, which is now closer than Heritage to Jesse Helms and Jerry Falwell. Many Heritage analysts are uncomfortable with these cable-TV-style conservatives, in part because some items on their wish list are unconstitutional and in part because the anti-intellectual hostility that animates the far right is as likely to find its target at Heritage as anywhere else.

In fact, when reading studies like the *Mandate* volumes, one gets the feeling that Heritage is trying to calm down its own constituency as much as to flay the liberals. Sections patiently explain why even the President can't just shut down whole agencies or cancel programs overnight. Having preached for some time that "if only we had the White House there'd be a few changes around here," organizations like Heritage now need to produce convincing reasons why many of the promised changes haven't been made. There is a more immediately practical consideration here too. If government actually did wither away, Heritage fellows would be out of jobs. Donors must be gently given to understand that the touch is going to be put on them far into the future.

The foundation's office is on Capitol Hill, and this choice of location is significant. Being on the Hill allows Heritage to woo the young staff aides in Congress, the ones who will someday occupy heavy-hitting positions downtown. Almost every day Heritage holds an event at which food is served—cold cuts and beer being reliable bait for young staff. It also hosts biweekly networking sessions called the Third Generation lectures, which consistently draw a hundred or more Hill staffers.

Heritage fellows are expected to get out of the office and work the congressional committees. By doing this kind of

grunt work—the kind that more self-important think tanks shun—Heritage keeps a step ahead of the news and avoids depending heavily on the kind of official statements that are impressive from afar but bear little relation to what's really going on. Most of its leading thinkers—Dinsh D'Souza, Stuart Butler, Milton Copulos, Anna Kondratas, Adam Meyerson, Phil Truluck—are young and not yet names. "I worry about losing the courage to send a twenty-seven-year-old in to brief a senator or testify about a Heritage position," Burton Pines says. "If we started hiring older people with safe, established reputations, we would lose our cutting edge." Heritage's young Turks make more mistakes than the cautious, experienced analysts at AEI, but they are also willing to take chances on ideas that have not been sanctioned by the capital's mentioning apparatus. Their pay is good but not grand—the development of conservatives willing to pursue something other than money being, perhaps, the most significant sign of changed times in institutional Washington.

Heritage has a media strategy similar to its personnel policy: it goes after the little fish in the press as well as the big. "During the time the elite media was ignoring us, we discovered that there are 1,600 dailies and weeklies around the country," Pines says. "Statistically, most people don't get their news from the big media; they get it from little papers." So Heritage began to send copies of its studies, topped by press releases in what Pines calls "easy-to-read form specially designed for reporters and editors," to the small papers. Each study mailed, Heritage found, produces 200 to 500 stories. Often the press release is published verbatim. When the story comes in, Heritage sends a copy of the clipping to the congressman in whose district it appeared.

Preaching government contraction has helped Heritage expand rapidly. Its largest source of money—providing at least \$5 million over the past decade—has been Richard Mellon Scaife, a great-grandson of the banker Thomas Mellon. From a personal fortune estimated at \$150 million Scaife gives about \$10 million annually to conservative causes through the Carthage, Allegheny, and Sarah Scaife foundations. The next largest conservative donor, the Olin Foundation, gives about \$5 million annually to various causes, while the Coors and Smith Richardson foundations each give about \$3 million a year.

Scaife cultivates a secretive demeanor and refuses to speak to reporters. When Karen Rothmyer, a contributing editor of the *Columbia Journalism Review* and the author of what is now the standard work on Scaife, approached him for an interview, Scaife assailed her with a volley of obscenities. Scaife's name rarely appears in Heritage promotional literature, though there are frequent references to Joseph Coors, an affable person associated with a high-quality yuppie product.

Unlike AEI, which received about \$500,000 in federal grants last year, and CSIS, whose budget is roughly 15 percent federal, Heritage takes no government grants. It draws by far the highest proportion of general public sup-

port, getting about a third of its budget from small donors. Heritage receives major donations from its trustees Shelby Cullom Davis, a wealthy New York financier, and the one-time New York gubernatorial candidate Lewis Lehrman (who, despite having his own, competing think tank, was the head of a recent Heritage fund drive), the Reader's Digest Association, and many corporations, primarily oil and defense firms. Recently it has amassed its first endowment, for an Asian Studies Center. Several conservative think tanks are active in Asian affairs, because Taiwanese and South Korean industrialists are big givers acutely concerned with Washington access.

CSIS

THE CENTER FOR STRATEGIC AND INTERNATIONAL Studies, like Hoover at Stanford, is a conservative policy center attached to a generally liberal university (in this case, Georgetown). Unlike Hoover, CSIS is located well away from the parent campus: its offices on K Street, Washington's legal row, have the aspect of an investment-banking firm.

Perhaps because of its emphasis on international affairs, CSIS is the most aristocratic of the think tanks, and the most ceremonial. Big names abound. Henry Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and James Schlesinger are "senior scholar-statesmen in residence." Other CSIS names are Thomas Moorer, a former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; Ray Cline, a former deputy CIA director for intelligence; the authors Walter Laqueur and Michael Ledeen; the military analyst Edward Luttwak; and the economist Paul Craig Roberts. The most recent CSIS annual report resembles a social directory, listing a sixty-five person advisory board, a fourteen-person executive board, a twenty-seven-person international research council, staff, and a hundred scholars. The 1984 report listed 578 CSIS forum participants, plus more roundtables, symposia, and colloquia than any one person could ever attend. It also managed to drop Kissinger's name thirty-four times.

Because CSIS is heavy with people who would accept only top positions, it sent few into the Reagan Administration—Chester Crocker, the author of the Administration's "constructive engagement" policy toward South Africa, is its only prominent alumnus. Big names mean big overhead: Kissinger, Brzezinski, and Schlesinger have separate suites, perhaps to keep their ego fields from interacting. The big names are expected to "bring money with them" (to use the think-tank argot), raising a portion of the overhead from foundation contacts or on the cocktail-party circuit. A recent CSIS newsletter noted, "James Schlesinger . . . met with senior leadership of Texaco Inc. to discuss a number of defense and energy policy issues and to share a personal perspective on contemporary geopolitics."

Geopolitical perspectives are also shared at the annual shoulder-rubbing roundtables that CSIS holds in Washington, Dallas, Houston, and Miami (additional events in Los

Angeles and Chicago are planned). Entrée to such occasions generally requires about a \$5,000 donation. The chief executive officers of large corporate donors received a "high-level CSIS briefing" in Washington for the second Reagan inauguration (whenever CEOs come to town, they expect important-sounding things to do), and CSIS stages a prestigious annual retreat in Williamsburg, Virginia, similar to AEI's Colorado gathering.

CSIS's output in the press and on TV is second to none. "We had more than 2,500 media appearances in 1984, and it's going to add up to more in 1985, because Beirut has been a big story and we have most of Washington's world-class terrorism experts here," William Taylor, the executive director of CSIS, told me recently. He handed over a copy of the center's media guide: "When a big story breaks, this is a media bible." The guide is cross-referenced and includes the home phone numbers of several CSIS officers who run an "alert system." If an important international story develops at night or over a weekend, CSIS fellows call in to the office, forming a duty rotation of experts available for interviews and television appearances.

CSIS thus performs a valued service for the major media, creating instant access to former officials who are presumed to have inside information. Some of the media return the favor: *The New York Times* and NBC News are among CSIS's financial supporters. Brzezinski, Cline, Laqueur, the retired CIA director Richard Helms, a retired chief of staff of the Army, General Edward Meyer, and others make up the center's Steering Committee on Terrorism, as if CSIS itself had something other than words to steer. (Committees are a favorite think-tank gambit for lending the appearance of formal policy-making responsibilities. After Reagan's re-election the Hudson Institute announced a Committee on the Next Agenda composed of many prominent names. This committee earned the president of Hudson, Thomas Bell, lunch at the White House and a photo opportunity with Reagan, but compared with the thoughtful *Mandate II* its report was a comic book. The thirteen single-spaced pages of generalities advocated, for example, "a national commission to report on the quality of family life" and the creation of yet another government post, for a cabinet-level "broker" who would "play an important coordination function in government" by reconciling "overlapping defense, foreign, economic and trade areas"—which sounds suspiciously like what the President is supposed to do.)

CSIS also performs a valued service for the State Department, staging forums for visiting diplomats whom the department doesn't quite know what to do with (whenever foreign leaders come to town, they too expect important-sounding things to do) and sometimes conducting semi-sanctioned negotiations that avoid the tortuosities of official government contacts. A CSIS team preceded Reagan on his visit to China.

Both Taylor, the executive director, and Amos Jordan, who has succeeded David Abshire, the founder, as presi-

dent, were once Army instructors at West Point. Nevertheless, CSIS has not refrained from criticism of the military. Senior Fellow Edward Luttwak's recent *The Pentagon and the Art of War* is scorching; CSIS's most successful project in 1984 was a study, signed by six of the seven living former secretaries of defense, calling for reform of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The test of this study's success is that it made Navy Secretary John Lehman—whose service would stand to lose in most JCS reform plans—furious. Melissa Healy and Michael Duffy reported in *Defense Week*, a trade newsletter for the defense industry, that Lehman worked behind the scenes to block the CSIS report.

Scaife—who was also unhappy about the Joint Chiefs of Staff study—is CSIS's biggest donor, having given at least \$7 million in the past decade. (CSIS and Georgetown raise funds separately; there is some hostility between the center and the school, mainly because CSIS fellows can make twice as much as Georgetown professors while being spared the drudgery of correcting blue books.) Other important donors include the Ford, Rockefeller, MacArthur, and Noble foundations; the Prince Charitable Trust; Hallmark Cards, Inc.; eleven defense contractors; and Sheikh Salman al Hethlain and Prince Turki bin Abdulaziz (CSIS has a "Middle East" project, appealing to Arab-American interests, and also a "Near East" project, of more interest to pro-Israel groups).

Cato

LAST JUNE, ON A DAY WHEN SAVINGS ACCOUNTS IN Maryland were frozen because the state's private deposit-insurance company had collapsed, the Cato Institute held a Capitol Hill forum to advocate that private deposit-insurance companies replace the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation. "It is my belief that consumers would be willing to give up their federal guarantees in return for deposits backed by triple-A corporate bonds," Catherine England, a Cato analyst, declared. Senior staffers from the Joint Economic Committee, the Treasury Department, the Federal Trade Commission, the Office of Management and Budget, and other agencies had come to listen.

In a sense, no one took the session seriously. At a time when banks were teetering, the political prospects of abolishing federal deposit insurance were slim to nonexistent. Yet in another sense there was great interest, as the attendance showed. Cato is in the vanguard of market thinking, and Washington is as fascinated today by market theories as it was twenty years ago by big-government theories. During the forum Bert Ely, another Cato speaker, said that banks could protect their deposits through a system of self-insurance. An official from the Farm Credit Administration rose to protest: that was the way that FCA affiliates had been insured, the system hadn't worked, and Cato was "completely ignoring the real world." To a libertarian this is not necessarily an insult.



Cato was once close to the Libertarian Party, whose presidential candidate managed to win one percent of the vote in 1980. The Libertarian Party believes that government should go away, period. Its candidate in 1984, David Bergland, vowed to abolish the CIA, the FBI, the IRS, Social Security, and public schools. If citizens wanted national defense, he said, they could band together and contract for it voluntarily.

That was too much even for Cato. It continues, however, to say that almost all government regulation should end: that in an information-rich society like ours, consumers exert enough pressure on industry through their buying habits to prevent abuses, and to the extent that they fail to exert pressure, that's their problem. Cato wants a phased withdrawal of U.S. troops from Europe and South Korea, and an end to other entangling alliances. Government, in its view, should exist only to provide police protection, enforce contracts, and repel invasions. Cato's hero is Friedrich Hayek, who won the Nobel Prize for economics in 1974 and is the godfather of the "Austrian school," dear to the hearts of many on the right. Hayek recently attached his name to Cato by becoming a senior fellow, the institute having campaigned long and hard to get him. Hayek proposes abolishing the uniform national currency and instead using private-label money issued by business. "What is so dangerous and ought to be done away with is not government's right to issue money but the *exclusive* right to do so and their power to force people to use it and accept it at a particular price," he has written.

In summary form, this sounds like a crackpot idea. It's not, although neither is it practical—and that sums up much of libertarian thinking. As a logical exercise one can imagine competing "brands" of currency driving monetary exchange values to a perfect level and increasing economic efficiency. In the real world, where people's hopes and fears add non-logical considerations, private currency might spawn catastrophe. Still, speculation about such matters can result in smaller insights that are applicable under real conditions. An example is the work for Cato done by Peter Ferrara, an attorney, who proposes that Social Security be replaced with a form of private super-IRA accounts. The plan has faults, but it is the kind of not-so-crazy-as-it-sounds idea that may ultimately inspire practical change.

Libertarianism springs from the American West: Cato, the Pacific Institute, and the Reason Foundation, all libertarian, were all started in California. On its good side libertarianism reflects the dream of the American West—of the individual above all, with society constantly forming and reforming itself to reflect individual aspiration. Culturally, the eastern United States is Europe transplanted, with many Old World habits and class expectations continuing to operate at a subtle level. The West is the world made new, and its residents need not honor what they left behind. Here, though, is libertarianism's bad side—a desire to renounce all social obligations and live as if the United States had no poverty and no enemies.

Cato gets the largest portion of its \$1.3 million annual budget through Charles Koch, the son of a Kansas oilman, who has given around \$5 million to libertarian causes, and it has also received significant support from his brother David, the Libertarian Party's vice-presidential candidate in 1980. Other donors include Shelby Cullom Davis, several oil and chemical firms, and the American Broadcasting Company. Scaife is a major sponsor, but he insists that his money be spent only on economic studies, not on international affairs, because Cato favors reduced military spending. Cato is the only one of the new think tanks to have no major defense contractors among its supporters.

The chairmanship of Cato was assumed last year by William Niskanen, a former member of the Council of Economic Advisers. Niskanen entered the libertarian hall of fame when, in 1980, as director of economics at Ford Motor Company, he was fired for publicly opposing the company's campaign for quotas on imported cars, which he said would only hurt consumers.

The Good Old Days

INTELLECTUALLY, IT IS ALWAYS EASIER TO BE THE PARTY out of power, and conservative think tanks often exhibit a certain nostalgia for the good old days, when Carter was President and taking the blame. Indeed, their work sometimes gives the impression that he *is* still President.

Failures of federal agencies to reduce regulation are decried as though Reagan did not now control the agencies. Recent issues of Heritage's *Policy Review* have declared that a government agency director is "judged by the standard of whether what he does corresponds to the conventional (liberal) wisdom" and that "one faces intellectual ostracism for uttering the words 'Cold War.'" (A mantra popular among conservative intellectuals is the sentence that begins with a phrase like "No one dares say . . .") A *Policy Review* critic called the book *I, Martha Adams*, in which Russian troops invade the United States and slaughter millions, "a conservative's dream novel." An article by Midge Decter, the head of the Manhattan-based Committee for the Free World, announced, "As a society we do not even any longer have the moral courage to cast out in horror—a horror we all feel—the child pornographer, the pedophile, the committer of incest. We hem and haw and let the courts decide." Unless Times Square is a microcosm of middle America, this last is as far out of touch with the nation's political mood as the left ever strayed. And by the way, aren't courts *supposed* to determine the punishment for crimes?

It's good business for conservative think tanks to suggest that even after five years of a strong conservative President, a Republican Senate, and a popular conservative mandate, liberalism is still secretly controlling Washington. Foreign affairs are the focus of many such complaints: liberals are somehow preventing bomber pilots from spotting terrorists; many of the new think tanks have

demanding full economic sanctions against Libya, even as lobbyists for U.S. oil companies, which continue to operate there, have petitioned the Administration for more trade freedom.

Perhaps the climactic moment of conservative nostalgia for the days when somebody else was to blame occurred last May. The Shavano Institute, a think tank affiliated with Hillsdale College, in Michigan—which is to the right approximately what Antioch is to the left—held a Washington conference. Kirkpatrick was the featured guest. Frank Shakespeare, who was serving as chairman, had helped arrange \$45,000 in federal funding—the type of self-serving use of public money that drives conservatives wild when liberal groups are the beneficiaries. The purpose of the conference was to prove that the United States and the Soviet Union are not “morally equivalent.” The idea that they are equivalent carries no weight in the United States except with fringe groups, but does have some respectable backing in Europe. All the heavy artillery of conservatism was there, and the participants were speaking to their own.

The writer Tom Wolfe kicked off the event by saying, “I want to congratulate you all on the courage that you’ve shown in coming here,” as though secret-police agents were circulating in the audience, jotting down names, when in fact attendance was a career plum. Joseph Sobran, an editor of *National Review*, suggested that nefarious forces were blocking the production of anti-Communist movies, adding, “Sometimes I wonder if there’s some sort of ideological Hays Office operating in Hollywood, protecting the viewing public from the indecorous manifestations of the Cold War mentality.” The conference was held two weeks before the premiere of *Rambo*.

The secretary of education, William Bennett, said, “Much of what goes on in the American classroom today is expressly designed to prevent our future intellectuals from telling the difference between American and Soviet values.” Irving Kristol complained that *peace* has become “a Stalinist word” and that it has “acquired such momentum that no one dares come out and speak against the use of the word *peace*.” He then dared, objecting to the name of the Peace Corps.

Michael Novak predicted that “over the next five years the greatest historical expansion of Soviet power beyond the postwar boundaries of the USSR is likely to be attempted.” (What, then, did the Reagan defense buildup accomplish?) Tom Bethell, a former AEI fellow and a writer for *The American Spectator*, said that “the ideology which undergirds the American press is congruent with, in some sense, the ideology of the Soviet Union” (though “to make any such observation is a complete violation of etiquette”) and that “we do not hear . . . any explicit discussion of the socialist ideology and we certainly do not find any criticism of it in the news”—which requires one to exclude from “the news” the papers with the largest and second largest circulations in the country, *The Wall Street Journal* and *USA Today*.

Arnold Beichman, a Hoover fellow, said that “we are debating and negotiating among ourselves while the Soviet Union need debate nothing, protected as it is by a powerful liberal-left phalanx in the American media, the academy, the professions, and above all in the Congress of the United States.” R. Emmett Tyrrell, the editor of *The American Spectator*, declared that the rock singer Madonna wore funny clothes because she was “influenced by American liberalism.”

Directed Conclusions

“THE WHOLE TRANSFORMATION OF CONSERVATIVE philosophy was really begun by just a handful of people,” Michael Horowitz says, and he names Richard Larry, the grant director for the Sarah Scaife Foundation; Michael Joyce, the grant director for the Olin Foundation; and Leslie Lenkowsky, who once controlled grant awards for the Smith Richardson Foundation and moved to AEI after his nomination as deputy director of the U.S. Information Agency fell through because he became embroiled in the conflict over the agency’s blacklisting of liberal speakers. “They understood that just by funding a few writers and a few chairs they could make a breakthrough.” Scaife and Olin are principal donors to Heritage, CSIS, the Ethics and Public Policy Center, Cato, the Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis, *The American Spectator* magazine, the Committee on the Present Danger, the Manhattan Institute, the Capital Legal Foundation, the Reason Foundation, and other new conservative think tanks and foundations. Walter Williams—whose recent book *The State Against Blacks* contains such nuggets as “Discrimination may be defined as an act of choice based upon utility maximization”—Irving Kristol, the conservative criminologist Ernest van den Haag, and Richard McKenzie, a rising young market economist affiliated with Heritage and Cato, all hold John M. Olin chairs at their universities.

The regularity with which the same thinkers’ names appear on think-tank rosters is as remarkable as the regularity with which Scaife and Olin are listed as donors. Kristol, the editor of *The Public Interest*, is also the publisher of the new neo-conservative journal *The National Interest*, a member of the board of editors for *Regulation*, an AEI fellow, a Hudson fellow, and an adviser to the Lehrman and Manhattan institutes. Midge Decter is a Heritage trustee, an Ethics and Public Policy Center director, a member of the Committee on the Present Danger (CPD), a Hudson fellow, and an advisory-board member for *The National Interest*. Martin Anderson, of Hoover, is also a Hudson fellow, a Reason adviser, and a member of the board of the CPD. Michael Novak has affiliations with AEI, the CPD, the Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis, and Hudson; Ernest Lefever with the Ethics and Public Policy Center, the CPD, and Heritage; Thomas Gale Moore, of Hoover and recently named to the Council of Economic Advisers, with AEI, Cato, and Reason. James Buchanan, of the Center

for Study of Public Choice, is also an adjunct scholar at AEI and Cato, and an adviser to Hoover, Reason, and the Political Economy Research Center. The leaders of the three major conservative think tanks—William Baroody, of AEI, Edwin Feulner, of Heritage, and David Abshire, of CSIS—once served together as aides to Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird.

The recurrence of the same names makes it fair to ask if what appears to be a conservative intellectual groundswell is really just multiple manifestations of one phenomenon. Perhaps twenty years must pass before this question can be answered fully, but a reasonable guess is no. Since ideas run in cycles, an uprising against liberal theory was bound to occur someday (just as there will someday be a liberal revival in which some of the currently regnant conservative ideas are discredited). Equally important, during the 1970s millions of Americans came to the conclusion that liberalism was asleep at the wheel.

But now that conservatism is the fashion, the overlap of names and places suggests a society of like-minded people reinforcing one another's preconceived notions and rejecting any thinking that does not fit the mold—practicing what consultants call the art of “directed conclusions.”

Cato, for example, flatly states that it will not release any study that calls for a government program. The institute's president, Edward Crane, says that he receives one or two commissioned reports each year that are “inconsistent,” and he does not publish them. The analyst Jonathan Stein lost his job at CSIS several months after he published a book highly critical of Star Wars, the study of

which is worth millions to think tanks that toe the line. (CSIS denies there was any connection.) AEI has criticized Reagan Administration decisions, but when I skimmed through its publications catalogue, I was hard pressed to find any title that looked as if it would upset a corporate sponsor—and the 1977 study “Lobbying: A Constitutionally Protected Right” probably did not damage that year's fund-raising campaign.

In 1983 Navy Secretary Lehman awarded management of the Center for Naval Analyses, a semi-independent organization similar to the Rand Corporation, to the Hudson Institute. This added \$17 million to Hudson's consolidated revenues. Hudson, for its part, named Lehman's friend Francis West a vice-president and put under him a project on a “history of the 600-ship Navy,” the Navy Secretary's most treasured goal. On contract to Hoosiers for Economic Development, Hudson issued a report on whether acid rain is really a problem. Hudson's headquarters is in Indianapolis; Indiana is a producer of the sulfur-bearing coals that cause acid rain. Take a wild guess as to what the Hoosiers for Economic Development study concludes.

The Heritage Foundation was among the first to notice the rising “military reform” movement (which is by no means anti-defense). In 1979 Heritage released a study endorsing military reform in general terms. Later it commissioned George W. S. Kuhn, a former Army captain, to write about the subject. Kuhn produced a report called “Ending Defense Stagnation,” which was published as a chapter of the book *Agenda '83*, midway through the *Mandate* series. Kuhn's report named names of weapons that didn't work and military commands that were redundant. He concluded, “Increased spending is not buying improved strength.”

Heritage management was initially enthusiastic about the study. A publicity blitz was mounted and copies were sent to the White House; there was considerable press coverage. Then the repercussions began. Caspar Weinberger was infuriated, probably because the report struck too close to home (several of the weapons and practices Kuhn criticized have been canceled or modified in the years since). Weinberger ordered each of the four services to write rebuttals. Lehman—who had been a roommate of Edwin Feulner's in Georgetown—sent the Navy rebuttal and an angry letter to Coors, who in turn called Feulner. Publicity efforts for the study instantly stopped. Kuhn was given the silent treatment, and no further Heritage work. References to his study have disappeared, Kremlin style, from Heritage literature.

To replace Kuhn, Heritage hired Theodore Crackel, a recently retired Army lieutenant colonel. According to Heritage sources, Crackel was chosen because it was believed that he would write nothing controversial: he was expected to produce ruminations about grand strategy, a general subject, without mentioning anything concerning money for specific contractors. To Heritage's dismay, Crackel proceeded to advocate reform of the Joint Chiefs

HENRY JAMES AT THE PACIFIC

—Coronado Beach, California, March, 1905

In a hotel room by the sea, the Master
Sits brooding on the continent he has crossed.
Not that he foresees immediate disaster,
Only a sort of freshness being lost—
Or should he go on calling it Innocence?
The sad-faced monsters of the plains are gone;
Wall Street controls the wilderness. There's an immense
Novel in all this waiting to be done,
But not, not—sadly enough—by him. His talents,
Such as they may be, want a different theme,
Rather more civilized than this, on balance.
For him now always the recurring dream
Is just the mild, dear light of Lamb House falling
Beautifully down the pages of his calling.

—Donald Justice

of Staff, the other big taboo. Reportedly, Lehman went through the ceiling.

"There was pressure brought to bear to scuttle certain aspects of that story," Crackel, who now works for General Electric's military-planning division, told me recently. At first the report was to be published separately, but Lehman persuaded Feulner to withhold it, Crackel said. Eventually it was included as a chapter in *Mandate II*. "When it finally came out, Heritage made no effort to publicize it," Crackel said. "I had to call up newspapers myself to point out to them that it was in there."

While coming down hard on most government subsidies, Heritage has tiptoed lightly around the subject of the Synthetic Fuels Corporation. This federal agency is headed by Edward Noble, a trustee of the Samuel Robert Noble Foundation—which is one of Heritage's major contributors, having given more than \$1.2 million. *Mandate II* contained a single paragraph criticizing the SFC; a thick Heritage book called *Free Market Energy* barely mentioned synfuels. In the spring of 1985, when abolition of the SFC began to seem likely (the House voted to terminate all synfuels spending, and Noble made an abortive attempt to award \$744 million in extra subsidies before his authority expired), Heritage issued a backgrounder on "salvaging the Synthetic Fuels Corporation." The two synfuels projects that would have received most of the extra \$744 million that Noble tried to confer are owned by Dow and Union Petrochemical. Both are listed by Heritage as "major" contributors.

Several conservative analysts to whom I mentioned these incidents answered by saying. Would Brookings in the 1960s have published a report attacking federal funds for mass transit or education? Perhaps not. But one side's mental blind spots hardly justify the other's.

Looking Out for Number One

A COMMON COMPLAINT ABOUT WASHINGTON INSTITUTIONS is that no matter how well intentioned they are at birth, by adolescence they have learned to put self-preservation ahead of purpose. Anti-poverty agencies provide nice livings for Ph.D.s and "service facilitators" but not much in the way of poverty reduction. Idealistic young lawyers come to town to file class-action suits and end up on K Street defending the Teamsters. Think tanks are established to fight the deficit and end up adding to it.

Since all the new conservative think tanks are nonprofit, donations to them are tax deductible—which means that each time their budgets grow, the federal debt grows as well. Inasmuch as most large individual contributors are in the 50 percent bracket, a \$100 donation to a conservative think tank costs the donor \$50 and the U.S. Treasury \$50. A \$100 corporate donation costs a company in the top, 46 percent bracket \$54 and the Treasury \$46. The government, in effect, pays half the cost of condemning government spending. Nonprofit status also permits conservative think tanks to use federally subsidized postal rates.

Walking through the halls at Heritage and Cato not long ago, I had to remind myself continually that, as a reporter, I was the one who represented private enterprise. The new think tanks are tax favored. They make their money not by selling products but by taking gifts. A high percentage of their scholars began at tax-supported universities, and the greatest aspiration for many is a government job. The major publications of conservatism—the think-tank periodicals, plus *Commentary*, *The Public Interest*, and *The American Spectator*—are produced by tax-exempt foundations operating off the dole.

Tax preferences are another of those phenomena that people object to "in principle" when what they really mean is that they object to who gets the deal. Since the liberal think tanks make use of nonprofit status, it would be unreasonable to expect the conservative think tanks not to. But their philosophy might lead one to expect them to call for the abolition of this indulgence, as part of the general campaign to reduce the federal deficit and lower taxes. This they most definitely do not do. In fact, one Reagan initiative that many new think tanks have fought is tax reform—because, while helping most taxpayers, it would hurt them.

Reagan's tax manifesto of November, 1984, known as Treasury I, proposed cutting the top individual rate to 35 percent and the top corporate rate to 33 percent, which would have substantially reduced the basic tax burden but would have raised the effective cost of \$100 think-tank donations to \$65 for an individual and \$67 for a corporation. Treasury I would further have barred non-itemizers from claiming deductions for contributions and would have allowed itemizers to claim deductions only for gifts in excess of two percent of adjusted gross income (a level that few reach). These proposals were part of a plan to make taxes lower, simpler, and more neutral. The think tanks were not amused.

Heritage called on Reagan to stop "flirting with these 'flat' tax proposals" and instead seek gradual changes "over the next few years." The Heritage recommendations were written by Norman Ture, whose own Institute for Research on the Economics of Taxation receives more favorable tax treatment under the status quo. When the second Reagan tax plan, Treasury II, which did away with the two-percent floor and made other concessions to nonprofit organizations, was released last spring, Heritage fired off a RUSH! memorandum labeling the new plan "a clear improvement."

Those who don't like government may chortle at the idea of using tax preferences to support anti-government theorizing, but the practice is offensive for two reasons. First, if the ultimate goal is to reduce the portion of GNP consumed by government—a fine goal—somebody somewhere must agree to surrender his special favors and pay his own way. No matter how much is done to cut the budget, as long as net spending is in deficit every dollar deducted from one person's taxes must be added either to someone else's or to the debt. Second, by using tax prefer-

ences the think tanks are dodging the “true cost” test that they advocate everyone else undergo. If giving \$100 to thinkers creates \$100 worth of value in the form of profound opinions, press clips, or whatever, why shouldn’t it cost \$100?

The Terms Transformed

BESIDES USING UP EVERY CONCEIVABLE VARIATION ON titles like “In Defense of a Free Market” and “Strategic Realities for the Eighties,” what, on balance, have the new think tanks accomplished?

They’ve routed a generation of assumptions about government; today even Brookings’s hottest scholar, Robert Crandall, is a market thinker. By and large the new conservatives have been graceful in victory—certainly more graceful than the liberal intellectuals who, during their heyday, in the 1960s, held the losing side in scalding contempt. They’ve created an intellectual competitor for the university system, which is good, and rendered it dependent on not offending corporate patrons, which is bad. They have produced a substantial body of worthwhile commentary but few true thunderbolts, considering the sums of money and time invested. “The really big ideas are not going to be funded,” Kenneth Adelman says. He is both a think-tank alumnus and a paying customer of think tanks in his role as the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. “Think tanks are good at controlled studies of specific questions. But the really big ideas, the breakthroughs, come from outside the system. They pop up in journals written by someone you never heard of who had no outside help.”

Perhaps the most lasting contribution of the new think tanks is that they have transformed the terms of public-policy debate. In politics, words are map coordinates that show on whose territory a battle is being fought. Whenever liberalism succeeded in defining its goals as the public interest, in opposition to the private interest, victory was near. To the extent that conservatism can now define its goals in terms of the greater good, it can win on merit what it could once win only by quantity of campaign contributions.

One example of the transformation of terms is that discussions of entrepreneurship are now conducted using words like *spirit* and *vision*—glorifications, to be sure, but closer to the truth than some words of the 1960s, such as *greed*. Another example is the reaction to Charles Murray’s *Losing Ground*, the Washington intellectual event of 1985. Murray’s basic contention—that too much aid harms the poor—differs little from what George Gilder said in 1980 and Martin Anderson said in 1981. But Gilder and Anderson were mocked; Murray has been taken seriously. Now

Glenn Loury and others have begun to say much the same thing without evoking a backlash—for example, that in public schools where the Great Society prescription of admission formulas, lower standards, and due process has been administered, minority achievement has declined.

It may be that thinkers like Murray and Loury will ultimately be judged wrong. But the terms of debate will never again be the same. Government-imposed solutions will no longer automatically be considered to be in the best interest of the poor, leaving only the question, How much can we afford? Nor will market-mediated approaches automatically be considered apologies for the rich, leaving only the question, How much will we let them get away with?

Equally important—and here’s the good part—transforming the terms of debate has transformed conservatives themselves. The great fear regarding “warmed” conservative philosophy is that it conceals a hidden agenda: nice new reasons to ignore the luckless and the left out replace the nasty old ones. There’s an element of this especially in the Republican country-club set. But just as the new terms of political discourse make it harder to be a limousine liberal, they make it harder to be a troglodyte. Reagan himself, in discussing the issues, now uses a vocabulary entirely different from that of his campaign days. His mean little anecdote about vodka bought with food stamps has disappeared, and it’s hard to imagine it making a comeback. Precisely because the new think tanks have raised the standard of conservative thinking, conservative ideas that are poorly thought through or merely selfish stand much less chance today than they did in 1981.

“Look what happened to Anne Gorsuch,” Michael Horowitz says. “She never spent any time at a think tank. She wasn’t comfortable in the world of ideas. When it came time to make a decision, she would just check the box marked *C* for *conservative* without understanding why or following any vision other than her desire to be loyal to the Administration.

“But for her loyalty the White House caught hell over and over again, and the EPA was reduced to a circus. Other people, like William Baxter [the former assistant attorney general for antitrust] and Jim Miller [the Office of Management and Budget administrator], have accomplished far more in real policy terms than Gorsuch, without causing any shouts in the night, because they were at home in the world of ideas.”

Horowitz, who when I interviewed him was working in the Old Executive Office Building, ranked among the very few people in Washington who actually had a window commanding a view of the White House. “Look out that window,” he said. “Do you know how I got here? Ideas. Ideas do count. Ideas move nations.” □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

FANNY BRICE AND FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

TO FLO ZIEGFELD, entrepreneur of the sensual, a comedian was someone who kept audiences distracted while his beloved chorus girls were changing costumes. Still, he would have the best—Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Bert Williams—and when he heard Fanny sing “Sadie Salome” with a Yiddish accent in a Broadway burlesque, he knew that with her on stage his girls could take their time.

Fanny Brice was almost nineteen. She had been born on the Lower East Side and raised over a saloon in Newark. She was tall and skinny—a drawback in 1910, when chorus girls were, well, statuesque. Skinny was funny. A comedian could capitalize on skinny.

The dream of every dancer, singer, and comic in America was to make the Follies, so the day that Fanny arrived at work and was handed a telegram signed “Florenz Ziegfeld,” she thought it was a joke. She didn’t know that correspondence by telegram with people he saw every day was Ziegfeld’s style. On a hunch she telephoned. A moment later she was whooping down Broadway.

But in Ziegfeld’s presence she was suddenly speechless. She sat, knees together, fingers locked, hardly raising her eyes, and even when he offered her a job, she could answer only in monosyllables. Yes, she was underage when she signed her present contract (thank God). No, her mother did not co-sign it; her mother could not read or write (*Gott sei dank*). Yes, seventy-five dollars a week, next year a hundred, *would* do.

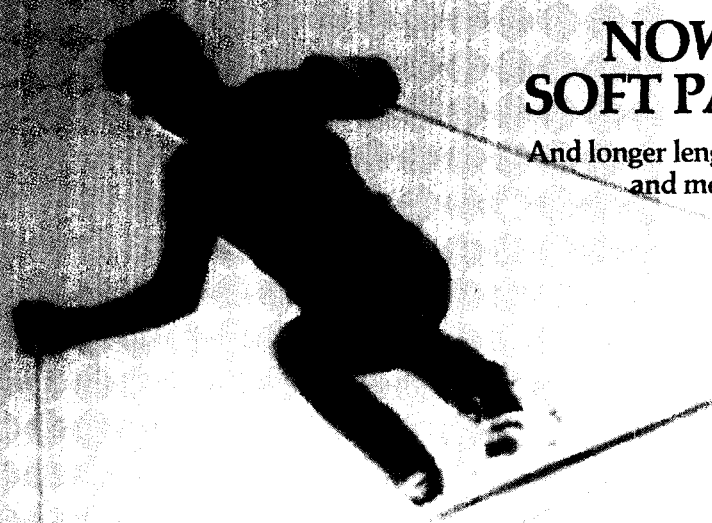
After she signed the contract, Fanny recovered enough to thank him in her most ladylike manner. She thanked the secretary. She thanked the doorman. Then she raced back down Broadway and stood outside the burlesque house all afternoon, grabbing people, *showing* them.

Many more contracts followed. For twenty years Fanny sang her funny/sad songs and lampooned ballet dancers with shapely figures and society ladies from Sutton Place and Oyster Bay. And Ziegfeld smiled his tender smile and wrote out his generous checks, because the Follies wasn’t the Follies without Fanny.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel

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MUSIC

MORE UNFINISHED SCHUBERT

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN

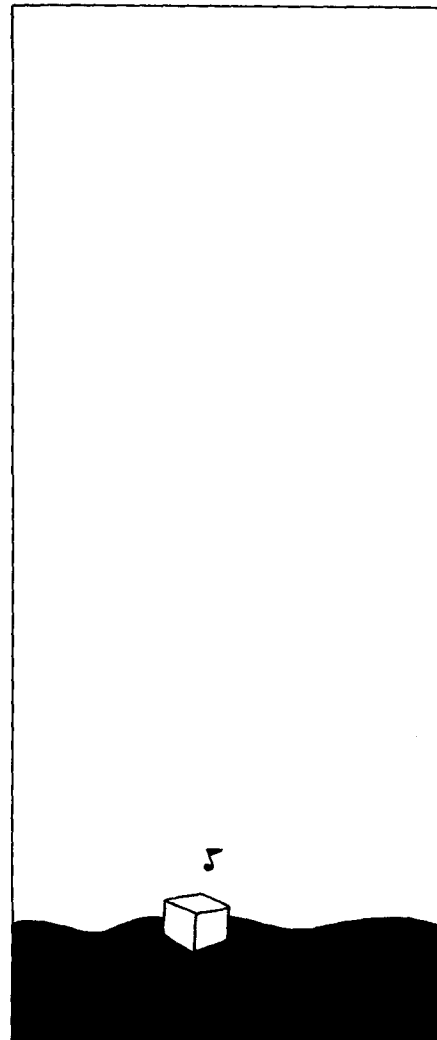
WHEN FRANZ SCHUBERT died, on November 19, 1828, at the age of thirty-one, not one of his symphonies had been published or even publicly performed. His greatest piano sonatas and almost all of his chamber works were also unpublished, and even his friends knew little of his instrumental music beyond his four-hand piano pieces. His reputation rested almost entirely on his songs. But the career of Beethoven, who had died the previous year, had established the symphony as the ultimate test of a composer's seriousness. Therefore the lack of known and published symphonies was, more than anything else, responsible for the myth, which lasted well into the present century, that Schubert was a "natural," intuitive composer, supremely gifted but not quite serious, lacking in the intellectual discipline and formal mastery necessary for the creation of major extended works.

All that has changed in the past fifty years or so. Schubert has taken his rightful place in the very first rank of composers, and when we think of him, we are just as likely to think of his two greatest symphonies, the Unfinished and the Great C Major, as of his songs. Moreover, his six early symphonies have at last become established in the standard repertoire. Long patronized by critics and scholars as "derivative" works, they are not profound, but they are subtly individual and thoroughly delightful, full of the promise of the greater things to come, and no one but Schubert could have written them.

There are, then, eight symphonies in the Schubert canon. But now a splendid new set of recordings, by Neville Martinson and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, has arrived from Philips, bearing the arresting title *Schubert: The 10 Symphonies* (LPs: Philips 412 176-1; cassettes: Philips 412 176-2; compact discs: Philips 412 176-4). How is this to be explained?

It was not long after Schubert's death that those who saw more in him than a promising young composer of charming

songs began to comb through his unpublished manuscripts. On New Year's Day of 1839 Robert Schumann discovered the Great C Major Symphony, buried in an iron chest in the house of Schubert's brother Ferdinand, and the work was performed on March 21 of that year, at a famous concert at the Leipzig Gewandhaus, with Schumann's friend Felix Mendelssohn conducting. The smaller C-major symphony that we know today as No. 6 had been performed a month after Schubert's death, at a memorial concert in Vienna, and Nos. 5 and 4 were performed, respectively, in 1841 and 1849. But they made little or no impression on the musical world at large.



The next significant event in the slow establishment of Schubert's reputation as a symphonist (and hence a fully serious composer) did not come until 1865, when the two movements of the Unfinished Symphony, which had turned up in the desk of Schubert's friend Anselm Hüttenbrenner, were performed, along with the finale of the still unheard No. 3, in Vienna. Nos. 1 through 3 had to wait until the late 1870s and early 1880s for their premieres, all of which took place at London's Crystal Palace. The Great C Major was published in 1840 (orchestral parts) and 1849 (score), and the Unfinished in 1867; the six early symphonies did not appear in print until the first two volumes of the Schubert *Gesamtausgabe* (Complete Edition) were published, in 1884 and 1885.

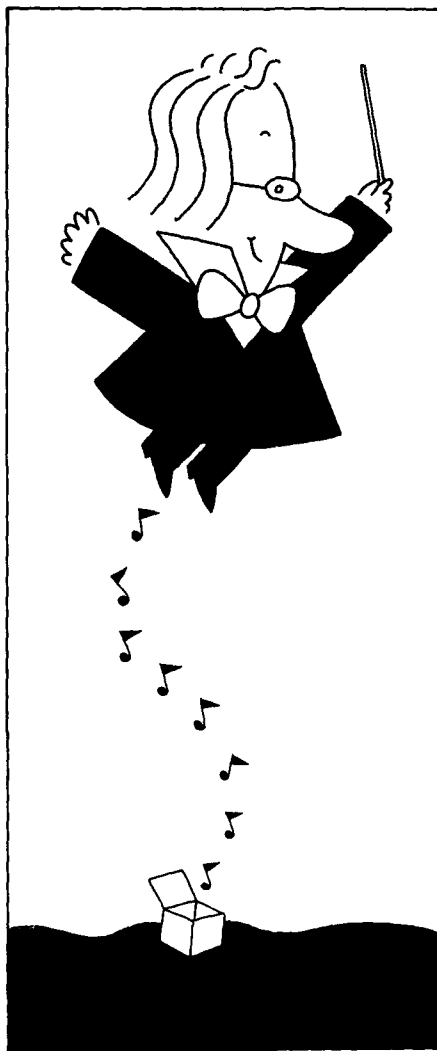
ALL THIS MYSTERY and melodrama—precious manuscripts rescued from chests and desk drawers—quite naturally created a burning desire on the part of Schubert enthusiasts to see if still more Schubert symphonies might be lying hidden somewhere. When the four-hand piano sonata in C major titled *Grand Duo* was published, in 1838, even before the discovery of the Great C Major Symphony, Schumann hopefully advanced the theory that Schubert had intended the work not as a sonata but as a symphony, and declared that it had obviously been written "under Beethoven's influence." Presumably, either Schubert had not got around to orchestrating it or the orchestral score had been lost. In 1855 the great violinist Joseph Joachim picked up Schumann's hint and orchestrated the work, dedicating his score to Schumann's wife, Clara. This score was published in 1873, and as late as 1935 no less an authority than D. F. Tovey gave it his seal of approval, in the first volume of his influential *Essays in Musical Analysis*. Unfortunately, this delightful work seems to have dropped out of the orchestral repertoire, and there is no recording currently in the catalogue. (An enchanting Toscanini broadcast performance from 1941 was once available on Historical Recording Enterprises HRE 285-1, a record well worth searching for despite its poor sound.)

The principal nineteenth-century English Schubert enthusiast was George Grove, the editor of the famous *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (1878–1889). In 1867 Grove visited Vienna in the company of fellow enthusiast Arthur Sullivan, later the collaborator of W. S.

Gilbert, and came away with copies of a number of Schubert manuscripts, including the three symphonies subsequently given their premieres at the Crystal Palace. Then in 1868 Grove obtained from Mendelssohn's brother the sketches for a symphony in E major that Schubert had composed in August of 1821. Contrary to his usual practice, Schubert had begun composing the work directly into full orchestral score. After orchestrating only 110 of its 1,350 bars, however, he had evidently realized that this method was slowing him down, and from then on he had sketched in only the principal voices. In 1881 Grove's friend John Francis Barnett prepared an orchestral version that was performed at the Crystal Palace in 1883. Unfortunately, Barnett's version is now lost. But a version prepared in 1934 by the great conductor Felix Weingartner can be heard, in a good performance by Heinz Rögner and the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra, on Spectrum SR-116, which may be ordered from Spectrum Records, Harriman, New York 10926.

It was also Grove who suggested, in 1881, that documentary evidence pointed to the existence of yet another Schubert symphony outside the canonical eight. A number of letters, to and from and about Schubert, along with several statements made by his friends after his death, refer to his having been hard at work on a symphony during the summer of 1825. It had previously been assumed that this symphony was the Great C Major. But since the autograph of that work is dated March, 1828, and since Grove thought of Schubert as a fast and rather impulsive composer, he reasoned that the 1825 symphony must be a different work. Schubert had spent much of that summer in the Austrian resort towns of Gmunden and Gastein, and hence Grove's posited symphony came to be known as the Gastein (or Gmunden-Gastein) Symphony.

It has often been maintained, most recently by the French composer and conductor René Leibowitz, that the Grand Duo is the Gastein Symphony—even though the autograph of the Grand Duo is dated June, 1824. And the German musicologist Harry Goldschmidt has advanced the claims of another E-major symphony, the orchestral parts for which were discovered in Berlin in 1971. But the editors of the *Neue Schubert-Ausgabe*, now being published by Bärenreiter, have rejected Goldschmidt's claims and



have refused to include this second E-major work. It has, however, been published in orchestral score by Goldoni (1982), although it has not yet been recorded. In the meantime scholars have examined the autograph of the Great C Major more thoroughly than ever before and have concluded, on the basis of paper and handwriting analysis as well as stylistic considerations, that the pre-Grove view is correct. Though the autograph is apparently dated March, 1828—and now even this is in doubt—the Great C Major was probably composed in 1825–1826, and is almost surely the symphony in question. It is, however, worth noting that in Otto Erich Deutsch's *Thematic Catalogue* of Schubert's works, originally published in 1951 and issued in a revised edition in 1978 as part of the *Neue Schubert-Ausgabe*, the number D. 849 is left open for the Gastein Symphony.

Finally, there is an important manuscript that seems not to have come to light until 1928, when it was shown at the Schubert Centennial Exhibition in

Vienna. Though Ernst Laaff gave a detailed description of it in his little book *Franz Schuberts Sinfonien* (1933), it did not attract widespread scholarly attention until Maurice J. E. Brown's article "Schubert's Unfinished Symphony in D" appeared in the April, 1950, issue of *Music and Letters*. Brown thought that the manuscript, which is dated May, 1818, contained sketches for seven movements that were all intended for a symphony in D major. In 1978, however, Ernst Hilmar, the head of the music division of the Vienna Municipal Library, where the manuscript has been housed since 1900, examined it more closely, analyzing the paper types and changes in handwriting, and concluded that it contains sketches for nine movements intended for three different D-major symphonies. Only the first of these three symphonies was sketched in May of 1818, the other two probably dating from the summer of 1821 and the summer or even the fall of 1828, just before Schubert's death. Of the nine fragmentary movements contained in the manuscript, two are for the 1818 symphony, four for the 1821 symphony, and three for the 1828 symphony. Accordingly, whereas Deutsch gave the number D. 615 to the whole manuscript in the 1951 edition of his *Thematic Catalogue*, the revised 1978 edition reserves that number for the 1818 sketches alone, and assigns the numbers D. 708A and D. 936A, respectively, to the 1821 and 1828 sketches. The whole manuscript, which is written in "short score" on two staves, as was Schubert's practice, was published in facsimile by Bärenreiter in 1978.

THE PHILIPS SET enables us to hear the exciting results of all this confusing research and speculation. In addition to the eight familiar Schubert symphonies—the six early ones, the Unfinished, and the Great C Major—it contains versions prepared by the English musicologist Brian Newbould of the E-major symphony of 1821 and all nine fragments from the Vienna manuscript. Newbould has also completed the third movement of the Unfinished, which Schubert had sketched almost to its end, and has added as a finale the B-minor entr'acte from the incidental music Schubert wrote for the play *Rosamunde*. All the performances are excellent, and they enable us to form a clearer idea of Schubert's development as a symphonist than was ever attainable before.

Schubert completed his first symphony

ny in October of 1813, when he was a mere sixteen years old, and his sixth in February of 1818. It was not until October of 1822, more than four and a half years after this one-a-year burst of symphonic creativity, that he completed the two movements of the Unfinished. What was he doing symphonically in the intervening time? How did he progress from the assured facility of the six early works to the mastery of the Unfinished?

Though the two brief D-major fragments from the Vienna manuscript which make up D. 615 were composed only about three months after the Symphony No. 6, the first of them, an opening movement, begins with an impressive and haunting slow introduction that marks an emotional advance over anything in the first six symphonies. But the following allegro, which breaks off midway into the exposition, is conventionally charming in Schubert's early manner and the second fragment, a finale, is gracious and easygoing but inconsequential. One of the four 1821 fragments that make up D. 708A, a scherzo, is almost complete, and Newbould has completed as well as orchestrated it. The first movement, without introduction, is a powerful, abrupt allegro that shows Beethoven's influence more clearly than any earlier Schubert symphonic movement and that modulates adventurously from the initial D major into the remote key of A-flat for the second group of the exposition. The slow movement, brooding and contrapuntally intricate, is also most impressive. The scherzo, which is rhythmically similar to that of the Great C Major, is sparkling and robust. The finale, agitated and forceful, also moves into increasingly remote keys before it breaks off. The E-major symphony that Grove unearthed (D. 729) is a delightful work, and Newbould's realization of it is far more idiomatic than Weingartner's, which often sounds more like Brahms than Schubert. But although the E-major symphony is presumably a little later than the D. 708A fragments, it is more like the early symphonies, charming and theatrical, notable mainly for its somber and restless slow movement.

What paths would Schubert's development as a symphonist have followed had he lived? The three extraordinary D. 936A fragments, which alone are almost worth the price of the Philips set, give us some fascinating glimpses. Probably composed shortly before Schubert's death, all three are so extensive that Newbould was able to complete as well

as orchestrate them. The first movement opens very grandly but then has a beautifully relaxed and lyrical second theme. The big surprise comes with the development section, for which Schubert slows the tempo to andante, moves from the initial D major to the very remote key of B-flat minor, and has the theme solemnly intoned by the trombones. The effect is magical. The slow movement, which combines a bleak desolation prophetic of late Mahler with the consoling sweetness that is Schubert's alone, is even more astonishing. It is, quite simply, one of Schubert's most profound and moving utterances. Though the last fragment is labeled "scherzo" in Schubert's hand, it is in 2/4 time (with an overlay of 6/8) and is pretty clearly a finale. It, too, is on a very high level, fusing robust high spirits with contrapuntal density in the manner of the greatest classical masterpieces.

There is another fine recent recording of the D. 936A fragments, by Pierre Bartholm  e and the Li  ge Philharmonic Orchestra (Riccar RIC 023). In this performance the scherzo from D. 708A is included to produce a full four-movement work, which the album cover bills as Symphony Number 10. The orchestral realization, which was begun by Peter G  lke, the conductor of the Dresden Staatskapelle, and completed by Bartholm  e and others, is quite different from Newbould's, more daring harmonically and making greater use of heavy brass and wind sonorities. The performance, accordingly, is weightier and more imposing, less elegant and straightforward, than Marriner's. One hopes that the work, in this four-movement form, will find its way into the standard repertoire, just as Mahler's Tenth, which was completed in the 1970s by the English musicologist Derick Cooke, is now doing.

At the very end of his life, then, Schubert was moving ahead excitingly as a symphonist, growing in both expressive power and intellectual rigor. It is revealing, and touching, that at the top of the same manuscript page on which the marvelous slow movement of D. 936A begins, he has scribbled a little counterpoint exercise. Shortly before his death he had signed up for lessons with the best counterpoint teacher in Vienna, Simon Sechter, who was later to be Bruckner's teacher as well. But Schubert had time for only a single lesson: he died on the eve of the day appointed for his second one. □

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COMPUTERS

LOVABLE SOFTWARE

BY JAMES FALLOWS

ONE REASON THERE is so much software piracy is that so many software companies seem like pirates. In their reasonable moments most people can see that even a list price of \$695 isn't always fair cause for complaint. A high-grade program often represents a conceptual breakthrough and always has involved many thousands of hours of programming effort. Once you have bought it, it will never wear out. You can use it every day and watch it pay for itself in convenience. Unless someone had taken the risk and gone to the trouble of writing programs, you would have no practical uses for your computer at all. Moreover, without the hope of big profits, venture-capital funds might desert the computer business, and then how would we hold off the Japanese?

Still, we are not always slaves to rationality, and anyone who has paid his own (not his company's) money for programs has felt at least a flicker of outrage when asked to put up so much for items whose marginal cost of production is so low. Even the drastic discounts offered by mail-order firms arouse paranoia. When the same word-processing program that you saw in the local computer store for \$495 is offered for \$199 through the mail—or for free, when “bundled” with a new computer—you are more likely to buy it, but also more likely to conclude that any price above the roughly \$15 that the disks and reference manual cost represents an arbitrary marketing decision. The final touch is the licensing agreements that go with most high-cost programs. They thunder against the evils of unauthorized program-copying and then issue a “don't blame us” disclaimer of any guarantee, including that the program will perform as advertised or run at all. (A typically gracious disclaimer, on a program I recently bought from Microsoft, was printed in capital letters and said, “THE PROGRAM IS PROVIDED ‘AS IS’ WITHOUT WARRANTY OF ANY KIND. THE ENTIRE RISK AS TO THE RESULTS AND PERFORMANCE OF THE PROGRAM IS ASSUMED BY YOU.”)

Serious computer users eventually conclude that dealing with pirated software, usually copied from a friend's, is more bother, moral and otherwise, than staying on the straight and narrow. With a legitimate copy, you have the full manual, you can call the company for help (and sometimes get it), and you are eligible for upgrades and new releases of the program, which you will certainly want if you use the program frequently. But few who pay their money do so with happy hearts.



In our rambunctious society someone was bound to try to occupy the market niche available to a lovable software company, or at least one willing to compete on price. The first dramatic “lovable” success was Borland International, a California company run by a chubby young Frenchman named Philippe Kahn. Borland offered several excellent programs for \$49.95 apiece, and it reinforced its software-for-the-people image by running garish advertisements that might well have appeared as murals on the sides of RVs. An ad for its indispensable Sidekick program, which lets you stop in the middle of whatever you're doing and look up addresses or make cal-

culations, depicted a computer dressed up like a cowpoke, with a ten-gallon hat on top of the monitor and an arm reaching out from the machine as if to give the user a big “Howdy!” Its ads for a programming language called Turbo Pascal looked like posters for a low-budget sci-fi film. Borland recently bought the rights to a fancy data-base program called Reflex, which had been selling for \$495, and dropped its list price to \$99.95.

Other companies, including MicroRim and XyQuest (which produce, respectively, the R:Base data-base programs and the word-processor called XyWrite), have done the consumer a favor by offering low-cost demonstration disks. For \$10 or less, you can get a “crippled” version of the program, which does not allow you to develop a very large data base or print what you wrote but does let you see how the program works before you invest hundreds of dollars.

A more radical blow for cheap software was struck last summer by Ann Arbor Software, which suddenly dropped the list price of its Textra 3.1 word-processing program to \$9.95. I've never used Textra, but according to its devotees it can do 90 percent of what WordStar and other stalwarts can, for roughly two percent of the price. Textra's main limitations are that it cannot work with very long files, is clumsy at deleting text, and has no “mail-merge” system for producing form letters. (Might this be the ideal system for congressional offices?)

Some useful software can be had even more cheaply than Textra. Most people who get computer fever soon realize that they could never afford to buy all the programs that sound interesting, even when these are discounted to \$199. The solution is to tap the vast array of public-domain (that is, free) software that is available through the electronic bulletin-board systems that have cropped up all over the country.

I entice my sons to cooperate with, rather than torment, each other by letting them team up against a public-domain chess program; I send messages over my modem with a public-domain communications program. The only cost of entering the public domain (once you have acquired a modem) is submitted to yet another form of computer addiction, since most of the bulletin boards are nests of discussion, invective, and intrigue.

**Live From The Met
Rossini's
"L'Italiana in Algeri"
Saturday, January 11th
8 P.M. (EST) on PBS**



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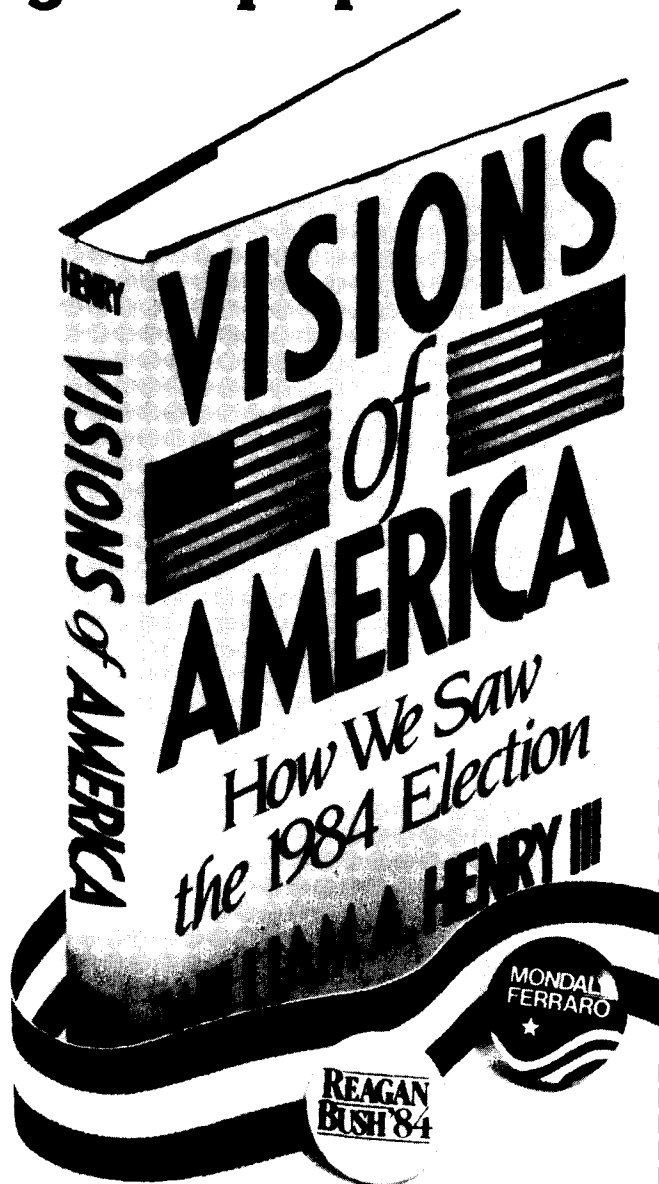
—George F. Will

"Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist William A. Henry III... is a careful observer of the recent past and proves to be an astute appreciator of Reagan's peculiar and persistent political allure. Every Democratic campaign strategist should read this book before gearing up for the next go-around if he wants to stay in business."

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—William Schneider, *Washington Post Book World*



THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

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SEVERAL MONTHS AGO I mentioned in these pages the public-spirited attitude of another company, Satellite Software International, of Orem, Utah, which has ceaselessly made repairs and added features to its word-processing program, WordPerfect. I hesitate to speak of WordPerfect again, since other worthy programs, especially a new descendant of XyWrite called Nota Bene, may deserve equal time. But SSI's amendments to WordPerfect are as heartening and important an illustration of the high road to software marketing as was Borland's revolutionary pricing policy.

Late last year SSI released version 4.1 of WordPerfect, replacing version 4.0. According to the nomenclature conventions of the business, this would usually signify a minor tidying-up, designed to remove bugs or perhaps to permit the use of different printers. This "revised" WordPerfect, though, is essentially a new program, which sacrifices none of the merits of the previous version while greatly improving on its flexibility.

The most dramatic single improvement is a built-in thesaurus that begins to rival the complexity, and therefore the value, of Roget's. Searching through the overlapping cross-references of a first-class thesaurus, so tedious when done by hand and therefore so unlikely to be bothered with by harassed wretches sitting at the typewriter, is the sort of task that computers were born to perform. Some sentiment, probably snobbery or nostalgia, makes me feel that the listings in Roget's are more precise than those in any electronic thesaurus yet produced. But this new thesaurus is roughly a thousand times easier to use than Roget's and is more complete and helpful than any other on the software market. For example, a competitor called Word Finder (\$79.95 from Writing Consultants, of East Rochester, New York) also produces a quick list of synonyms on the screen. But the WordPerfect thesaurus lets you check synonyms for *their* synonyms, leading Roget-like down a trail that may eventually take you to your goal. Word Finder, unfortunately, restricts you to the original list. In nuance and precision the WordPerfect thesaurus is a big step up.

The new WordPerfect also has split screens, so that you can look at one document while working on another; a sophisticated way to break copy into columns, so that you can lay out newsletter pages (or, using a different column format, screenplays or scripts) on the

screen; a "memory caching" protocol that makes the best use of the varying amounts of memory that different computers have and speeds up the program's operation; a way to search quickly through files other than the one you are working on to find a certain word or phrase; a routine for sorting lists of names or addresses; and several dozen additional features. It also removes the major limitations of the previous release. That is, it permits you to escape to the operating system and run other programs, and then return; it offers a fast way to count the words in any document; and it remedies an annoying bug that sometimes kept line breaks from occurring at the right place. It even compensates for an error IBM made when designing its keyboard, which other manufacturers, in their quest for IBM compatibility, have witlessly imitated. The standard IBM keyboard gives you no indication of whether its CAPS LOCK and NUM LOCK keys are on. (Depending on whether NUM LOCK is on or off, keys on a special key pad will either produce numbers or send the cursor to different corners of the screen.) WordPerfect now provides an inconspicuous on-screen reminder of the status of the LOCK keys.

SSI has not followed Borland's low-ball pricing strategy: the list price for WordPerfect is \$495. The company has, however, offered substantial trade-in allowances to owners of other programs. I got mine for \$163 on a WordStar trade-in. And in releasing version 4.1 of WordPerfect it announced that the "upgrade fee," for owners of previous versions, would be only \$45—or, by any standards except Textra's, practically nothing. Most competing thesauruses alone cost more than the upgrade fee, and just one of the new features included—the sorting routine—was previously sold separately for \$95. SSI also has bucked a noxious trend by refusing to burden its disks with "copy-protection" devices, which dishonest users can eventually thwart and which are a tremendous headache for honest users of hard-disk computers. Copy protection is especially maddening when you have a hard-disk computer, since the whole point of the investment is to copy your program onto the hard disk and take advantage of its much greater speed. "If people are going to be copying someone's program, I'd rather it be ours," Alan Ashton, a reserved father of eleven and a professor at Brigham Young University who designed the



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original program, said when unveiling the new version. "Eventually they'll want a legitimate copy of a new release."

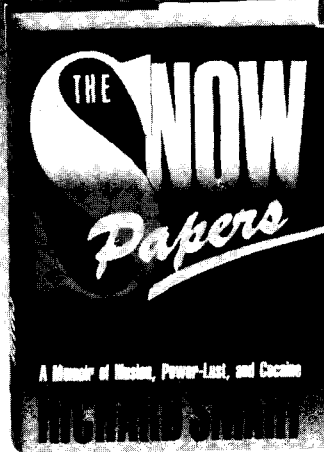
As successive versions of WordPerfect have been unveiled, they have made the program more flexible, enlarging the user's choices rather than steering him in the direction the programmer prefers. Such an approach, I think, is the trait that distinguishes successful programs (VisiCalc, dBase, Lotus 1-2-3, and so forth) from those that get left behind. It also typifies the efforts of another admirable software company, the Portable Computer Support Group, of Dallas.

PCSG's specialty has been programs for "lap-top" computers, the notebook-sized machines from Radio Shack and NEC that can often be heard clacking away on airplanes. The emergence of lap-tops has provided one form of flexibility—you can take them anywhere—at the cost of another. Their built-in word-processing software is effective but crude, and when you connect a lap-top to a printer, the result is an unforgotten mess.

PCSG has offered a series of reasonably priced programs, embedded in read-only memory (ROM) chips, which snap into the back of the little computers and overcome many of their limitations. A program called Lucid, which lists for \$99.95, gives the Radio Shack Model 100 a very fast spreadsheet program, like Lotus 1-2-3. Another, called Write-Rom, also \$99.95, makes a portable computer into a plausible word-processor, by giving it many of the printing controls and other features of a regular machine. Only one of the chips fits in at a time, but they may be snapped in and out, and they use up none of the computer's working memory space. PCSG has just introduced "Super ROM," which contains both programs and others besides, for \$199.95. In its one venture into priciness, PCSG also offers random-access memory chips that can quadruple the Model 100's memory—to 128K from its original 32K—for \$425.

The popular mythology of the computer business focuses on the titans who created companies like Apple and Lotus, building personal fortunes by creating products no one had imagined before. I hope we can make room for the guiding lights of Borland, SSI, PCSG, and, yes, Ann Arbor Software. Though their companies are less euphoniously named than the pioneers', and their products less celebrated, the services they are providing are great. □

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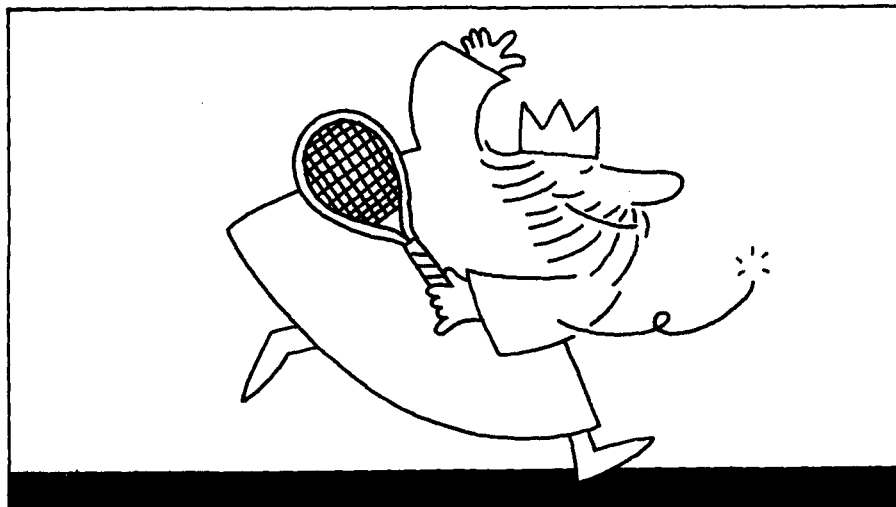
COURT TENNIS

BY STEWART MCBRIDE

WITH A CLUMSY racket that appears to have been run over by a bus, the world's best court-tennis player, Chris Ronaldson, whacks a hand-sewn cloth ball and sends it skipping up along the roof of what looks like a wooden shed. It ricochets from roof to wall, and onto a stone-floor court in the vicinity of his opponent, Wayne Davies, who stands on the other side of a conspicuously drooping net. Ronaldson's "giraffe" serve has the wickedest of spins, but Davies knows Ronaldson's game like a favorite tune. He swats a punish-

sagged like a hammock. Points were awarded for hitting balls through portals and for striking bells in windows. The sport, which resembles a fusion of jumbo pinball and racquetball within a Gothic cathedral, requires the logic of a mathematician and the stamina of a mule.

The objective in court tennis, as in lawn tennis, is to hit a little white or yellow ball over a net before it bounces on the ground twice. Both sports are scored 15, 30, 40, game, and the first player to win six games takes the set. There the



ing salvo to the world champion's backhand. Ronaldson shuffles into the corner and, feigning a shot to the grille, catches Davies flat-footed. The champ drives the ball into a bell-equipped window to his left, called the winning gallery. *Bong!* Point, game, Ronaldson.

Ronaldson and Davies's game, court tennis, is a diabolically complicated pastime thought to be the oldest ball-and-racket sport known to man. Henry VIII, Cardinal Wolsey, and lesser-known athletes of the sixteenth century flocked to what is now Ronaldson's home club, Hampton Court Palace, south of London, to play the perplexing game. Then as now, players used lopsided rackets on an indoor tennis court to send balls bouncing off the walls, floor, and sloping gallery roofs, or sailing over a net that

similarity ends. Court tennis is thought to have originated with the thirteenth-century *jeu de paume* (palm game), in which bored French monks swatted a wad of rags around a monastery courtyard with their bare hands. In the fifteenth century England's kings complicated the game by introducing a thick-handled racket with a pear-shaped head that not only put more "English" on the ball but also sped up the game and made it considerably more popular among the hoi polloi. But the playing area remained unchanged: the court that Henry VIII built at Hampton Court Palace was intended to copy, as were hundreds of other asymmetrical court-tennis courts constructed in European chateaux, the ancient abutments and fenestrations of the original Gallic cloister.

"Henry VIII was reputed to have played every day of his adult life—even received the news of the beheading of Anne Boleyn during a game here at Hampton Court," says Ronaldson, a lanky, soft-spoken thirty-six-year-old. "Quite a good player, he was, and being king didn't hurt his score either," he adds, gesturing into the corner "grille" where Ronaldson's wife, Lesley, has painted a portrait of Henry VIII, regal and plump as a partridge. King Henry, once an object of deference, is now a target for tennis balls. A direct hit on the monarch's mug scores an automatic point.

"The game is a combination of ordinary tennis, squash, and chess," Ronaldson explains. "The ball is harder than a tennis ball, and it takes spin, which is where tactics come in. Experience and guile count more than pure strength and fitness. Anyone who has played will tell you that real tennis is a much better game than lawn tennis." (Court tennis, known as royal tennis in Australia, and still called *jeu de paume* in France, is frequently referred to by English purists as real tennis or Tennis with a capital T, to distinguish the 700-year-old sport from that slam-bang adulteration played at Flushing Meadow and Wimbledon. Lawn tennis, as the modern derivative is correctly called, was not invented until 1873.)

NOW TWO COURT-tennis courts are exactly alike. On the world's largest, at Hampton Court Palace, Henry VIII and other men of grace and favor are said to have played three on a side. The cavernous chamber, festooned with fungus, stretches thirty-two feet longer and three feet wider than a regulation lawn-tennis court and is bordered by thirty-foot-high side walls.

Each point begins with the server batting the ball off the rooftop of the "penthouse" (a wooden shed running along three sides of the court) and into the receiving, or "hazard," court of his opponent. On the server's left, beneath the penthouse, are eight windows, the last of which, on the hazard side, contains a small bell and is called the winning gallery. Though points can be won "on the floor," as in lawn tennis, in court tennis any ball hit into the winning gallery, the "grille" (a three-foot-square wooden hatch in the hazard rear wall), or the "dedans" (a yawning, netted opening behind the server, through which spectators view the game) also scores a point.

The final architectural idiosyncrasy—and the tactical pillar of the game—is a peculiar buttress called the *tambour*, which juts into the hazard court and deflects balls at fierce and unpredictable angles. In all, a player may choose from at least forty possible service options and thirteen surfaces off which to play a ball capable of traveling 150 miles an hour. The number of permutations is mind-boggling.

At the heart of the game is a confounding element called the *chase*, which can entail players' switching sides half a dozen times in the middle of a game to replay a point. The chase is nearly impossible to understand without actually participating in the game. In practice it means that the best shots are those that on their second bounce land near the rear of the court.

Thus the classic court-tennis stroke is a low, gracefully undercut ball that skitters and dies against the back wall. As in pitching pennies, the closer to the wall the better. Importing the top spin of lawn tennis or the blood and thunder of squash can be suicidal in court tennis. The game is not an advertisement of power but is, as Talleyrand observed, "*plus fait de douceur que de violence*" (more gentle than violent). He added, "*Et sur tout pas de zèle*" (And above all, played with reserve).

Court tennis is generously weighted in the server's favor, which largely accounts for Chris Ronaldson's success. Ronaldson is known for the astounding variety of his serves, which have names like the giraffe, the railroad, the boomerang, the caterpillar, the chandelle, the bobble, the *demi-piqué*, and the classical underhand twist. His versatility and steady stroke mirror his nature. Relentless, shrewd, but never flashy, Ronaldson rarely makes mistakes and is most dangerous when trailing.

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO, on the grounds of Merton College, Oxford, Chris Ronaldson played his first court-tennis game. Slowly and steadily he ascended the ranks of the world's 2,500 players, and five years ago he won the world championship, a title steeped in considerable history. Last season he became the first player ever to win the "Grand Slam"—the French, British, Australian, and U.S. Open court-tennis singles championships. Today Ronaldson lives at 53 Tennis Court Lane, in Hampton Court Palace, with a family no less keen on the sport than he is. Lesley,

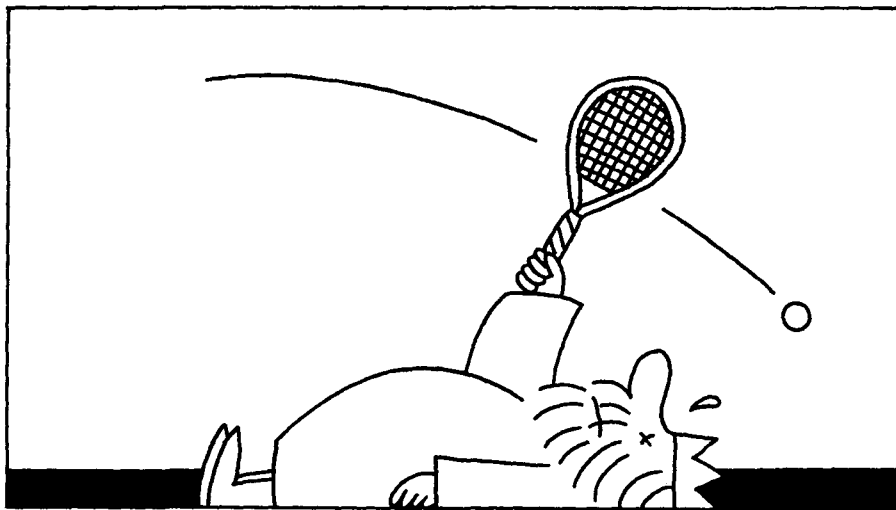
his wife, is a former British women's champion, and Ivan, their son, holds the British "Under 12" title.

Ronaldson is employed in the palace as the resident court-tennis professional. He arranges matches, gives lessons, and strings the heavy rackets with sheep's gut (the innards of ten animals are needed to string one racket). Every few weeks Ronaldson restitches by hand each "royal set," consisting of seventy-two of the traditional court-tennis balls, which are as hard as baseballs but slightly smaller. Court-tennis balls were fashioned from lumps of dog hair and covered in tunic scraps during the Middle Ages, but today they are made of cotton webbing, linen thread, and felt, wrapped and sewn tightly around a wine cork.

Over the past several years Ronaldson, the author of *Tennis: A Cut Above the Rest*, an exhaustive 172-page instruction manual and memoir, has become Mr.

THOUGH INCREASINGLY popular, court tennis may never quite regain its Renaissance-era popularity. During its heyday, in the sixteenth century, the sport was the national pastime on both sides of the English Channel. In 1598 Sir Robert Dallington, on his travels abroad, wrote: "There be more Tennis Players in France than Ale-drinkers or Malt-Wormes (as they call them) with us."

In that Golden Age, Paris (population 300,000) alone contained more than 250 courts. The dashing François I built a court on his 2,000-ton warship, *La Grande Française*. And Catherine de Medici introduced the *coiffure en raquette*, a waffled hairdo much imitated by trendy ladies of the realm. Long before the "power breakfast" and the three-martini lunch were invented, the strivers and drivers of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance cut their deals and did their social climbing on tennis courts. At its



Court Tennis, a sort of roving ambassador who is helping to make what was a nearly extinct sport one of the fastest growing (albeit still one of the least known) in the world. During the past decade the number of active players has doubled; new courts have opened recently in Australia, France, and England, and enthusiasts in Chicago talk of refurbishing a court there.

Today Hampton Court Palace is open to commoners, and some 200 enthusiasts keep the court busy from 8:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. The court is booked a month in advance; the wait to become a member and pay the \$40 annual fee is a year and a half. In southern England hundreds of women and youngsters are taking up the sport, which was once reserved for upper-crust gentlemen.

toughest, court tennis proved to be a killing workout for overzealous sovereigns. Half a dozen kings (Louis X, "the Quarrelsome," of France among them) literally expired from sheer exhaustion and pneumonia after furious tennis matches. Another crowned casualty of court tennis was the affable but maladroit French king Charles VIII, who keeled over shortly after a head-on collision with the lintel of a tennis-court door in his chateau at Amboise.

The mighty, it seems, wished to keep court tennis for themselves, and began to fret when the game became popular among their subjects. Nobles complained that tennis-playing merchants and yeomen would neglect their work and the country's defense. Tennis was repeatedly, if incompletely, banned.



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France's Henry IV, for example, condemned to six days in prison any commoner playing court tennis on a weekday. In spite of such prohibitions the *jeu de paume* craze raged on in hundreds of underground *tripots*, athletic speak-easies notorious for bootlegged tennis equipment, cheap wine, and reckless games of chance. (To this day when a Frenchman gambles away his paycheck, he still curses: "*J'ai paumé.*")

In the France of Louis XIV the game's popularity suffered as a consequence of increasingly repressive legislation and the king's indifference (he was a billiards man). Eventually courts were abandoned by players and fell into use as playhouses or public meeting places. In fact, a meeting that took place on June 20, 1789, in the *jeu de paume* court at Versailles changed the course of history. Deputies of the Third Estate assembled there and took the historic oath that sparked the French Revolution.

Though court tennis originated in France, today it has unquestionably been Anglicized. Of the world's thirty-four courts currently in use, only two are in France. Britain boasts nineteen, Australia four, and the United States nine (two courts in Manhattan's Racquet and Tennis Club, plus one apiece in Boston; Newport; Philadelphia; Aiken, South Carolina; Lakewood, New Jersey; and Manhasset and Tuxedo Park, New York). A year ago, in a charity fund-raising stunt, Chris Ronaldson and Lachlan Deuchar, an Australian, played sets on seventeen of Britain's courts in the space of thirty-six hours.

AFTER RONALDSON, the world's top three players come from Down Under. Perhaps the most talented and tempestuous is the second-ranked player, Wayne Davies, age thirty. A schoolteacher's son from Geelong, fifty miles south of Melbourne, he has worked for the past four years at the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York City, comfortably quartered on Park Avenue. If Ronaldson is the Borg of court tennis, Wayne Davies is the McEnroe—the extrovert, the rager. This challenger has talent to squander. Davies comes armed with a punishing cross-court volley, and he frequently gambles on the quick kill. Smaller and frailer than the six-foot-two-inch, 180-pound Ronaldson, Davies is a scrapper.

"Wayne is more naturally talented, and his footwork more beautiful, but he has a brittle temper and doesn't have

Chris's intellect," says Jerome (Karl) Fletcher, a Dustin Hoffman look-alike who wears a single silver earring, pirate-style, and who read French and Spanish at Oxford. A former court-tennis professional himself, Fletcher knows Ronaldson and Davies well. "Chris will play within well-defined parameters, but you're never sure what Wayne will do. At his best he is better than Chris, but Wayne is always an unknown quantity."

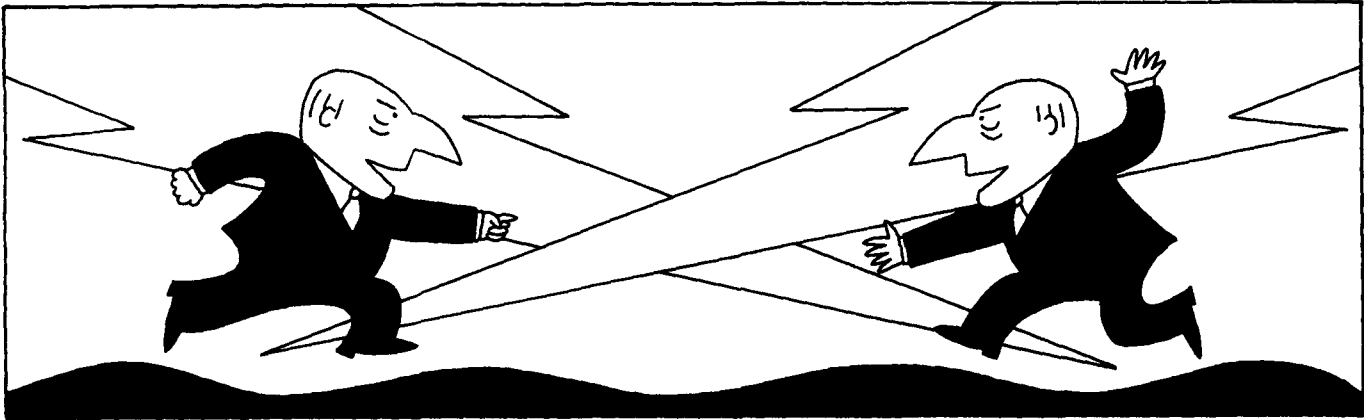
Although Davies has defeated Ronaldson in tournament play in England, he has lost two official challenge matches (best seven of thirteen sets) to the champion. This month, however, Ronaldson will cross the Atlantic for what are likely to be showdowns with Davies at the U.S. Professional Singles Championship at Tuxedo Park and, a week later, at the U.S. Open in Philadelphia.

They will play the world's most enduring, and perhaps ultimate, racket game for an audience of fewer than a hundred spectators and a purse of \$500, hardly enough to cover the winner's hotel bills. The matches will not be televised, and if they are covered at all in the U.S. press, the results will probably be buried in the back pages of even the most encyclopedic publications. Five years ago Ronaldson became the twenty-second person to win the title first bestowed upon a Frenchman named Clergé in Paris in 1740. In early February Davies, the heir-presumptive from New York, will attempt to become the twenty-third in that rarefied lineage.

To some, Wayne Davies is the court jester of court tennis. "I wear pink, shocking pink," Davies says. He has played in international tournaments with his fingernails painted pink and his hair dyed pink while carrying an iridescent pink racket with a skull and crossbones emblazoned on the strings.

"I always play with an inner consciousness," Davies says. In meditation while riding the commuter train from New Jersey he plays out entire games in his head. "I visualize Chris in color, hear the sound of his tennis shoes, feel the ball in my hand, see myself hitting a hard railroad serve. Chris makes a perfect return to my backhand corner, I dig it out and hit for the tambour. Chris lunges and . . ." Davies's voice trails off and he smiles. Perhaps he is hearing the gentle huzzahs of the crowd at Tuxedo Park as Ronaldson slices the final volley into the net. This time, at least in the mind of the challenger, it is point, game, Davies. □

BOOKS



PREACHER OF PARADOX

BY WILLIAM E. LEUCHTENBURG

REINHOLD NIEBUHR: A BIOGRAPHY
by Richard W. Fox. Pantheon, \$19.95.

IN THE WINTER of 1940, when I was a seventeen-year-old freshman at Cornell, an earnest young woman in the senior class instructed me to appear in chapel on the following Sunday because an extraordinary minister was going to preach. Over the past several years I had, with no little success, outwitted the efforts of my family to get me to church, and it seemed ironic that this Christian mission was accomplished by someone who was both a Jew and the leader of the campus chapter of the Young Communist League. That my first sight of Reinhold Niebuhr (1892–1971) should be thus thickly bayed about with ironies and paradoxes was, it turns out, richly appropriate. For irony and paradox, as Richard Fox emphasizes in this impressive biography, provide the right interpretive medium for understanding Niebuhr's life and thought.

Fox, who has taught at Yale and is now a professor of history at Reed, expresses the theme of his book in a paraphrase of Niebuhr when he notes that "the ironic essence of American culture was its curious compound of piety and secularism," and that Niebuhr was "as paradoxical as America itself: he was the most religious of secular figures and the most secular of religious ones." He later adds,

The uniqueness of Reinhold Niebuhr lay in the energy and zeal with which

he pursued paradox and irony in both life and thought. The prophet-priest seeking influence and humility. The German-American Anglophile. The religious-secular preacher chastising the pious and chiding the worldly. The teacher-academic who distrusted the scholars and hoped for their respect. The liberal crusader against liberalism. The Jamesian relativist who embraced the God of Abraham and the revelation of Jesus. The booming polemicist beset with hidden anxieties. Truth could only be expressed in paradox, he believed, and life lived as a succession of pregnant contradictions.

Not only Niebuhr's life but also his writings reflected that perception. Niebuhr was fond of pitting antithetical statements against each other, and his sermons offered "a constant dialectic of comfort and challenge." His "Sisyphean perspective," Fox maintains,

was a unique and paradoxical mix: he was a religious modernist devoted to Biblical symbols; a political democrat infatuated with Burkean traditionalism; a skeptical relativist committed like William James to the life of passionate belief and moral struggle. He was a thoroughgoing naturalist despite his contempt for what he called naturalism. . . . he had equal contempt for religious supernaturalism, which he thought voided man's native capacities and expunged man's own responsibility for his fate.

Of the many paradoxes of Niebuhr's life, none is more familiar than the incongruity between his neo-orthodox religious beliefs and his liberal politics, an apparent mismatch that Fox recognizes but does not fully explain. Even as a young man Niebuhr voiced skepticism

about the syrupy reassurance of the Social Gospel because of its failure to impress sinners with the reality of divine retribution, and in his mature years he wrote about "the transcendent impossibilities of the Christian ethic of love." If he did not, as many supposed, embrace the supernaturalism of Karl Barth, he did make a point of smiting the naturalist assumptions of John Dewey, and he was the scourge of sentimentalists who thought that one could create a new Jerusalem through political effort. The vice-chairman of the Liberal Party, the founding father of Americans for Democratic Action, he upbraided the "foolish children of light" for failing to acknowledge the "fragmentary and broken character of all historic achievements."

A man of the cloth who had once pledged to follow war no more, Niebuhr in the 1940s sought to persuade liberals to jettison the heritage of Wilsonian idealism for a tough-minded realism. His message could not have been more timely. A generation that had seen the land of Goethe and Bach give birth to Dachau, the hope of a proletarian paradise in Russia vanish in slave-labor camps, and the promise of progress through reason and the scientific method culminate in Hiroshima could readily appreciate both the conception of paradox and the advisability of lowered expectations. It was open, too, to Niebuhr's admonition that "in a sinful human world" where evil was inescapable, evil had to be resisted, and his insistence that, with full knowledge of one's own nation's imperfections, one had to overcome squeamishness about the exercise of military power. To be sure, as Fox emphasizes, Niebuhr was never a single-minded advocate of crass *realpoli-*

January report on
ATLANTIC
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BOOKS



The poetry of **Stanley Kunitz** seems to be attended by mysterious presences. "No poet in our time," Gregory Orr wrote in *The American Poetry Review*, "has brought forth out of himself, out of his imagination, so many different, intense affirmations of being." And Jay Parini, in *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, wrote: "The restraints of his art combine with a fierce dedication to clarity and intellectual grace to assure him a place among the essential poets of his generation, which include Roethke, Lowell, Auden, and Eberhart."

Next-to-Last Things, published to celebrate Kunitz's eightieth birthday, contains thirteen new poems, among the most numinous and penetrating pieces he has ever written; nine essays on poets and the art of poetry, dealing with Robert Lowell, John Keats, Walt Whitman, and other beloved artists; and an interview that tells more about Kunitz's life than anything he has released before.

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tik, and, in keeping with his preoccupation with irony and paradox, he saw flaws not just in the Soviet system but in the American, and cautioned against Yankee self-righteousness. Nonetheless, it was Niebuhr who taught the Kennedy cold warriors that, in Fox's words, "moral men had to play hardball."

Unlike his fellow theologians with whom he enlisted in good causes, Niebuhr expressed contempt for the view that mankind would one day achieve a community of love. He offered a much more astringent doctrine: "Happy are they that mourn. The more spiritual power increases the more pain increases. The capacity to love also produces the capacity to grieve. Peculiar paradox. . . . If your conscience is quick and active it will cause you many an anxious moment."

Not a few in the crowds of students who turned up in chapel to hear Niebuhr must have gone away perplexed, for he provided cold comfort to those seeking some kind of cosmic assurance. "I have not the slightest interest in the empty tomb or physical resurrection," he said. If that were not clear enough, he made his point even more bluntly to a friend: "I do not believe in individual immortality." He did not think that there was any "special Providence," and was convinced that if a mother with a son in Korea prayed to God hoping for divine intervention in her child's behalf, she did so in vain. Clearly, this was a creed with limited appeal. Indeed, for all of Niebuhr's renown as a religious leader, it was unlikely to find an audience much beyond a circle of intellectuals who were not far removed from the Deweyan naturalists he so often denounced.

Niebuhr delivered this message, though, in a manner that could be remarkably compelling—both in works such as *The Nature and Destiny of Man* and *The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness* and in his electrifying sermons. Fox never saw Niebuhr, but, from interviews and through assiduous research, he has immersed himself so deeply in Niebuhr's world that he can convey vividly what students at Cornell and on other campuses witnessed during the years when "Reinie" was the star of the college-pulpit circuit. "One did not merely listen to Niebuhr: one watched him strut, gyrate, jerk, bend, and quake," Fox writes.

He whirled his arms, rubbed his ears and his balding scalp, stretched his

hawkish nose forward. His whole lanky frame was in motion. . . . [T]o catch the stream-of-consciousness flow of analysis and anecdote—sometimes shouted, sometimes whispered, but always at the velocity of an undammed flood—demanded a concentration that few could sustain during an entire sermon.

PROFESSOR FOX's search for "the historical Reinhold," who could give such sermons and write with such penetration, has left him with an abiding admiration for his subject. He calls *Moral Man and Immoral Society* "a book of uncommon brilliance"; defends *The Irony of American History* against its critics; describes *The Self and the Dramas of History* as "a phenomenal achievement for a man suffering serious physical and emotional ills"; and asserts that Niebuhr "profoundly influenced" Martin Luther King, perhaps even more than Gandhi did. Usually laudably restrained and evenhanded in his evaluation, Fox goes so far at one point as to say, "The twentieth-century Christian church was shaken to its foundations by his piercing voice. So were the secular organizations of often agnostic liberals who flocked to him for inspiration."

Yet Fox pays at least as much, perhaps even more, attention to Niebuhr's shortcomings. He speaks of the "elegant tentativeness" of the first article Niebuhr ever published in a national journal (the *Atlantic Monthly* of July, 1916), and he is no easier on some of the later writings. *The Structure of Nations and Empires* was a "disappointment"; *Christian Realism and Political Problems* displayed an "egregiously shallow analysis"; the historical treatment in *The Nature and Destiny of Man* "was rudimentary in the extreme: a stringing together of uncautious judgments and random quotations, a sequence of straw ideals"; and Niebuhr's contribution to *A Nation So Conceived* was "resoundingly mediocre," with "no new ideas, and the old ones . . . tired husks." Fox also accuses Niebuhr of advancing "disingenuous" arguments, caricaturing the views of his opponents, failing to credit people with ideas he borrowed from them, treating the Rosenbergs in a "shabby" manner, and indulging in a "casuistic flip-flop" to justify a self-serving career choice. He notes, too, that although Niebuhr professed to regard the humble village parson as an exemplary model, in the Detroit parish where he served for many years he was himself an empire-builder. He makes clear,

furthermore, that Niebuhr preferred the company of movers and shakers in distant cities to that of his own parishioners.

In truth, the Reinhold Niebuhr who emerges from these pages is not very endearing. Often he brings to mind one of the more forbidding characters in an Ingmar Bergman film. As a young man, he seemed preternaturally old. He eschewed the frivolous pursuits of other young men, and he was so remote from women that he was probably celibate until well into his thirties. One woman who had hoped he would become interested in her gave up when he proved to be "empty and cold and unemotional." Even when he at long last married, he gave little of himself to his wife and children. He exaggerated when he said that he was a "dreadful father," but not by much. The émigré theologian Paul Tillich, appalled by his colleague's indifference to the beauty of nature, concluded that Ernest Jones's characterization of Freud was no less apposite to Niebuhr: "someone whose instincts were far more powerful than those of the average man, but whose repressions were even more potent."

His religion gave him neither solace nor equanimity. Niebuhr, Fox writes, was a man "always on the run, suitcase packed, in dread of passivity," who "spoke as one possessed, driven—not just in church, but with friends, in meetings, in the classroom. His charisma was no pulpit act; his gift was far less manageable than that." Racked by the pain from a curious "neuralgia of the colon," wearied by endless sleepless nights, subject to bouts of anxiety and severe headaches, he drove himself without mercy. By 1955, compelled to recognize that he was suffering no ordinary depression, this man to whom so many turned for words of wisdom and hope began treatment at the Austin Riggs Center in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to little effect. Throughout his ordeal he showed the kind of courage and high critical intelligence that led countless Americans to cherish and revere him as one who had in the travail of this century lived a life that was, as he said of the human condition, "full of grace and grief."

Fox's biography is not without its own irony and paradox. Well crafted, based on imaginative and persevering scholarship, it does its subject proud. (Fox draws not only upon the Niebuhr papers at the Library of Congress and the Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., manuscripts at the

Kennedy Library but upon much less frequented archives in places such as Webster Grove, Missouri; and his exegesis of Niebuhr's thought is incisive.) Though Fox says that his protagonist is "not a man for all seasons," he intimates more than once that he is a man for the ages. Perhaps so. But Fox is much more convincing in portraying Niebuhr as a timebound wayfarer circumscribed by his upbringing, jacketed by his own neuroses, conversing with an elite at a particular moment in history. One is left then with yet another irony—that this respectful biography may well serve not to magnify Reinhold Niebuhr's reputation but to diminish it. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



COXEY'S ARMY: AN AMERICAN ODYSSEY by Carlos Schwantes. *University of Nebraska*, \$22.95. The depression of 1893, unpleasant everywhere, was particularly resented in the western states, where the miseries of unemployment were generally blamed on such eastern villains as Wall Street financiers, railroad magnates, and upholders of the gold standard. It evoked numerous protests from the afflicted, the most spectacular of which was the march on Washington organized by Jacob S. Coxey, of Ohio, and his flamboyant lieutenant, Carl Browne, of almost anywhere. Browne boasted that he had "been in more jails than any other living agitator for labor's cause." Coxey, a wealthy man through his own efforts, was a soft-spoken idealist who wished "to try to put this country in a condition so that no man who wants to work shall be obliged to remain idle." The scheme to bring thousands of the unwillingly idle to Washington to jog the government into helpful economic action attracted honest optimists, cranks, and scalawags from Ohio to California. It produced tragedy, absurdity, confusion, and one splendidly melodramatic train-jacking. Mr. Schwantes describes the affair very well indeed, with sympathy and a skillful use of the mass of detail recorded by the contemporary press, for the peaceful army was trailed by enough reporters to cover a small war. The history, interesting in any case, grows more so as the read-

er comes to perceive that Coxey's objectives and methods, novel and unsuccessful at the time, have since become well known and widely acceptable.

TO A VIOLENT GRAVE: AN ORAL BIOGRAPHY OF JACKSON POLLOCK by Jeffrey Potter. *Putnam*, \$19.95. Mr. Potter, who was for some years a neighbor and, warily, a friend of Pollock's, has assembled recollections of the painter from other friends, relatives, artists, dealers, and Long Island locals. The portrait that emerges is of a man haunted by demons, which could be held at bay while he painted but which when he was not painting frequently turned him into something close to a public nuisance. They also, presumably, killed him just as his years of brilliantly original work appeared about to be financially rewarded. It is a sad story but never a dull one, and if it seems at times to dwell more on Pollock's bad behavior than on his good work, that is the inherent problem in oral biography. Actions may not invariably speak louder than words, but they do stick more firmly in the mind. Exactly what Pollock said in his moments of sober amiability can seldom be recalled. The time he upset the table, Thanksgiving dinner and all, is freshly remembered.

UNDERSEA LIFE by Joseph S. Levine with photographs by Jeffrey L. Rotman. *Stewart, Tabori & Chang*, \$24.95. Knowledge and understanding of marine life and its connection with and importance to terrestrial life have increased enormously in recent years, and Mr. Levine has done a most useful service in organizing all that information and presenting it clearly and gracefully. Mr. Rotman's photographs—all in color—reveal a world of bizarre and exquisite wonders.

BENCHLEY AT THE THEATRE edited by Charles Getchell. *Ipswich Press*, \$14.95. In 1924, after encountering *Bombastes Furioso*, "billed as 'The Oldest Musical Burlesque in the English Language,' and they might have added, 'the worst,'" Benchley wrote, "One thing we must ask of our literary executors, and that is that none of our humorous writings be revived in 2124." Fortunately, it is not yet 2124, and Benchley's remarks on long-gone productions can be guiltlessly enjoyed, along with his parodies of muddled Shakespearian scholarship and his irreverent summaries of windy works of dramatic art. For all his insouciant lightness of touch, Benchley had one firm standard: let "nobody be

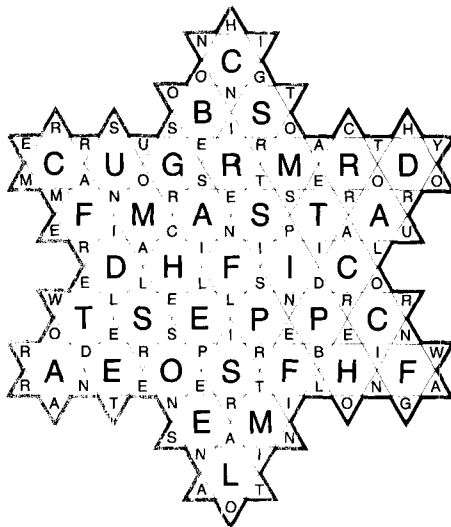
Answers to the December Puzzles

"STARLIGHTS"

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

—R. W. Emerson

1. CHIGNON (anag. - l)
2. BOON(I)E'S
3. ST(O)RING
4. C-RAMMER
5. URANOUS (anag.)
6. GROUSES (double def.)
7. RE-TRIES (anag.)
8. MAE-S(T)RO
9. RE(A)C-TOR
10. D(O)ROTHY (anag. + o)
11. FIR-EMAN (name rev.)
12. MINORCA (anag.)
13. ARSENIC (anag.)
14. S(PIN)ETS
15. TR(A)IPS-E
16. AUROAL (anag.)
17. DI(A)LLER
18. HEL(ICA)L (CIA anag.)
19. F-ILL-S IN
20. IN-SI-PID (dip is rev.)
21. COR(DI)AL
22. TOWELED (anag.)
23. SELLERS (homophone)
24. EL(LIP)SE
25. PI(L'S)NER
26. PRE-BEND (pun)
27. CORN(I)ER
28. ANDORRA (anag.)
29. EN(TERE)D (tree anag.)
30. O(PEN)ERS (rose anag.)
31. ST-RIPER
32. FI(L)BER-T
33. HOL(B)E-IN
34. F-AWNING
35. E(N-SNA)RE (Ann's anag.)
36. M(ART)INI
37. LAOTIAN (anag.)



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"Dizzy Dean was the legendary hayseed, the allegedly naive and gullible cornball who played a tune right across the backs of the city slickers. 'I never tried to out-smart nobody,' he told Red Smith. 'It was easier to outdummy them.'"

—Donald Honig, *Baseball America*

allowed to bore us." That is a principle to be respected. It also produced some very funny—still funny—writing.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY BOOK OF WILD CATS by Les Line and Edward R. Ricciuti. Abrams, \$50.00. The authors describe the territories and habits of cats large, small, and medium with the humorless determination that afflicts all too much nature writing these days. Never mind. The photographs, by a number of camera experts, are superbly beautiful and appealing, and easily arouse, as the flat-footed text does not, concern for the protection and survival of all these handsome animals, from the formidable tiger to the modest serval, whose ears have been described, correctly, as "preposterous." There is no information on the equipment or circumstances behind the photographs, although one would rather like to know, for example, how long the photographer perched in a snow-covered tree before the lynx ambled by.

DATELINE: TORONTO by Ernest Hemingway, edited by William White. Scribner's, \$19.95. Hemingway wrote for the *Toronto Star* from 1920 to 1924, and this selection from his contributions is more interesting than old newspaper stories have any right to be, because Hemingway was already developing the style and tempo that were later to distinguish his fiction. He was also a good reporter, which means, among other things, that Hemingway could spot the significant detail or the amusing angle in any assignment, including such unpromising targets as a barbers' college and a third-class vaudeville show. Open the book at random and see for yourself.

ATLAS OF THE BIBLE by John Rogerson. Facts on File, \$35.00. This atlas goes well beyond the usual collection of maps and statistics. Professor Rogerson considers the history of writing, the contributions of archaeology, methods of warfare, trade routes, international politics, works of art—to name only some of the topics and disciplines that impinge upon his reconstruction of the physical world in which the biblical texts arose. Maps, illustrations, and photographs are generously supplied and generally of fine quality, although color distinctions in the maps are not always effective. Altogether, the book is an admirably brisk and comprehensive presentation of an enormous amount of information.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams



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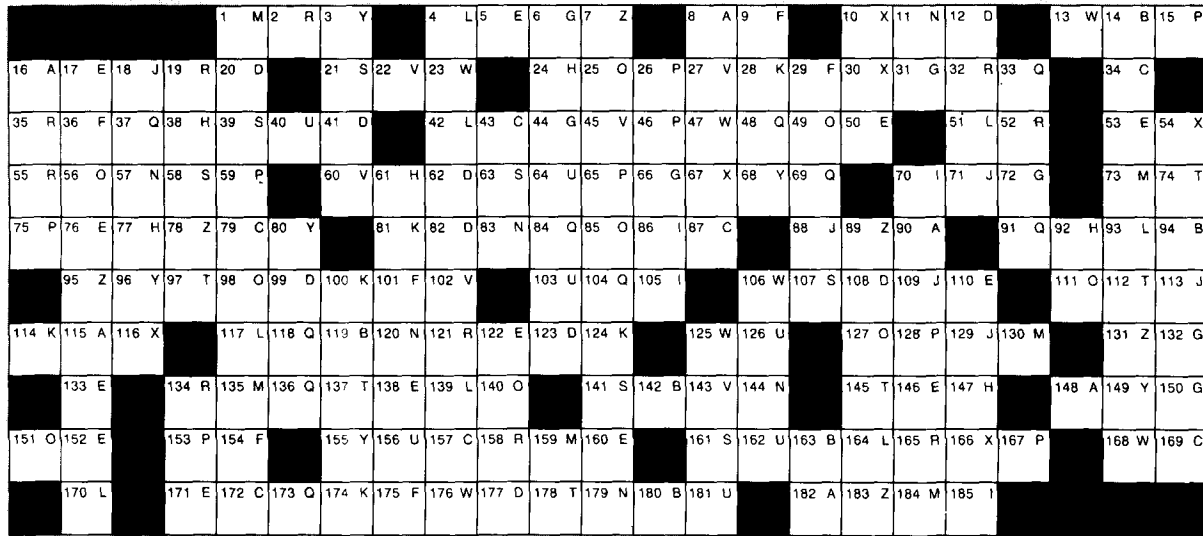
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BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

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The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 5 appears on page 96.

A. Andes vulture

148 8 16 90 115 182

B. Pontiac's tribe

180 94 163 142 14 119

C. Hit song by Toto
in 1982

172 157 87 43 79 169 34

D. Nosebleed

12 99 177 41 123 108 62 82 20

E. Faulkner's fictional
county

50 5 110 160 133 171 146 17 138 53
76 152 122

F. Dragon killed by
Sigurd

9 36 154 101 155 29

G. Prelude for Expos
games (2 wds.)

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H. Depot porter

147 92 24 38 61 77

I. Surname of Ameri-
ca's first-born
English child

185 70 86 105

J. Naval destroyer
(2 wds.)

113 18 129 109 88 71

K. Go on foot (2 wds.)

174 28 124 81 100 114

L. Edible gastropod

93 117 42 170 4 139 51 164

M. Postulate; discourse

1 135 159 73 184 130

N. *Book of Changes*
(2 wds.)

179 120 11 57 83 144

O. *Mad Max* star
(2 wds.)

98 85 56 127 25 111 151 140 49

P. Pharynx-stomach
connector

15 167 153 46 65 75 59 128 26

Q. Groovy (3 wds.)

48 37 118 173 91 69 136 84 104 33

R. Larry Bird's
Indiana hometown
(2 wds.)

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S. Agincourt weapon

107 39 58 141 161 63 21

T. Aphid yielding
honeydew (2 wds.)

97 74 178 137 112 145

U. Candid (2 wds.)

40 64 126 156 162 181 103

V. Resident of Landes
or Armagnac

102 22 60 27 45 143

W. Shire folk of
Middle Earth

47 125 176 106 168 13 23

X. Bicycle built for two

10 54 67 30 166 116

Y. King of the West
Saxons (802-839)

3 80 155 68 149 96

Z. *A — in the Sun*
(Lorraine
Hansberry)

7 183 78 95 131 89

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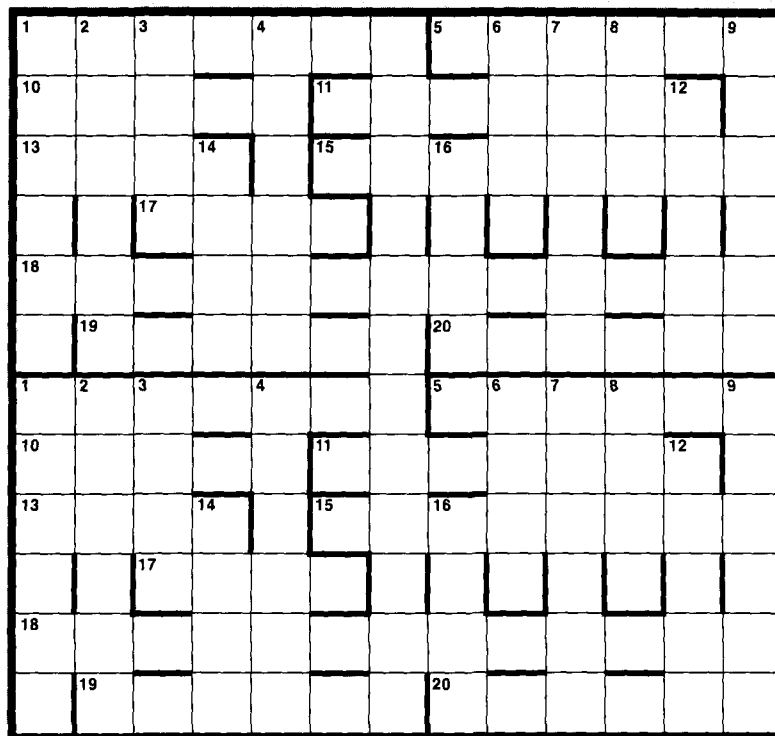
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

UPSTAIRS DOWNSTAIRS

This month's puzzle diagram is divided into identical upper and lower levels. Answers are clued in pairs, with one answer belonging upstairs and the other in the symmetrically identical spot downstairs; either word may be clued first. In determining which answer goes on which level, solvers will form an appropriate phrase running down the center of the diagram. Answers include six proper nouns.

*The answers to last month's
Puzzler appear on page 96.*



ACROSS

1. Celebrated having "Upstairs-Downstairs" arrangement (7)
Building around back is fitted with beams (7)
5. Thin wooden poles attached to rear of house (6)
Pigs holding down building material (6)
10. *Love Bug* seen from behind steps (5)
Crest adorning barnyard bird (5)
11. Pairs left sitting in cars (7)
Country bumpkin finally goes in date with young lady (7)
13. Announced alternatives to rough stuff (4)
Male name in the fashion of Norway's leader (4)
15. Oklahoman holding church vessel (8)
Green copper hamper (8)
17. Some time with a mouse! (4)

- Look about for knowledge (4)
18. Notice jailbird with extra serving? (13)
Spanish officer turned missile range round (13)
19. Gardener gives little cherry back (6)
"Blue Moon" halfway amplified (6)
20. Undercover man pockets one plastic (6)
Painter of mammoth, framing one (6)

DOWN

1. Wooden corral imprisons wild dog (6)
Short cow eats cape (6)
2. Fat bear follows rabbit's tail (6)
N.Y. neighborhood kept women outside of *Love's* debut (6)
3. Scratch on circle raised in stone (4)
An antelope sounds differently (4)

4. Bullfighter ripped or flipped (6)
Woman's name in *Network* (6)
6. Foot soldier has cut flower (4)
Work to eat donut up (4)
7. Practically a thousand appearing in *Missing* (6)
A pain in the toe I got from a rodent (6)
8. Southern soldiers concerned with bees (4)
Luxuriantly growing row (4)
9. Address in Rome's changed number (6)
Manager ran the shows wrong (6)
12. Fruit in Christmas stocking mother initially put up (5)
Tree in small American town (5)
14. Hearing is associated with sensor (4)
Heartlessly cut prophet (4)
16. Instrument cutting head off (4)
Court interrupted by greeting from saucy girl (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.



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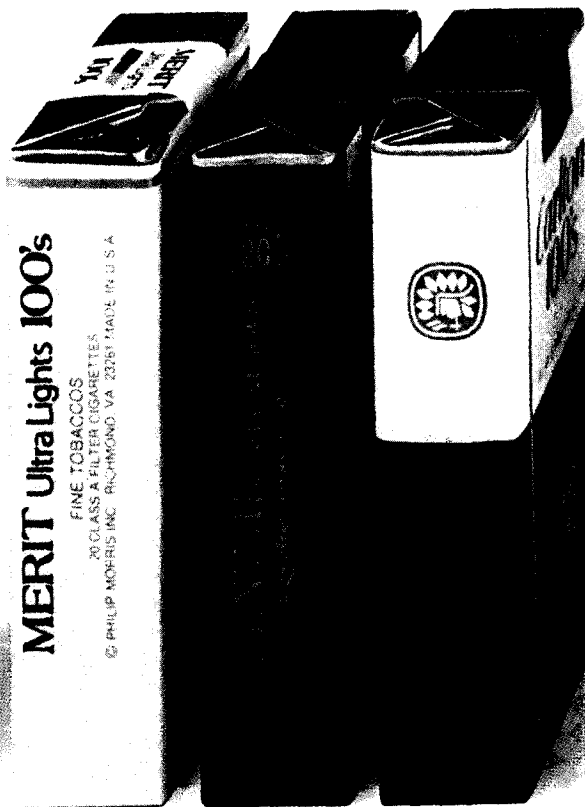
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